French Cookery for Ladies

By Madame Ledour Fawssett

"A Cordon Bleu"

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FRENCH COOKERY FOR LADIES

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BY

A CORDON BLEU

(MADAME EMILIE LEBOUR-FAWSSETT)



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PREFACE.

My former little book—"Economical French Cookery for Ladies"—having been kindly received, I now publish the whole of my Lectures on French Cookery (the first twelve of which appeared in that book), with some additions and transpositions.

These Lectures do not by any means profess to exhaust the French cuisine; their chief objects are to give to English households a sensible addition to their hitherto somewhat monotonous fare, and further to enable those who work through the receipts to encounter and overcome for themselves the difficulties which all French cookery books present to the novice, and thus enable them to solve, without further extraneous aid, the numerous problems therein contained.

Economy is emphatically inculcated throughout these Lectures; instances of waste are pointed out and their remedies given; and generally the attempt is made to familiarise French cookery more than has hitherto been done in English families; an attempt which, in pro-

portion to its success, must, I think, result in an approximation to the *beau ideal* of the Art of Cookery, the excellences of the two *cuisines* being by these means happily combined.

My task has been to give simply my own experiences in the art, and to impart fully all I know without reservation. The result with my pupils has been unqualified success: and I cannot refrain from saying a word in recognition of the admirable patience, intelligence, and perseverance displayed by most of them, obtaining rapid and almost marvellous successes in a hitherto alien pursuit—successes which I own have surprised as much as they have gratified me.

Let me hope that the larger body of English ladies who may do me the honour to consult this work may, by its study, achieve a success as complete and satisfactory as that of their industrious sisters, my much esteemed Lady Pupils.

EMILIE LEBOUR-FAWSSETT.

KENSINGTON, *October*, 1890.

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FRENCH COOKERY

FOR LADIES.

FIRST LECTURE.

My first impulse is to apply to your kinder feelings in my favour for presuming to address you in your own language, whilst so many among you are so conversant with mine that it would have been a much simpler task for me to have made use of it for the delivery of these lectures. But I have been asked by the great majority to speak in English, and, contemplating eventually having them put into print, I throw off all "mauvaise honte," consent to sacrifice eloquence to clearness and simplicity, and—full of confidence in proverbial English kindness—yield to the general wish. Moreover, receipts in a foreign language are apt to be misconstrued, and only think of the consequences if every word is not perfectly well understood! Let us illustrate this by one or two examples. If I were to tell you—"Avant de mettre votre gigot à la broche il faut qu'il soit bien mortifié," I am afraid a great many among you (with all recognition of your knowledge of the French language) would be rather puzzled to know what "un gigot bien mortifié" can possibly mean. It never

could mean a well-mortified leg of mutton, no English leg of mutton can ever have need of being mortified. "How horrid!" said a lady friend of mine the other day, giving it another meaning, when I laid this example before her eyes. Yet it is not at all horrid, my dear madam, for it simply means a well-hung leg of mutton; which process, we all know (at least every experienced housekeeper ought to know), mutton must go through if it is to be tender. Again, "Faire une bonne farce" in cookery language loses entirely its ordinary meaning, which is to play a good trick. So if I were to tell you, "Il faut faire une bonne farce à ce faisan ou à ce dindon," you might be rather bewildered, and wonder what kind of trick I might contemplate playing upon these harmless birds. It simply means, in cookery, to prepare some good seasoning. But one of my objects in these "causeries" (lecture is such a big word to use for so familiar a subject) will be to give you as perfect a translation as I can of all the culinary terms, so that any lady wishing to consult French cookery books may be at home with them.

A friend of mine was telling me a few days ago that she had bought two excellent books of that kind recommended to her by French friends, but that she was actually prevented using them, for at almost every other page was the expression "Faites revenir." Now "Faire revenir" means, as everybody knows, to cause somebody to come back. What was to be made out of such an expression? Hunt high and low, consult all the dictionaries in her possession, question all her learned

friends, all was in vain; she could not succeed in fathoming the mystery, and had to give it up, for it seemed to be the foundation of all the nice dishes she had so enjoyed at French tables, and which she was so eager to produce on her own.

At the risk of sinning against all the rules of rhetoric which object to any digression before the "exposé" of the lecture is fully laid out, I will explain to you at once what "Faire revenir" means, because it will be the very first thing to be done in the receipt I propose to describe subsequently. "Faire revenir" means almost to fry, and yet it is not exactly to fry, because to fry the meat must be immersed in boiling fat; it is to allow viands or vegetables which afterwards will have to be cooked to get a nice brown colour, either in butter, oil, or bacon fat very hot, in a stewpan, not in a frying-pan, without actually cooking them. The best translation is "to semi-fry." The object of this process is obvious, namely, to allow the sapid or tasty substance to remain in the meat or vegetable submitted to it. Were this neglected in certain cases, the gravy would absorb it all, and the stewed viands be tasteless and innutritious. I shall have to develop this explanation, which, as you will see, is of the highest importance, as upon it depends the success of the dish, not only on the first day, but also on its being made equally good as a "réchauffé"—*i.e.*, warmed up another day. I may as well tell you that we constantly use this process when, through some change in the weather, or from having an abundance of provisions, we are afraid of any of them

not keeping quite sweet for a day or two longer. French cooks always do this without being told. Let me now submit one of our French soups :—

Consommé au Riz en pilau.

[Clear soup with rice.]

Choose a day when you have all sorts of little odds and ends in your larder, either boiled, roasted, or broiled, be they beef, mutton, veal, pork, poultry, or game. Carefully remove all the nice tit-bits of meat, which you put in one plate, and use them for a mince, being careful not to put with them any gristle or skin. These you also put in a dish, together with the bones, which you break into small pieces, not into crumbs. The reason for breaking the bones is that the exudation oozing out of the nutritious matter they contain is only got out thoroughly where there has been a break. Put on your fire a saucepan with water in it—the quantity must be regulated by the quantity of "débris" you have at your disposal (I know some larders in this country which are very rich in them); put salt and peppercorns, one onion with three cloves in it, a bouquet, to be explained farther on, and a few rinds of bacon, and let it stew on a large fire, and boil to the cook's heart's content. This is one of the rare cases when boiling hard will do good instead of harm, for the object is to extract all the good we can out of the bones; and although we can get out a great deal, a great deal still remains, and it can be extracted only by scientific process. As soon as it boils you skim

it very carefully until all the scum is removed, then put in it one or two carrots, turnips, leeks, celery, or a little pinch of celery seed in a little muslin bag, a small piece of pastille de légumes, and a small clove of garlic, not peeled (and don't tell anybody), and you let it again boil, not so hard, as long as you like, with the understanding that the more it boils the less liquor you have, but the stronger it is. When reduced to the quantity you wish to have, pass it through a very close sieve and put it back into the saucepan, and when it boils put in it (after having carefully washed it) some very good rice (Carolina rice is preferred) in the proportion of half a dessertspoonful for each half-pint of liquor, then let it give *one* boil—no more—when the rice is in it; cover it up quite tight, putting a flat-iron on the cover if it has a flat top, and leave it on the hob for one hour. Then dish it into the soup tureen, and you will have the most tasty, nutritious, and wholesome rice soup you ever ate, with every grain of rice half-an-inch long, and all separate from one another.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Consommé au riz en pilau. [*Clear soup with rice.*]

RELEVÉ. [*The dish that follows the soup.*]

Cabillaud à la Hollandaise. [*Codfish with Dutch sauce.*]

ENTRÉES.

Gibelotte de Lapin. [*French stewed rabbit.*]

Bouchées à la reine. [*Sweetbread and fowl patties.*]

RÔTI. [*Roast.*]

Une selle de mouton à l'Anglaise. [*Saddle of mutton with currant jelly.*]

Un poulet au cresson. [*Fowl with watercresses round it.*]

LÉGUMES. [*Vegetables.*]

Choux-fleurs à la sauce blanche. [*Cauliflowers with melted butter.*]

Pommes de terre au naturel. [*Steamed or boiled potatoes.*]

Salade de Scarole à la Française. [*Batavian lettuce dressed in the French way.*]

ENTREMETS. [*Savouries or sweet dishes.*]

Pouding à la Kensington. [*An English pudding.*]

Tourte aux pommes et aux coings. [*Apple and quince tart.*]

Petits pots à la crême. [*Custards in pots.*]

DESSERT.

Good cookery is perhaps one of the greatest lines of demarcation which divide the savage from the civilized man: the former devours his food raw, like an animal, to satisfy the cravings of hunger; the latter, whilst gratifying a natural want, makes it the object of a pleasant and artistic enjoyment. Therefore, one of my great objects in these meetings will be to show you not only the excellence of French cooking, but also how easy and simple it is, and at what very little expense the most savoury dishes can be produced. I am anxious to show you that it is not any more expensive to cook anything in the most refined way than in what is usually called plain cooking. In the former all the flavours are brought out without the slightest waste, and without the help of foreign ingredients; the dish will be exceedingly palatable, and—most essential point of all—of the easiest

digestion, causing the most agreeable sensation whilst being eaten, and afterwards: and I think if we are allowed to gratify all our other senses, such as our eyesight with lovely pictures or fine scenery, our hearing with exquisite music, our touch with the embrace of a friend, &c., &c., surely we may be justified in giving a pleasure to our taste without being accused, when gratifying it in a moderate way, of encouraging greediness.

Three of my chief objects in giving these lectures are—First, to put a stop to, or at least a check on, the fearful waste in English kitchens; Secondly, to try to improve the daily fare on English tables; Thirdly, to make ladies less dependent on their cooks.

Now, if you will follow me carefully in the receipt I am about to dictate to you, you will at once perceive why it would be perfectly impossible to illustrate practically such instructions as these, viz., to cook before your eyes any of the dishes of which I propose to give you the receipts. I have taught French cooking to a great number of English servants, but I never, never have cooked before them those dishes I wished them to learn, though I know how to cook them all, and have done so. To cook before your servants is fatal; they never will learn the dishes properly; the most experienced French housekeepers will all tell you the same. You must tell your cooks very clearly and carefully what they have to do; give them the written receipts if they can read (my best cooks have been those who could not), and then they must be left to acquire their experience by practice, not by imperfect watching. You may occa-

sionally give them a hint or a reminder, such as, "Mind it does not boil," or "Are you sure your stew-pan does not touch the coals?" or "Is your lid quite tight?" &c.

Now for our receipt, which I hope you will all write down. According to my promise to one of my amiable subscribers, it shall be to-day,

UNE GIBELOTTE DE LAPIN,

which can be translated by

FRENCH STEWED RABBIT.

Take a middling size rabbit, either Ostend or wild—the wild ones require to be hung some little time ("mortifié") in order to be tender—cut it into joints; take two or three ounces of bacon, half an inch thick, more fat than lean, and cut it into dice; put two ounces of butter in a stew-pan; when melted put in the bacon, leave it three minutes; take it out and put in the rabbit (mind the stew-pan never touches the coals), and do not cover it; let every piece become of a nice brown colour (that is, "faire revenir"); turn them over with a fork; when brown dredge with a good spoonful of flour (always have the best); stir well; add half a pint of hot water or stock if you have any (if it were cold it would make the meat hard); put back the bacon; add one wineglass of white French wine, such as Grave or Sauterne, or Chablis—in default of wine a quarter of a glass of French vinegar;—it *must* be French; I insist on the vinegar being French, for the English vinegar, being made of quite different things, would spoil it all; a little salt, pepper, one large

onion or twelve small ones; a bouquet. Now I must tell you what constitutes a bouquet in French cookery language. It consists of a sprig or two of parsley, some thyme, some knotted marjoram, and one small bay-leaf, all which you tie up together very tight with white cotton. Put it in, as well as the bacon, and let all simmer very gently for one hour and a half, after having covered your stew-pan hermetically and placed on the top of it something very heavy, such as a piece of marble or a flat-iron, in order to prevent as much as possible any escape of the steam. Remember, if you are cooking on an open range, to withdraw your stew-pan from the fire before lifting up the lid, or else the smoke would get into it when you replace the lid. (All inexperienced cooks have to be taught this). Once or twice turn over the pieces of the rabbit, but be very quick, so as to let as little steam as possible escape, and occasionally give a little shake to the stew-pan so as to prevent anything sticking to the bottom.

Five minutes before dishing up put in the liver, cut into four or five pieces; then make a nice round of toast, not thick; cut it into four, place it at the bottom of your hot dish; arrange the pieces of the rabbit artistically on them; pour the whole of your gravy over it all; send it to table; and when you have eaten it, vous m'en direz des nouvelles.

Now if you follow this receipt exactly your success is ensured, and I think you will readily agree with me that it would have been a perfect impossibility for me to have cooked this dish under your eyes; after having put

everything in the stew-pan, you will remember that it must be left almost alone for one hour and a half! I do not think you could have endured the tedium of waiting.

Had I been able to do so you would not have been a bit the wiser, but we should all have been very hot and uncomfortable.

I must not neglect to tell you, as a great many people object or pretend to object to onions, that it is advisable when such is the case to pass the gravy through a sieve; then you must put it back into the stew-pan so as to pour it out quite hot over the meat; and whilst you heat your gravy cover up your dish with a hot cover, so that the steam keeps everything moist, but on no account put it in the oven, or else it would get dry. All these little details will help to the complete success of your undertaking.

SECOND LECTURE.

FRENCH cookery, as you perceive, and will perceive more and more clearly as we get on, is an essentially slow process, by which the flavours are to be coaxed out by gentle means, and other flavours blended so artfully with them that no particular taste of any of the adjuncts, however numerous they are, is to predominate, and ought not to be detected except by a thorough cook. I will illustrate this. Yesterday we had some slices of roast beef warmed up in an excellent tomato sauce, so well made that it had that velvety appearance and taste so desirable in all sauces; but whilst my husband exclaimed how perfect it was, I detected the absence of one ingredient, which to my taste spoilt it all, and when I taxed the cook with the omission she directly acknowledged that she had forgotten it. Then she went away muttering to herself her favourite rather expressive ejaculation, "Ah! this madame," an exclamation not meant for my hearing, and generally addressed to the dog.

Like all the cooks I have formed or educated, she fully appreciates this refined way of cooking, and she told me the other day, after having been to supper with a friend of hers who is cook in a wealthy family, "They never have nice dishes there as we have here." I must say I take this as a great compliment.

It may also interest you, as economy is to preside at all these culinary productions, that she and many other cooks I have had have always made this remark: "I never saw such a house, there nothing is wasted."

It is a good name to get, I assure you, in the present times, when in theory economy is advocated from every quarter, and I confess it is a little difficult to carry it out in a country where lavishness and waste are the order of the day.

Now I will give you the recipe of one of our most excellent soups, soups which have always puzzled all our English guests, and the secret of which I have never yet divulged. I daresay some, perhaps many of you, are sceptics, and will not readily believe what a delicious soup can be made at such little cost, and with such simple materials. First of all let me tell you how much I should like to be instrumental in dispelling the prejudice many people have against soups. The idea conveyed to the British mind by the word "soup," is, I know, of a very different character from the idea foreigners attach to it. The word "soup" immediately evokes to your mind a most satisfying production, such as mock turtle, or oxtail, or mulligatawny soup; and I can easily understand people saying they never can eat a good dinner if they have begun it with soup. But it is not so with French soups; on the contrary, if, being very hungry, you begin your dinner with a ladleful of nice tasty potage or soup you prepare gently and efficaciously your digestive apparatus to receive more solid food. Several English doctors of great repute have told

me themselves that there is no better preparation for the process of digestion—that highly important function of our bodily economy—than these simple well-made French soups. If you give to the hungry stomach heavy work to perform at once you are sure to impair its powers, and sow the seeds of the disease so largely spread in this country, viz., indigestion.

You must remember that our body is so constituted that it requires a great variety of food in order to renew all its numerous component parts, for it contains lime, sulphur, phosphorus, iron, and ever so many other substances which must all have their divers supplies, and as it has been hitherto perfectly impossible to define what such and such parts require, we are bound to conclude that the greater variety we give our body the greater the chance is of keeping it well. Man is the only omnivorous being of the creation; bear this in mind and you will see that French cookery seems the best adapted to fulfil that office, for nothing goes to waste.

This may appear a very pretentious preamble previously to introducing to you a soup simply made with the liquor of the cauliflower served with your gibelotte. But I have so many prejudices to overthrow, so many minds to convince, that I am compelled occasionally to call science to my aid in order to prove to you what a thorough art French cooking is. Were I to point out to you all the medicinal effects of all the things we eat, we should be carried too far away from our humble subject; but if you will consult scientific books you will learn that the liquor in which some vegetables have boiled is most beneficial

to our digestion, and helps largely to keep us well. This being settled let me give you the receipt of a soup called "Soubise brune." Of course it is understood that your cauliflower has been cooked without the help of soda, or even that of a penny, as I have heard of its being done by some English cooks in order to keep the vegetables a good colour.

Soubise Brune.

Take three good-sized onions, peel them, and cut them into small pieces; put in your stewpan about two ounces of butter or very good dripping; when melted over a small fire put the onions in; put the lid on, and let the onions cook for one hour—the steam will prevent their frying. (This is not "faire revenir," because the lid is on it). Then pour by degrees your hot liquor (the liquor in which your cauliflower has been boiled), put in any pieces of stale bread you may have by you, not in lumps; do not add any more salt as some has already been put in to cook the cauliflower; add some pepper and a few rinds of bacon, put back the lid, let the whole simmer for one hour at least; then pass it all through a sieve, crushing the bread and onions with a wooden spoon; if too thin let it boil some time to reduce it; then pour it into the soup tureen; if too thick add a little milk; and I hope you will find it a delicious, elegant, and tasty soup, and nobody could possibly guess what it is made of.

Now, in the same way, you can make two other soups, viz. :—

Soubise Blanche,

which is made with one pint of milk and half-a-pint of water, or white stock, but you must be very careful not to let the onions get at all brown, and put in only the crumb of the bread so as to preserve it white, and use butter, no dripping. This is a most luscious and refined soup. I remember having sent a quart of it to a lady whose little girl was ordered onions for some disease, and she had been previously very much puzzled how to make her eat any. The child enjoyed it very much.

Soup à la l'Oignon au Fromage.

[Onion soup with cheese.]

Another soup also very nice, is made in the same way with plain water (stock, if you have it by you, is always preferable), and, just before dishing it, add a spoonful or two of grated Gruyère cheese, but you must put in the cheese slowly and stir up rapidly. It is the favourite soup of sportsmen in France.

To resume, you will have a quart or a quart-and-a-half of Soubise brune, an excellent wholesome soup, for which you will perhaps have to buy only four or five onions, for you almost always have in your large and even small families very good dripping and a great many crusts of bread which you do not know what to do with, and remember it does not matter how hard it is. I cannot tell you how often my heart bleeds when I see in the mews or by-streets large heaps of lumps of bread thrown away! I think of all the delicious soups that could have been made with them to warm up and feed a great many

of the little children of the poor; for, when made for common people, or even in an ordinary way, it is not necessary to pass these soups through the colander, a luxury that would take too long for the busy mother of a poor family. The soup so made will taste exactly the same, only it will not look so tempting or so refined. And then besides the enormous amount of broken pieces of bread wasted in the kitchens, how I lament over the waste of the valuable bones, which, if they were broken up (for it is only through the broken parts that the nutritious qualities of the bones can exude) would help to make so many quarts of most excellent stock, stock superior to any afforded by meat if properly managed.

I cannot repeat too often that with the immense number of joints eaten in your families you never ought to be obliged to buy a single pound of meat to make soup with excepting when the meat itself is to be eaten, such as the "Pot-au-feu," the national and popular French dish, a dish of such importance that we shall have to devote the whole of one of our lectures to it.

The French never do so except, perhaps, for one or two extraordinary sauces and consommés for invalids. Here, in this country, the ignorance in culinary matters is such that the best materials to make soups with are thrown away, and inferior joints of meat bought to effect that purpose. Of course my small housekeeping cannot be compared with the extensive housekeeping of the great majority of your large families, but then I have not the great resources that you have, and it is evident that the same system could be carried on from a smaller to a larger scale. You have in your kitchens a great

convenience denied to French kitchens, viz., large fires always burning, always roaring, and for hours with nothing on them; there is your opportunity for extracting from your rich large bones the juices most calculated to make the best stock. All the brown parts of them, as you will learn later on when I describe the "Pot-au-feu," are most succulent, and if you break all these bones and add those of the boiled meat, as well as the bodies of fowls, ducks, game of all sorts, you will secure the most highly-flavoured and most nutritious soup without the cost of one penny except for the vegetables added to enhance its taste. This ought to be the business of the cook, and she should, of her own accord, suggest this use of the bones of the last joints, whatever they may have been. It was only the other day we had had a pheasant; there was also a small piece of the top part of a neck of mutton in the house, and, when I was puzzling my brains as to what soup to order, my cook said, "Why, Madame, there's the body of the pheasant, and if I boil the mutton with it it will be very nice." This was a novelty, but a novelty I propose to re-introduce; for the consommé, or clear soup, was delicious, and the small piece of mutton, nicely broiled and placed on a purée of turnips (cooked in the soup), made a very dainty entrée. I leave you to compute what had been the expense of our soup and our entrée! The body of the pheasant had lent some of its flavour to the mutton, and given it a most refined taste

Now if you have followed me attentively, and taken in all I have said about using bones of all descriptions

for soups, you will agree with me that these soups must be far superior in taste and nutritious power to the miserable soups offered to you at the majority of dinner parties, soups consisting too often of hot water with some extract of Liebig dissolved in it, and the addition of a few pretty little red sticks swimming about, pretending to be carrots. Carrots they are indeed, but hard and tasteless, for in order to allow them to keep their shape and colour they have hardly been allowed to cook. I am sorry to say so, but it is a melancholy fact that taste and goodness are entirely sacrificed to appearance in English cooking. One of our best and most popular writers, who has closed his literary career with an extensive culinary work, Alexandre Dumas, says there is only one good soup in England, and this is turtle soup. I am more generous, and I bring the number to three or four: turtle soup, mock turtle soup, which, however, according to the French notion of soup, ceases to count as such (soup never ought to have meat in it); Palestine soup; and, for people who like hot things, mulligatawny. Mulligatawny! This name evokes in my mind recollections of the way in which this soup and I first became acquainted with each other. First, let it be understood that the French palate is most antipathetic to hot tastes. The manner in which pepper is generally served on French tables is a sufficient proof of the veracity of this statement. It is simply put in an open salt-cellar, and remains in it perhaps a year, perhaps more. I remember my step-mother telling me, ten or twelve years after, that she was still using the same ounce of pepper that had been bought for my wedding-

day's dinner. Pepper is thought such an injurious thing that no child, or even young person under the age of eighteen or twenty, would ever be allowed the use of it except when it is to be mixed up with oil and vinegar. This is so general that, as an example brought forward to show how much a child is spoiled, you would say in France in conclusion, "They even let him help himself to pepper!"—I say "him," for I do not suppose any girl would ever think of taking any. Although I have lived so long in this country I never do. This being settled I proceed with my story. We had been in England only a few months when my father, a very great epicure—a great *gourmet*, as we call refined appreciators of good food—had the happy thought of coming over to pay us a visit. We had a great many good friends, and, according to the liberal hospitality of your nation, we received many invitations. In those days soup was a very great luxury, and one of our entertainers, knowing that no Frenchman can ever call a meal a dinner without soup, paid us the delicate attention of offering us this introductory dish. It was the first time that my father had seen it on an English table, and he sent me an expressive look of joyful anticipation. We occupied the two opposite ends of the table, he to the right of the lady of the house, I to the right of the gentleman. I was helped first, and took my first spoonful, and after a little time spent in recovering from the terrible sensation I had experienced, I ventured to look at him. The joyful expression had vanished to make room for one of excruciating anguish, and through his spectacles I saw large tears obscure his

bright black eyes; his mouth was half open, and his right hand had let go the spoon, whilst the left felt for his napkin. I never saw such a scared expression of face; he looked as if he felt he had been poisoned, and indeed he confided afterwards to me that he thought something obnoxious had inadvertently been mixed up with the soup. His agony and his French politeness struggled together most energetically, and as I watched him and saw the latter on the point of being beaten, I tried as best I could to explain to the master of the house, who spoke very good French, my father's horror for hot things. The lady had my father's plate removed immediately, and to alleviate his suffering poured him out a glass of fiery sherry, a thing he had never tasted before, for Xeres, the corresponding wine in France, is a sweet liqueur wine. It made matters so much worse that he had to rush out of the room and rinse his mouth with water, all the time ejaculating, "Ils m'ont empoisonné! ils m'ont empoisonné!"—Imagine my confusion! However, the water had its desired effect, and he soon returned to the table, and our kind hosts, after a few sympathetic words, politely made very little of the incident, but I thought I detected some disappointment in their faces; indeed, I heard afterwards through a mutual friend that the gentleman had gone very much out of his way to obtain the receipt of the mulligatawny soup from the *chef* at his club. Fortunately the remainder of the dinner was perfect, and my father could express in unmistakable terms his admiration for the splendid roast beef and Yorkshire and other puddings that followed.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soubise brune. [*Brown purée.*]

RELEVÉ.

Eperlans frits. [*Fried smelts.*]

ENTRÉE.

Emincé de bœuf aux tomates. [*Slices of roast beef with tomato s.*]

RÔTI.

Rognon de veau rôti. [*Roast veal kidney.*]

ENTREMÊTS.

Tarte aux abricots. [*Apricot tart.*]
Crême des iles. [*French tapioca pudding.*]

DESSERT.

The entrée in to-day's menu being "un émincé de bœuf à la sauce tomate" (slices of roast or boiled beef with tomato sauce), I will give this receipt, which I think will prove very acceptable, as there is generally a joint of roast beef for the English Sunday dinner. First of all, we must make the tomato sauce, which is completely ignored in this country, and when done in the French way is one of the best and most useful of sauces, combining both appearance and goodness.

TOMATO SAUCE.

Break four or five tomatoes (of course the number must vary according to the quantity of meat you wish to dress, and with the size of the tomatoes), with an ounce of butter in a stew-pan (if you neglect to put the butter in

then, the sauce will be acid and never velvety, the pulp will always divide from the gravy, which must never be); cut up into four pieces one onion; add a bouquet; a clove; some stock (enough to cover your tomatoes); if you have none put water (cold); a little pepper (whole) and salt; and let it boil, taking care to shake it often so that it does not stick to the bottom; when it is all well melted down pass the whole through a sieve, or a colander fine enough not to let the pips pass through; mind you press very hard with a wooden spoon so that the whole pulp passes through; what remains in the colander must be quite dry; be careful to scrape up what remains sticking to the under part of the sieve, for that is the thickest and best part of the tomatoes. Careless cooks always neglect to do this, and therefore a great deal of the tomatoes goes to waste.

Emincé de Bœuf à la Sauce Tomate.

[Slices of roast or boiled beef with tomato sauce.]

Put two ounces of butter in your stew-pan with a teaspoonful of flour, stir up quickly with a wooden spoon, and when well mixed together, but not brown, pour out all your sauce in it by degrees, stirring it gently on a gentle fire; add two or three spoonfuls of the gravy from the day before, if any has been saved; if not, add some very good stock; when on the point of simmering put in your slices of meat, which must be at least half an inch think; cover it up; put something heavy on your lid, and let it simmer a *whole hour*, neither

more nor less. Now I cannot lay too much stress upon this, for it is a great culinary rule completely ignored in this country, and very often unknown even to French cooks. Meat warmed up, in order to be tender, must either simmer a whole hour or not at all. Here again science comes to our help. During the first thirty minutes of simmering the fibre becomes horny and tough, and it will require thirty minutes more simmering to distend itself and allow the substance it is simmering in to incorporate itself within the fibre, so that none of the nutritious qualities will be wasted, but on the contrary will acquire new flavours, and be very easy of digestion. If you like to make the experiment it will be very easy to take a small piece of the meat at all sorts of periods before the hour has expired and taste it. You will have a horny, tough, uneatable substance, whilst on the contrary, after having simmered the full hour without any interruption, it will be very tasty and tender. If you have only a short time in which to cook your émincé you must simply let it get hot through ; of course in the latter case it will not be so tasty as in the former, but at all events it will be tender, and lose none of its nutritious power. If you are in a hurry it is a convenience. Then dish up and pour your sauce over all, after having beaten it up with a fork ; it must be like velvet. If there is any left you will find that it will warm up again the next day and be just as nice, but it must be only heated, it must not even simmer ; placed in a basin in the steamer, or in a soup plate over a saucepan full of hot water is the best plan. It must have a cover on.

THIRD LECTURE.

BEFORE dismissing the three soups described in the last lecture from our attention I must tell you the homely way of making them. They have only to be dished without being passed through the colander. As far as taste goes they are exactly the same, though not so agreeable to eat, and if you are pressed by time and do not wish to be very particular you may have them done in this manner, but I never confide this to any of my cooks for fear they might be tempted to get into the habit of doing so. In the case of poor people it is more expeditious, and therefore more desirable. There is again another way of making them, and it is the way used at schools and in large families. You put in no bread whatever, and when the soup is made you pour it over some bread cut in small slanting slices, which is called "tailler la soupe," and to put the liquor over it is called "tremper la soupe." If you were to break or cut the bread in lumps or squares it would taste quite differently and be very uninviting, whilst if done in the proper way it is exceedingly nice.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage aux pâtes d'Italie. [*Clear soup with Italian paste.*]

RELEVÉ.

Sole au gratin. [*Sole baked with French seasoning.*]

ENTRÉE.

Poulet sauté. [*A sort of fried chicken with gravy.*]

RÔTI.

Gigot de Presalé à l'ail. [*Welsh leg of mutton with a little flavouring of garlic.*

LÉGUMES.

Epinards à la crême. [*Spinach with cream.*]
Pommes de terre duchesses. [*Fried potato cakes.*]

ENTREMÊTS.

Purée de marrons à la Chantilly. [*Purée of chestnuts with whipped cream.*]
Tarte aux airelles rouges. [*Cranberry tart.*]

DESSERT.

I should like now to read you an extract from the *Medical Journal*, sent to me a few days ago by my doctor, in fact, two days after my last lecture. It says :—

"In the matter of cheap dietary, we have much to learn from our French neighbours. Their methods of cookery are not merely tas eful and appetising, but extremely economical, while our methods are too often at once slovenly and extravagant. The French cook makes excellent and nutritious soup out of materials wh ch the English housewife throws away as useless; while her *pot-au-feu* is composed of stray scraps carefully husbanded which cost her nothing, but which, when skilfully combined, constitute useful and inexpensive food.

"Few dietetic errors among the poor are so pernicious as the place accorded to tea in the daily food-consumption. No medical practitioner requires to be told that tea is essentially a nerve stimulant, and that it contributes no nutritive elements to the tissues ; but it gives a fallacious sense of comfort and well-being, banishing appetite, and relieving weariness, so that it is not surprising that ignorant persons should give it a high place in their daily dietary. In all our large towns, there are thousands of operatives who drink tea three and four times daily, and take little in addition except the innutritious white bread supplied by the bakers. For a time, they enjoy an illusory sense of satisfaction ; but soon their strength begins to fail, dyspepsia sets in, functional derangement of the heart is excited, and they present themselves at the out-patient departments of our hospitals in an advanced stage of exhaustion, which is really merely a modification of starvation. Nothing but good food and rest for the overworked and underfed organism will permanently benefit these cases, but such treatment will produce surprising results in a very brief space.

"In dealing with the poor, considerations of cost will sometimes hamper the medical practitioner, but fortunately the best food is not always the dearest. He need not suggest oysters, sweetbreads, and Burgundy, when eggs, beans, or milk will serve the turn equally well. It is increased knowledge and improved cookery which the poor need, rather than wealth to purchase luxuries which in most cases they would not have the capacity of enjoying."

This is another cause of great gratification to me, as it must naturally increase the confidence you have so kindly placed in me, and it gives me fresh energy to go on with the task I have undertaken. For these lectures have not only the object of teaching you how to turn to a profitable account all the waste of your kitchens for your own benefit, but also to be the means of spreading abroad as much as possible through the working classes the knowledge of a nicer and more economical way of preparing their food than they at present possess. The soups I have already mentioned, which are so delicious, and which actually will cost nothing but the few onions required to make them, will prove most beneficial and nutritious, particularly if made with the rich dripping you have in such abundance; and if the lower classes know that you, their superiors in social rank, not only have them on your tables, but enjoy them, they will feel confident that they must be good and wholesome.

What lovely receipts for the soup kitchens! and I am sure it would be a great charity to present them with some of the surplus of the bones and dripping at present appropriated by the cooks; a suggestion, by-the-bye, not likely to be relished by them.

There are other dishes besides these soups, made with potatoes and haricot beans, cabbages, &c., which will require no butter at all, which are in fact much more savoury if cooked with dripping, the dripping of English meat.

Now I must dictate to you the receipt of the excellent and elegant dish in our to-day's menu, called "Sole au

gratin." This requires a little preamble, not unnecessary, I assure you. I have acquired the melancholy knowledge during this past week that the English idea of anything "au gratin" means anything cooked with a few hard and dry bread crumbs scattered about. What heresy! This is what the writer of the article I have quoted above would call slovenly cooking. Alas! I am sorry to say my delicious receipt of sole au gratin has been so "transmogrified"—if I may be allowed the expression—by the charming friends, but complete Goths in French cookery, to whom I had given it, that it was perfectly unrecognisable in its new garb. I never shall forget my feeling of horror when once, at a dinner party in the house of a delightful newly-married couple, the first dish that appeared on the table (it was in the days when soups were still a rarity) was called a "sole au gratin," and the lady, turning most smilingly towards me, informed her guests that it was according to my receipt that the fish had been cooked in that way. *My* receipt! sole au gratin! that shapeless form, with a few burnt bread crumbs scattered about! *My* receipt! that thing swimming in a sort of colourless liquor, and surrounded with a ragged black border, and adhering so to the bottom of the dish that scraps alone could be torn away, and were left by most of the guests on their plates, mine included; and it was unanimously decided that the plain English way of cooking the sole was by far the better of the two. I swallowed it all, not the fish, but the confusion; the polite sneers; the cutting verdict; and promised to myself to vindicate the "honneur national."

Some time afterwards I had my friends to luncheon, and the first dish that appeared on the table was "une sole au gratin." But what a sole! spread most appetisingly in a bright dish, over a soft and fragrant "farce" (seasoning" you call it), and covered in all its length with a layer of golden-coloured raspings, the whole very moist and most inviting.

The first cut of the knife going through it discovered a beautifully white flesh, which never adhered to the bottom of the dish, and sent up every aroma, so well blended together that you could not name any. It was perfect, and my friends enjoyed it perfectly, not neglecting to admit what a complete failure theirs had been. I regret to say I had been mischievous enough to add a second act to my innocent revenge. But remember how wounded the "honneur national" and the personal pride had been! The last dish of all was a small plum-pudding, made from my friends' own receipt. It was lovely; nothing had been forgotten. My friends exclaimed how perfect it was! I bowed with sham modesty, I must confess, and gratified pride. There ended the duel. "L'honneur était satisfait; la Sole au gratin était vengée."

And now take down the receipt most carefully, so as not to fall into the same error as my friends, who, I must say, have ever since recognised me as a member of the Grand Order of the Cordon Bleu. If you like, after you have written the receipt, I will tell you of its origin, which is regal.

Sole au Gratin.

[Sole with French Seasoning.]

Soles, which are called also "sea partridges," are always rather firm when first caught, and are better for being kept a day or two, particularly in winter. If you have a large silver dish, or an oval white Limoges earthenware one, which you can put in the oven, so much the better, as it is always desirable to send it on the table in the dish in which it has been cooked. It is preferable to have a large thick sole. Mix up together in a basin very fine bread crumbs with chopped-up parsley; a small shalot, or two or three spring onions, mushrooms, and a piece of fat of bacon the size of a nut, all of it chopped up very, very fine; add white pepper and salt; put little patches of butter at the bottom of the dish just where the fish will lie; spread your seasoning and lay your fish over it; cover it up with the same seasoning: pour over all one glass of white French wine, Sauterne, Grave, or Chablis, or, as an alternative, hock, with the same quantity of very good white stock, and finish up with a slight layer of very fine raspings sprinkled with some drops of butter. Put it in a quick oven. It takes about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to cook; but of course you must be watchful that your oven is not too fierce, for if it were it would burn the whole concern without having cooked it. As it cooks very rapidly there is no time for the drying up of the liquor, but in case it proved a little dry

you can add a little more stock so as to preserve it moist.

I dare say many of you have heard the expression "Cordon bleu," but perhaps some of you may not know that it means a first-rate woman cook. It is a title French ladies are very proud of, I assure you, for, remember, as our delightful Brillat-Savarin has quoted it from *La Belle Arsène*, a lovely play of the eighteenth century :—

> "Toute Française a ce que j'imagine,
> Sait, bien ou mal, faire un peu de cuisine."
> *La Belle Arsène, acte iii.—Favart.*

Cooks in France began to rise to great importance under the reign of Louis XIV., whose great fêtes were always accompanied by sumptuous banquets, and when this great potentate honoured a subject of his with his presence every care was taken that everything should be perfect. So you can sympathise with poor Vatel, the great managing cook of the Prince de Condé, who had the honour of receiving the Grand Monarque at Chantilly, when he was told first that two of the tables had been short of their roast courses, and then that the purveyors of fish whom he had sent to all the seaports possible had not returned. The poor man, thinking it was a stain upon his honour or his master's, and feeling he could not survive such a disgrace, retired to his room and passed his sword through his body. But I will leave to our immortal Madame de Sévigné the task of describing the event in a letter to her daughter, in her graphic and concise style :—

"MORT DE VATEL.

"Le roi arriva jeudi au soir ; la promenade, la collation dans un lieu tapissé de jonquilles, tout cela à souhait. On soupa ; il y eut quelques tables où le rôti manqua, à cause de plusieurs dîners auxquels on ne s'était point attendu. Cela saisit Vatel ; il dit plusieurs fois : 'Je suis perdu d'honneur ; voici une affaire que je ne supporterai pas.' Il dit à Gourville : 'La tête me tourne ; il y a douze nuits que je n'ai dormi ; aidez-moi à donner des ordres.' Gourville le soulagea en ce qu'il put. Le rôti qui avait manqué, non pas à la table du Roi, mais à la vingt-cinquième, lui revenait toujours à l'esprit. Gourville le dit à M. le Prince. M. le Prince alla jusque dans la chambre de Vatel, et lui dit : 'Vatel, tout va bien ; rien n'était plus beau que le souper du Roi.' Il répondit : 'Monseigneur, votre bonté m'achève, je sais que le rôti a manqué à deux tables.' 'Point dutout,' dit M. le Prince, 'ne vous fâchez point, tout va bien.' Minuit vint ; le feu d'artifice ne r ussit point ; il fut couvert d'un nuage, il coûtait seize mille francs. A quatre heures du matin Vatel s'en va partout ; il trouve tout endormi. Il rencontra un petit pourvoyeur qui lui apportait seulement deux charges de marée. Il lui demanda : 'Est-ce là tout ?' 'Oui, monsieur.' Il ne savait pas que Vatel avait envoyé à tous les ports de mer. Vatel attend quelque temps ; les autres pourvoyeurs ne vinrent point. Sa tête s'échauffait, il crut qu'il n'y aurait point d'autre marée. Il trouva Gourville ; il lui dit : 'Monsieur, je ne survivrai point à cet affront-ci.' Gourville se moqua de

lui. Vatel monte à sa chambre ; met son épée contre la porte, et se le passe au travers du cœur ; mais ce ne fut qu'au troisième coup (car il s'en donna deux qui n'étaient pas mortels) qu'il tomba mort. La marée cependant arrive de tous côtés : on cherche Vatel pour la distribuer ; on va à sa chambre, on heurte, on enfonce la porte, on le trouve noyé dans son sang. On court à M. le Prince, qui fut au désespoir. M. le Duc pleura ; c'était sur Vatel que tournait tout son voyage de Bourgogne. M. le Prince le dit au Roi fort tristement. On dit que c'était à force d'avoir de l'honneur à sa manière. On le loua fort, on loua et blâma son courage.

"MME. DE SÉVIGNÉ."

This little anecdote, called forth quite naturally in speaking of the rising position of the kitchen, leads us in the same manner to the time of the little suppers of the tranquil but sensual period of Louis XV., and brings us back to the origin of the "Cordon bleu." This King had, among his numerous failings, a supreme contempt for female cooks, and never would admit that they could cook a dinner worthy of being eaten by him, until one day, when he was dining with the celebrated Madame du Barry, and was served successively—un coulis de faisans [a thick pheasant jelly]; des croustades de foies de lottes [the crust of a French roll filled with livers of eel pouts]; un salmis de bécassines [a most elaborate hash of snipes]; un pain de volaille à la suprême [a chicken pie without any crust, and with a most delicious sauce]; des écrevisses au vin de Sauterne [river cray fish

cooked in Sauterne wine]; une poularde au cresson [a roast pullet on watercresses]; des bisquets [biscuits]; de pêches au noyau [a sort of peach tart with noyau]; et une crême aux cerneaux [a walnut custard]. The king was so overcome at such elaborate and perfect fare that he asked to see the c ok, but on hearing that all this was the handicraft of a woman he felt quite disgusted. However, soon recovering his serenity, he consented, at the request of his mistress, to ennoble the cook by conferring upon her the "Cordon bleu," which from that time has been the recognised definition of a skilful female cook.

You must not think the expression "Cordon bleu" at all obsolete or far-fetched; it is a term of daily occurrence in France, and when you are dining with friends and admire the fare it is quite the correct thing to say to the mistress of the house, "Madame, vouz avez un véritable cordon bleu!" I am ambitious enough to raise my hopes so high as to wish to make "Cordons bleus" of all of you, and if you continue as you have begun you will rather take by surprise whatever "cordons bleus" you may have in your kitchens, for it is no childish or amateur cookery into which you are being initiated, it is neither sweets nor cakes, which indeed have their special merits, but real, honest, nutritious cooking, cooking that might allow you to do without your cook if you were left in the lurch, or in an emergency supply the deficiency of an inexperienced one and enable you to send on the table nice and savoury uncommon dishes, that have the manifold advantages of being easy to make, pleasant to cook, very

tempting, nutritious, and, I emphatically repeat it over and over again, inexpensive.

I am not generally given to pay compliments to my pupils, for it is the unfortunate part of a conscientious teacher to be more on the look out for the mistakes than for the good points, but I am happy to say I have a very great compliment to pay you to-day. During the course of last week I had occasion to speak to a lady, who is a very experienced and clever cook, of your several successes, and she asked, "And how many lessons had they had before they could cook so satisfactorily such a dish as a 'gibelotte de lapin'?" "One," said I, "and many of them had never had the opportunity of cooking anything beyond toffee." "It is amazing!" was her reply, and in transmitting it to you I may add that you have hitherto realised all my expectations, I might almost say surpassed them. It is true I have taught many inexperienced cooks, but still they had been more or less conversant with cooking. To you everything was new, the handling of the saucepans, the regulating of the fire, the unexpected surprises brought out by the various operations of the cooking, the divers quantities which were necessarily left to your inexperienced judgment, all these difficulties, appreciated only by those acquainted with them, you have conquered! It is most creditable, and you fully deserve the praises I have great pleasure in bestowing upon you. I can simply repeat it: "It is amazing!" and, allow me to repeat again, it proves in the most convincing manner that French cookery can be taught without practical demonstration, for, as I stated

in my first lecture, we always make it a point in France never to cook ourselves any dish we want to teach our cooks. But now let me implore you not to relent in your strict adherence to the instructions I gave you, and to impress the same on your cooks, or else we shall have to lament over deplorable failures.

FOURTH LECTURE.

It was very pleasant to hear of the brown soubise soup, which some of you have tried since our last meeting, having been successful, and so appreciated by those who ate it. The white soubise, also tried by two or three ladies, seems to have been thought a great deal of. I heard of a gentleman liking it much better than the celebrated Palestine soup. Well made, it certainly is a very delicate and tasty soup, and only think how much cheaper it is! It is very useful for Roman Catholics on fast days, or "jours maigres." I hope many more will make it and give me an equally satisfactory account of it. I intend giving you some day an exceedingly nice soup called "King Stanislaus' Soup." But as the chief relish in it is again onion, I had better wait for fear of heaping on my devoted head the wrath of the anti-onion eaters, of whom, I am sorry to say, there are some even among my hearers. Every one is allowed to have his or her prejudices, and the right way to cure them is neither to laugh at nor despise them, but to bring them to nought by good common sense and reason. Good common sense and reason cannot make you like a thing you have a strong dislike to, I know, but the question is to find out whether it is a dislike or only a prejudice. This subject I intend treating at greater length another

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day; therefore I will say no more about it just now. Before parting with the soubise soups I should like to give a little advice which perhaps I ought to have given before. It is this, whenever dripping is used instead of butter it must always be used in smaller quantities, as it is a much richer substance, and if made use of with too liberal a hand it will infallibly make the soup greasy, which is a thing by all means to be avoided.

I am very glad to hear of any little hitch because, being an old practitioner, I can almost always find out the cause of the failure and offer a remedy. So I advise the lady who told me that her friend had not fancied the soubise brune much because it was too strong, to add a little water to it, or stock, if you have any to spare. Cauliflower requires a good deal of liquor to boil in, so don't spare it. I think now the two slight mishaps of the soubise brune are satisfactorily accounted for and not likely to occur again.

Now we come to the eminc\u00e9 of beef. The common complaint has been that it was not thick enough. I am afraid in this case I must take part of the blame on my own shoulders. I ought to have told you not to put the lid on the stewpan whilst the tomatoes are doing, and even when the meat is in you may leave the lid a little on one side so that the steam may escape, as if shut in it will by falling back into the stewpan help to make the gravy thinner. These things cannot be laid down as hard and fast rules, they must in a great degree be left to the judgment of the cook, because in some cases you might desire to make your sauce a little thinner. Another

reason why the sauce was thinner in some cases than it should have been may be attributed to the fact of the tomatoes not being so nice as they are in the summer. Therefore I would advise you to use in preference the tinned tomatoes, not the whole ones, but those in pulp. And pray don't neglect the following advice; it is of the highest importance. As soon as you have opened a tin of tomatoes or anything else, empty it at once into an earthenware jar. As long as the contents of a tin are deprived of air they are wholesome, but the moment they are in contact with the air their acid parts form w[illegible]n the soldering of the tin an acid which is very injurious, and has often caused death. I am very shy of tins, and I believe tomatoes are about the only things in tins that I make use of. In order to make sure of the condition of tomatoes, I bought one pound this morning, and was going to make the sauce myself, but my cook begged so urgently that I should let her do it that I consented, and she has just brought me a full half-pint of very thick and beautifully red sauce, and she tells me it took her just ten minutes to pass through. She says it would take the ladies a quarter of an hour. She also brought me the residuum, which is nothing but the dry skin and pips. It may seem a little tedious to pass through, but it is not more so than stoning raisins or beating butter to a cream, two things constantly done in English cookery. So you see to what good account your failure with your tomato sauce has been turned. We now know for certain that one pound of tomatoes must produce at least a half-pint of very good thick sauce, and this in

winter when the tomatoes are not at their best. The half of an ordinary tin of pulp (6d. tin) would produce exactly the same, but then you need not add any water. You must make sure that all the pulp is extracted, and you must ask to see the residuum. Then, when your cooks find out that you know all about it, they will no longer try to do their work in a slovenly way. As to the beef not having been tender, as remarked by one lady, I think I can ascribe one of the reasons to the different ways in which we carve our sirloins. You carve them lengthways; we, on the contrary, carve them crossways, which allows us to cut nice thick slices. I know you call this an extravagant way of carving, but it is not so with me, for I always use the end with another very lean piece for my "pot-au-feu." Now, let me also advise you when you are likely to entrust the dish to your cooks to have the meat only warmed in the tomato sauce, never to let it boil, not even simmer, and impress them with this fact, that if it gives only one bubble it must be hard. You cannot impress it too much on their minds that French cooking cannot be done quickly. Remember what I said in my second lecture, the flavours have to be coaxed out, no hard boiling will ever do, except sometimes as a preparation. I will end these observations with a very apposite remark of my factotum when she heard the tomato sauces were wanting in thickness, and it was partly attributed to the inferior quality of the tomatoes. "I dare say," she said; "poor things, they order a pound of tomatoes, and the greengrocer sends them anything he likes; it is not like you,

who choose only the good ones." It was very amusing, for I had just met one of my charming and experienced pupils with her daughter, and on my telling her I had bought one pound of first-rate tomatoes, she said to me, "I have also bought one pound at the same shop, but I am afraid they are not very nice. I think you must be a favourite with the tradespeople; they see you know as much as they do, so they let you have your own way, and they take advantage of our ignorance." The lady and the servant had expressed the same sentiment, but don't be alarmed, it will not make me conceited; the sole object of whatever advantages I may have over you in this respect will be to share them entirely with you, happy, too happy, if I can instil in you, the new generation, the spirit of French thrift, and French thrift accompanied by British liberality must produce perfection, so far as perfection can be attainable in this world. Now the following is the menu I have composed for to-day :—

POTAGE.

Cock-a leekie soup à la Française.

RELEVÉ.

Dorade à la sauce blanche. [*John Dory with French melted butter.*]

ENTRÉE.

Croquettes de volaille. [*Rissoles of chicken.*]

RÔTI.

Lièvre piqué et rôti. [*Larded roast hare.*]

LÉGUMES.

Salsifis frits. [*Fried salsifis.*]

Petits choux de Bruxelles à l'Anglaise. [*Brussels sprouts.*]

ENTREMETS.

Un Savarin. [*A Savarin.*]
Crême au caramel. [*Caramel custard.*]

DESSERT.

I will now describe the Savarin, to comply with the request of one of my pupils who petitioned for some French pastry; but before giving you the receipt of the Savarin, which is either a pudding or a cake, I feel it my duty to introduce to you the charming man in whose honour it was invented. Indeed, his name is synonymous with gastronomy as well as with cookery as an art and a science, and no one aiming at any knowledge of either should be ignorant of the services he has rendered to both. Unfortunately his book, charming as it is, would be out of place in a young lady's library.

Brillat-Savarin is one of our greatest literary glories, although he has (with the exception of two pamphlets on duelling and on judicial administration) written only one book: "La Physiologie du Goût" (the Physiology of Taste); and he was the greatest authority in good cooking, although he never invented a dish, because he possessed the science to the highest degree. I feel it would be quite indecorous in me to go on any further with these lectures, or rather "causeries," on gastronomy and French cookery without making you thoroughly acquainted with him, for we shall often have to refer to him in important circumstances, and I assure you whenever he is held up as an authority one has to bow down to his verdict. Brillat-Savarin was not a cook, he was a perfect gentle-

man of the "ancien régime"; he was a distinguished barrister; he became a member of the Assemblée Constituante, that brilliant "élite" of the most remarkable men in France at the time of the great Revolution. He was mayor of his native town, Belley, in the south of France, at the foot of the Alps; he tried all he knew at the end of 1793 to resist anarchy and delay the sanguinary "régime" of the Terror; when conquered by the revolutionary movement he was obliged to run away to save his life. He went to New York, where, like Louis Philippe and many other distinguished emigrés, he earned his living by teaching French, and also, by playing the violin in divers orchestras, was thankful to bring into use what had been hitherto only worldly accomplishments. When things were more settled in France he returned, and occupied the high position due to his birth and rank in society, which he charmed by his wit and amiable humour. Although a man of very temperate habits he highly appreciated good living, and utilised his leisure hours by writing the cleverest book ever written on gastronomy. Like a great many French gentlemen, he understood cookery to perfection, and knew the science thoroughly. As he occupied a high post in the French magistracy or bar, he thought it "infrâ dig." of his high, stern position as a magistrate to publish a book on so light a subject as gastronomy; and when, yielding to the entreaties of a few devoted and admiring friends, he consented to do so, he refrained from putting his name to it. The "Physiologie du Goût" was published under the pseudonym of "A Pro-

fessor." But he was not to enjoy the success it obtained, for he died on the 2nd of February, 1826 (the year in which his book was published), of a cold, rendered fatal by his attendance at the annual funeral ceremony, celebrated on the 21st of January in the Church of St. Denis, in memory of Louis XVI.

Now that I have made you familiar with the genius who always presides over everything in connection with gastronomy, I feel more comfortable, and, as it were, more entitled to tread over his indisputable domains. Giving you the receipt bearing his popular name will put the proper finish to what ought to be a sort of dedication to the protecting genius of the science we are discussing together.

Gâteau Savarin.

[Savarin cake or pudding.]

Put in a bowl three-eighths of an ounce of beer yeast and mix it up with about one tablespoonful of cream; add three eggs, a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar, three-quarters of a pound of melted fresh butter, one quart of flour, very little salt; knead the whole with enough cream to make the paste soft. Have a round mould with a hole in the middle—it is always the shape of a Savarin—butter well the inside which will be the top of the cake, sprinkle in the bottom chopped-up peeled sweet almonds, fill up three-quarters of the mould with the paste and leave it some time in a warm place, covered up, to make it rise. When it has risen enough,

you cover it over with a paper, and you put it in a moderately quick oven, viz., brisk, but not too hot. While baking you boil a quarter of a pound of white sugar, with water just enough to convert it to a nice white syrup (you know it is right when, taking a little quantity with a small fish slice, it drops through the holes in long, syrupy drops); add a liqueur glass of kirsch, or maraschino, or noyeau, with a small half of a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, and two teaspoonfuls of almond milk; and when your cake is out of the mould you paint it all over with this syrup four or five times. It can be served hot or cold.

This is a very nice, elegant, and refined cake or pudding, which we have in France only on state occasions, for you know that we are not suet-pudding eaters like the English. An ordinary every-day dinner in most French families is generally composed of, first, soup, which is never dispensed with; then sometimes fish, not every day; after the fish a dish of meat, with or without some appropriate vegetable, and always a salad if the meat is a roast. If there is no fish there are usually two dishes of meat, unless the meat is a roast, in which case it is preferable to dispose of as much as possible of it, as cold meat is not generally a favourite dish unless people have a large appetite. Cold meat is considered very indigestible, and is the greatest cause of the numberless cases of indigestion so prevalent in this country. The greatest proof that it is very trying to the digestive apparatus is that it never is given, in France at any rate, to young children, invalids, or old people.

Remember that with roast meat salad is imperative. Then, I am sorry to say it, unless there is a visitor or it is on Sunday or a fête-day, there is no pudding. Only think, no pudding! What a punishment for the younger members of an English family and also for their sires, for I know many a father who enjoys the puddings as much as the children. But we always have cheese and dessert. No possible dinner can be called a dinner without these three appendages—viz., soup, cheese, and dessert. Indeed, Brillat-Savarin says that a good dinner without cheese is like a fair woman with only one eye. At school even they never fail. It is as much my ambition to introduce puddings in France as it is to introduce French cooking here, for you know that my ideal of cookery is a combination of the French and English cuisines, and I have the greatest faith in most of your puddings when they are nicely made; they are at once tasty, wholesome, and very nutritious; but oh! how bad and indigestible they are if not nicely made.

I cannot conclude this lecture better than by giving you the receipt of the purée de marrons à la Chantilly. It is exceedingly simple and very delicious, a pretty dish quite out of the common, and, although very refined, very inexpensive.

Purée de Marrons à la Chantilly.

[Chestnut purée with whipped cream.]

Take one pound of the best chestnuts, boil them (after having pricked them) in boiling water for three-quarters

of an hour or one hour, according to size; then peel them well and pass them through a colander, as you do potatoes, and sprinkle over them vanilla sugar, which you can either buy or make yourself by pounding an inch of a pod of vanilla and mixing it up with pounded sugar. Whip six-pennyworth or nine-pennyworth of good cream, and pour it over after having mixed sugar and vanilla with it. The cream must be whipped in a cool place, and only just before it is wanted, or else it will fall down. You must mix with it a pinch of very fine gum adraganth; it makes it easier to whip and prevents its falling down.

Now I hope you are all going to set to work, and consider it your duty to yourselves and to me to try all the receipts I give you. It might happen that you would meet occasionally with difficulties or failures, but these must not dishearten you. The only course is to find out the cause, and avoid it in another trial. Carefulness and watchfulness will be sure to bring success.

FIFTH LECTURE.

I AM afraid I shall often have to repeat myself, a thing I have the strongest objection to do, except however when, as in this case, I have again to congratulate you on the successes of your Soles au gratin, which I hear have given such satisfaction that in three instances the dishes were sent downstairs without a scrap left in them, one lady lamenting very much that the servants should have none left to taste. Several of the successful ladies have often been to Paris, and know well how the dish ought to be cooked, so if they were satisfied I can only rejoice at their success. I have heard of a little misadventure that happened to some young friends and pupils of mine which I must relate, because it will be a warning to other inexperienced housekeepers who may not be up to all the tradesmen's tricks. The sole looked perfect, having been cooked according to all my instructions; still it did not taste nice. I suggested several causes, and at last ventured to say perhaps it was not quite fresh. Yes, they thought it was quite fresh; it had been filleted, and, stay—suddenly they thought there was no white stock at home, and they asked the fishmonger for the head and bones, according to my advice, to make the stock themselves. But, strange to say, the head had disappeared, and the bones of two bodies were given instead.

What had happened? I am afraid (being always on the look-out) I am rather inclined to suspect until I have had good reason to trust, so I suppose that either a plaice had been filleted instead of a sole, and as the head would have at once betrayed the substitution the man gave the bones of two other soles, or else the sole was not fresh, and the head would be the part to show it. The moral of this little episode is to have your soles filleted at home; let the fishmonger only clean them.

As I profess never to bring forward a statement I cannot prove, I will at once by another anecdote show you how easily some ladies can be deceived, and have plaice instead of soles when they are filleted. I have had to eat it myself at friends' who never suspected it, but I have the greatest dislike to plaice, and can always detect it. Once at the house of a friend of mine who piques herself on being, and who is, in a great many respects, a very good housekeeper, there was quite a commotion at luncheon when, being asked to have some sole, I said to my friend, with whom I am on very intimate terms, that they were not soles but plaice. My friend sent down to inquire of the cook. The servant brought back the message that they were soles; and as I went on shaking my head in a very significant way, she asked me to accompany her to the fishmonger's, so that he should convince me. We went in the grand carriage and pair; the fishmonger came to the carriage-door, and you may imagine my friend's dismay better than I can describe it when on her asking what fish he had sent that morning he referred to his book and said, "Two soles and two

plaice." The soles had been ordered by the lady to be cooked for the children's dinner, and she had told the cook to order some other fish, cheaper, of course, for the kitchen. You can easily draw your conclusion. This time it was not the tradesman who was to blame. Perhaps you think the cook was turned out. Indeed not. My friend was very indignant, but she comforted herself by thinking the plaice would not do any harm to the children, and as she hated disturbances she would not mention it to cook, but the next time she ordered soles she would order something quite different for the kitchen.

Does not this show you plainly the great domestic evil of this country, viz., the power you ladies give to your servants because you are afraid of them? And why are the ladies afraid of them? Because they are mostly ignorant of all the important and occult secrets of what is taking place downstairs. Evils of such long standing as these cannot be cured in a day, but remedies can be brought in that will lessen the sad results, and the young ladies and housekeepers beginning to wish to know more of the art of cooking must derive immense benefits from their knowledge. They are to be the real reformers, if not of all, at all events of a great many of the abuses rooted in because of the absence of supervision. If the ladies would make it a practice, besides the stated time of their daily morning visit to their kitchens, to go there at odd times of the day, and warn all their servants when they engage them that it will be so, they would put a great check on the "gaspillage" (wicked waste) of their servants. These hints I throw

out without wishing to bring myself forward as a sort of impeccable model housekeeper, but in order to point out the differences between the French and English ways of housekeeping, and to invite you to examine whether it would not be desirable to adopt what is better in the former, so as to enable you to live more comfortably and at the same time more economically.

I will now give the menu.

POTAGE.

Potage à la Crécy. [*Crécy soup.*]

RELEVÉ.

Eperlans frits. [*Fried smelts.*]

ENTRÉE.

Navarin. [*French haricot.*]

RÔTI.

Faisan rôti. [*Roast pheasant.*]

LÉGUMES.

Salade de chicorée frisée. [*Endive.*]
Topinambours au jus. [*Jerusalem artichokes with brown gravy.*]

ENTREMETS.

Omelette soufflée. [*Whipped Omelette.*]
Macaroni à 'Italienne. [*Macaroni cheese.*]

DESSERT.

My wish is to give you to-day the receipt for Crécy soup, which I think will be very popular, for it is a very pretty, tasty, wholesome, and economical soup.

Crécy Soup.

Take about ten very red nice fresh carrots (mind they are not limp), cut them into pieces, with one onion and one leek all cut up; put them in a stewpan with three oz. of butter or two oz. of very good dripping, and one small lump of sugar: cover it up, and let them do very slowly till they are quite soft (at least an hour) on a gentle fire; mind the coals do not touch the stewpan, and remember what I said in previous lectures about uncovering and covering up any stewpan. When quite soft pour in gently by degrees about three pints of hot water or stock if you have it to spare (I almost always use water), add pepper and salt, and some rinds of bacon, and let the whole boil so that it makes a nice thickish purée; pass it through the colander; have a few croûtons, well fried, brought on a separate little dish, keep them in the oven, the crisper they are the better; then put your soup back into the saucepan with a small piece of butter; let it cook a little more, boiling gently to reduce it if not thick enough, and then pour it into the tureen. It must be like velvet.

As I like to leave nothing undone, I will tell you how to do the croûtons.

Cut a slice of bread as if it were for dry toast; cut off the crust, and then cut your bread into ladies' fingers, and then into little squares; have some boiling butter or very good dripping in a little saucepan or a little tin in the oven; fry your bread in it very crisp—it will be crisp and done in one minute if the fat is boiling—then take it out quickly and lay it on a hot plate so as not to allow

the grease to get into the croûtons; then serve them in a separate little dish.

Remember once for all that plain toasted bread can never take the place of croûtons. It would swell and be reduced to pap the moment the soup was poured over it. It would not only not taste nice, but would be very unsightly. I must also warn you not to make them too minute, as I have seen them often at English dinner parties; they look pretty, but they are like little stones, and people with delicate teeth cannot possibly masticate them. When done as I tell you they remain nice and soft in the middle, and add a great deal to the goodness of the purée soups.

There is another little piece of very valuable information I wish to give you before giving the other receipt I have prepared for to-day. One lady told me privately that her sole had not been so nice as it ought to have been because she found there was too much seasoning, and she thought she had used too many mushrooms. "How many?" I asked. "Half a pound," was the reply. Half a pound! but then it was no longer a sole au gratin with mushrooms, but mushrooms à la sole au gratin. Of course it had not improved the dish, for the receipt said "only a few"; and her excuse was that the tradesman did not like to sell less than half a pound. This is a very arbitrary proceeding of some tradespeople to compel their customers to buy more than they actually want; but at the same time, I would rather have wasted some of my mushrooms than have spoiled my dish; besides, the remainder of the mushrooms would

have been very nice with something else: for instance, with broiled or fried bacon for the next morning's breakfast, a most delicious little English invention. I think the ladies are somewhat to blame in this proceeding of the tradespeople, by complying too easily with their rules. I don't see why, if mushrooms are 1s. the pound, your greengrocer could not oblige you (if it is to be obliging) by selling you a quarter of a pound. As I have a perfect horror of being dictated to by anyone I owe nothing to, when I am told "We don't sell less than one or two pounds," I directly say, "Then I must go where they will let me have less." If it is the business of a good tradesman to dispose of his wares in the most profitable way, it is also the business of a good housekeeper to obtain what she wants at the least expense possible. These little fights require some spirit, true—but then, if at the end of your day you feel you have not been cheated, there is some satisfaction—the satisfaction of the conqueror. "Il n'y a pas de petites économies dans le ménage"—"No economies are too small in house-keeping"—is a very powerful motto with the French. It stamps the French spirit of thrift. The motto has been developed into a grand system of economy, an economy that has enabled the French to pay their tremendous war indemnity to the Prussians in an amazingly short time.

Now I come to the little piece of valuable information I have just promised to give you. It refers to the risk there is in eating mushrooms, and the means we use in France to make sure that they are all good. We put

with them whilst cooking a small silver spoon, and if it turns black we know there is something wrong, and we do not eat them. Some may ask, "But can mushrooms ever be poisonous?" Of course, the real, good mushrooms are not poisonous when they are fresh, but the moment they turn black underneath they cease to be good, and the rules in France about mushrooms are most stringent.

The following are some of them:—Every mushroom sent for sale in Paris must be sent first to the Halles, that is, the great Paris market, such as you have not here, to be examined by efficient officials.

No mushroom kept one day can be exhibited for sale the next day.

No hawker is allowed to sell mushrooms in the streets.

Any gardener or vegetable grower having gone through a police-court for having exhibited inferior mushrooms will be turned out for ever from the Halles.

Surely, if it has been deemed necessary to enact such laws, it is evident there are strong causes to justify them. Fond as I am of mushrooms, it is always in trembling that I eat them; and this is what I read yesterday in Alexandre Dumas' "Grand Dictionary of Cookery," after his numerous and elaborate receipts for cooking mushrooms:—

"Avis.—J'avoue que rien ne m'effraie plus que l'apparition de champignons sur une table, surtout lorsque je me trouve par hasard dans une petite ville de province."

("Nota bene.—I confess that nothing frightens me more than the appearance of mushrooms on a table, particularly when I happen to be in a small country town.")

He says, "in a small country town," because there is not in their markets the supervision common to large cities.

"We must not forget," says a compiler of instances of mushroom poisonings, "that Nero called mushrooms a dish for the gods, because they had poisoned Tiberius and Claudius, whose apotheosis he celebrated; and they also contributed to the deaths of Pope Clement VII., King Charles VI. of France, the widow of the Czar Alexis, and a great many others."

Whatever you do, never, never be tempted to eat any mushrooms in tins. Listen to this illustration:—A friend of mine (she is here now) being invited to dine at a club for ladies and gentlemen with some friends of hers, in order to go afterwards to the theatre, partook of an excellent pigeon pie flavoured with a great many mushrooms, a vegetable she is very partial to. In the course of the evening she was seized with most excruciating pains, and was seriously ill for some time, her doctor being unable to ascribe her illness to any other cause than to the mushrooms in the pie, which most likely were tinned ones. I should like very much to know why the majority of mushrooms in this country are black underneath, and whether they are so when they are fresh gathered; ours are always of a dull pink. I am sorry if I frighten you about this delicious

adjunct to our food, but these warnings form a part of my experience, the experience I am so anxious to share with you.

Another proof of the legitimate fear caused by mushrooms is that in all books of French cookery the divers receipts for cooking mushrooms are always followed by instructions as to what must be done in case of any pains being felt after having eaten them ; and I consider it my duty to conclude this subject by telling you in a few words what to avoid and what to do. The extract is from the "Toxicology" of Monsieur Orfila, the greatest analytical chemist, and from an instruction published by the Prefect of Police of the Department of the Seine.

For a case of mushroom poisoning remember that water, vinegar, brandy, ether, or sal volatile must never be taken ; they would accelerate the bad effects of the poison. Oil, butter, and milk are of no use. The sufferer must take an emetic and an active aperient, then wait until the doctor comes.

As these statements upon mushrooms have been rather lengthy, I will conclude this meeting with a shorter receipt than the one I had intended. It is a very simple dish, very good for breakfast, luncheon, or supper. It is called

Œufs sur le Plat, ou au Miroir.

[A sort of fried Eggs.]

Spread a piece of butter as large as a walnut mixed up with some parsley, chopped up very fine, on a dish

that can go on the fire; break four eggs over it, put over each egg a little pepper and salt, and two tea-spoonfuls of milk; let it cook very gently, and pass over it a red-hot shovel. Spread a little grated Parmesan over the whole and serve very quickly in the dish it has been cooked in.

SIXTH LECTURE.

SINCE I have begun these lectures, several ladies living in the country have become subscribers by correspondence, and in reply to my offer (which I equally made to you) that they might ask me for the receipt of any dish they had a fancy for, one of them has expressed the wish of knowing how a "poulet sauté" was cooked, for she had seen a most extravagant and elaborate receipt in an English periodical, and she felt sure it could be done at much less cost and in a much more easy way, as she often had eaten it abroad. As it really is in the abstract not a very difficult and a cheap dish when chickens are young and plentiful, I was very glad to take up the hint and enable you to produce it on your tables. All it requires is promptness and a clear fire. And now, without any delay, I will proceed to give you the receipt of this elegant, recherché, and exceedingly nice dish.

POULET SAUTÉ.

[A sort of fried Fowl with Gravy.]

I say in my translation a *sort* of fried fowl, because fried things in France are always dry; there never is any gravy, and we never, never eat fried fish even with

melted butter, but everything called *sauté* has always some gravy.

Take a small chicken, what we call a "poulet à la reine"; have it cut up into nice pieces; break up very small all the body and the tips of the wings, and put all this with the gizzard in a saucepan with an onion and a full bouquet—(with every herb you have, but very little of each)—pepper and salt. Let this boil as long as you can so as to reduce it; add some rinds of bacon, and use it in preference to any stock; mind you strain it before using. Put the chicken in a stewpan with three ounces of butter, salt and pepper, and a pinch of curry powder for those who like it, and let it become a very nice brown colour all over, turning your pieces upside down, and shaking the stewpan so that the butter does not burn. This must be done very briskly on a clear fire, and the butter must not cease boiling. This is more than "faire revenir," because it is cooking the chicken. If it were done slowly it would sodden the meat inside. If done properly, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes will be enough. Then add mushrooms, half a shalot, and a little parsley, all chopped up very fine; a teaspoonful or two of flour sprinkled all over; wet it with the stock made with the bones. The moment it boils take it off the fire, put it on the side for a little while, then back on the fire, perhaps two or three times over to ensure the thorough cooking of the fowl, shaking the stewpan all the time, for this is what is called *sauté*, and dish it. If you have too much gravy, cover up your chicken and let the gravy boil away, and pour it all

over the chicken artistically arranged in the dish. The whole thing takes about half an hour. If before dishing it you find it is not cooked inside (and you can make sure of this by trying it with a fork) you can leave it to simmer some time in the gravy, but it is preferable it should not. Be very watchful that nothing sticks to the bottom of the stewpan. This dish is very tasty, and generally done if anyone happens to drop in. But, of course, the first condition is to have a very tender chicken.

Fowl-breeders have such tricks now to make you believe that old fowls are young chickens, that I have almost given up trusting to my judgment, which in olden times never used to fail me. The only thing I do now is to trust entirely in the man I deal with, and compel him to be conscientious. I have never yet had to repent this system.

I never as yet have found any English cook I have trained failing with this dish, because it is done at full speed with a brisk fire; the only thing is to be very watchful, never to leave it a minute, not like the generality of the good-natured French dishes, which once "en train," or started, cook themselves, like our old friend the gibelotte, for instance.

Whenever we have this dish we always have a few rashers of streaky bacon to eat with it, and a very charming addition it is, I assure you, but they must be served on a separate dish.

A leveret done in exactly the same way is a delicious dish—what we call "une bouchée de roi." A "lapereau,"

i.e., a very young rabbit, is also very nice done so, but it requires more spices, and you must use wine, or a thimbleful of French vinegar, if you wish to make it tasty. You must boil the heads of the leveret and rabbit, and also the ribs to make the stock, just as you use the body of the chicken. With the chicken and the leveret you may or may not add a wine-glass of white French wine. I never do. We consider too much wine in the gravies rather heating for the blood. It is very well to use it occasionally, but you must not make a habit of it.

As I know you like to have a great variety of receipts with regard to mutton, I will teach you how to make a Navarin. I dare say you are wondering what it can be. Alas! it has not always borne such a grand name, which I am sorry to say is but an upstart, but for all that it is a very nice dish and universally appreciated; somehow, one never gets tired of it, and when the cover is taken off the scent it sends all over the table is always welcomed by those sitting round it. It is inviting, appetising, very nutritious, very easy of digestion, and therefore a general favourite.

This plebeian dish has quite a little history of its own; and as it is an understood matter that these lectures on cookery are to include historical, literary, and anecdotic illustrations, I feel it my duty to head my recipe with the history of the dish. Besides, it will have the advantage of accounting for the strange way in which this thoroughly French dish is cooked in this country, for although it has an eminently French name, it is a well-known English dish, though I assure you not one

French person could possibly recognise it in its English garb.

The Navarin, which is simply what you call a haricot, and which we used to call a haricot de mouton, is of a comparatively ancient origin, for it is mentioned in one of the plays of Jodelle, a dramatic author of the sixteenth century, and in a passage of Cyrano de Bergerac, a comic author of the seventeenth century.

The dish in question was then composed of square pieces of breast of mutton and red haricot beans, from which it evidently derived its name. Since those days one of these ingredients, the red haricot bean, has been dethroned by turnips. "Turnips," says one of our wits, "like the French people, have had their Revolution of 1793, which has allowed them to come to the front; red haricot beans, like Louis XVI., their 21st of January, when they were done away with." I don't think we need lament their overthrow, for although very good by themselves I don't think they could ever have equalled their conquerors, the turnips, in this excellent dish. A friend of mine was telling me the other day that in order to tempt her husband's appetite she had given him a nice haricot made in the French way; and on my asking her what she called the French way, she told me, "Well, mutton cutlets with haricot beans, carrots, potatoes, and a few turnips all stewed together." "Stop," said I, "this is not at all a haricot according to French notions; it is more like what we should call 'Côtelettes à la Jardinière,' one of our most excellent and pretty dishes, but one that can be

done only in the spring, unless you use preserved vegetables."

A French haricot de mouton, or Navarin, as it is now always called in polite society, is made entirely of mutton and turnips, the other few things in it being only adjuncts. So now, this being settled, I proceed with my receipt, which is the very best (for there are several ways of preparing it) and is attributed to the Countess ——, so celebrated for her good dinners.

Navarin.

[Haricot.]

Take a piece of mutton, not too fat, either from the shoulder, neck, or breast; cut it into nice thick pieces, bones included; let them take a delicate brown colour in a stewpan, with a little butter (this is "faire revenir"); when brown, sprinkle about half a tablespoonful of flour all over it; let this become brown, stirring the flour and shaking the saucepan all the time, as you did for the gibelotte; the flour must get a little darker, then pour gently half a pint of hot water, or stock if you have any to spare (I always use water); add pepper and salt, a bouquet, a small clove of garlic (never cut it, it would make it too strong, only peel it. Never tell any one there is garlic in the dish). Put the lid on and let it boil gently. Then in the meantime you will have prepared some turnips, peeled and cut into quarters a little thicker than apples in a tart; fry them in another saucepan with a little butter and a little, very little

sugar, and let them become brown; when coloured take them carefully out with a fish slice and put them with your meat, and then leave it all to simmer together for one hour; when you dish your meat with taste in a very hot dish, arranging all your turnips around and in the hollows, take as much grease as you can off the gravy which you have left in the stewpan, which put back on the fire, and when boiling pour it through a colander all over your dish, having been careful to heat your colander with hot water. You must be very quick, because it must be eaten very hot. If perchance your gravy was not very brown you could add to it a little bit of "pastille de légumes," but only a small piece like a pea. It is more quickly done if you melt it in an egg-cup with a little of the hot gravy, otherwise it might stick to the bottom of the stewpan.

Remember all my warnings, and if you attend to my instructions I am certain you will produce one of the nicest family dishes I know. Formerly it was never served at dinner parties, but since it has assumed its aristocratic name it often figures on menus as an entree.

I am sure you will not know a nice dish of potatoes which I have prepared for to-day.

Duchesses.

Bake or boil twelve nice floury potatoes, peel and pass them through a fine colander (like the chestnuts), mix up with them two ounces of butter, four eggs, a little salt, and chopped-up parsley. Take some of that paste in a

spoon, make a ball of it by jumping it about in a tumbler, just a little floured, then flatten it to about one-third of an inch on your paste-board with your roller, both slightly floured too, each piece about the size of the aperture of an ordinary tumbler. Make as many of these flat galettes or cakes as your paste will allow, then put them in a large "casserole à sauter," or very clean frying-pan if you have none, with very hot butter, turn them over and serve them very hot.

Duchesses as a Sweet.

If you wish to make a pudding of them you put neither parsley nor salt, but some white sugar and a little cream or milk if they are too stiff; you must flour them before "sauting" them; then serve sprinkled with sugar. Some people, to make them more refined, pound their potatoes in a mortar.

I remember so well, when I first cooked potatoes like this, how very proud I was of their having turned out nicely; indeed, I was disposed to be very conceited when I accomplished anything worth eating; but you see I never was taught like you; mine was not such a royal road to learning as you are treading, from which every obstacle is foreseen and removed in time for you not to stumble and meet with many accidents, which I must confess were sometimes very disheartening to me.

Now I will give the menu :—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Bisque d'écrevisses. [*River cray-fish soup.*]

RELEVÉ.

Filets de soles à la maître d'hôtel. [*Fillcted soles with parsley and cream sauce.*]

ENTRÉES.

Fricassée de poulet. [*Fricassée of chicken.*]
Côtelettes de chevreuil sautées. [*Venison cutlets sautées.*]

RÔTI.

Oie rôtie à la sauce aux pommes. [*Roast goose with apple sauce.*]
Têtes de céleri au jus. [*Hearts of celery with brown gravy.*]
Pommes de terre au naturel. [*Boiled or steamed potatoes.*]

ENTREMETS.

Tarte á la frangipane. [*Cheese cake.*]
Œufs á la neige. [*Snow eggs.*]

DESSERT.

SEVENTH LECTURE.

As usual, we have to register a great many happy results, the Crécy soup, done by several ladies and by some of the cooks, having turned out most satisfactorily. Some soups, although tasting very nice, were not at all red. I know the cause of it, and will give you the remedy. First of all, I must warn you that all the inside of a great many carrots, if you take the trouble to observe it, is of a pale yellow; they are unfit for this soup, at least as far as the colour goes; indeed, there is a time in the year when carrots are not very nice, and this is from the end of March to the beginning of June, and to ensure the success of your next attempt, I will dictate to you another receipt which will do for that time of the year, though the soup is not quite so refined as when the carrots have their full flavour.

Crécy Soup.

Cut six large carrots in pieces, one turnip, and celery, and one onion; throw them into three pints of boiling water, with a little salt, for twenty minutes; take the vegetables out, put them over a slow fire with three ounces of butter, with rinds of bacon, and a small sprinkle

of sugar; when done, mash the whole with a fork; pass them through a colander; put them back in the stewpan with butter, and add by degrees the water they have been boiled in, and let it boil one hour.

If the carrots separate from the liquor, as a lady told me hers did, it is because they are not done enough, or because the colander is not fine enough, and very likely there were not enough carrots; they must not separate, they must assimilate into a thick purée.

At Christmas, when turkeys form the foundation of a great many dinners, the French receipt for stuffing them with chestnuts will be seasonable. I will proceed with it. It is very simple.

Chestnut Stuffing for Turkeys and Geese.

Take one pound of French sausage meat (if you use the English it will have quite a different taste), and one pound of roasted chestnuts; mash the latter with a fork; then add half a pound more, in pieces, neither too large nor too small, a quarter of a pound of very fine bread-crumbs, passed through the colander, as you did with the sole au gratin; chop up the liver and some parsley; mix all up together with one egg well beaten, and put it in the turkey before roasting it. Double the quantities if your turkey is very large. Some people chop up very tiny spring onions with it, but I never do. Some others boil their chestnuts, but then they are apt to make the stuffing pasty. These little differences are left to personal taste.

As I am very anxious these lectures may be of real profit to you, and particularly at the time of the year when there is a superabundance of poultry and game, I will employ our time to-day in giving you as many hints as I can in order to enable you to make the best use of all the things you will have in your larders. First of all, I will give you the recipe of the delicious soup we have in one of our menus, called cock-a-leekie soup à la Française. This soup, as of course you know, is of a Scotch origin, and it is a very extravagant soup. As we profess to make a very good and tasty cuisine in a very economical way, we have borrowed the name and idea and eliminated the extravagance, and if you do it according to my instructions you will have another of our delicious soups made with what is generally thrown away, for it is available only when you have a fowl.

Potage aux Poireaux à l'Ecossaise.

[Cock-a-leekie soup à la Française.]

Take about five or six good leeks; trim them, cut them lengthways into quarters, and then crossways into pieces of an inch long; put them in a saucepan with three ounces of butter, or two ounces of very good dripping; put the lid on; let them do over a small fire on the hob for half-an-hour, shaking the saucepan occasionally, or stirring very quickly with a wooden spoon (always a wooden spoon) so as not to let the steam escape. In the meantime, prepare the giblets of your

fowl, the head cut open in two, the neck cut into pieces an inch long, the gizzard cut into five or six pieces, the claws, the wing tips, all beautifully clean. Of course the liver has been roasted inside the fowl. (The French always put the liver inside a fowl. The way it is done in England is a great pity, for the liver is always dry and a great deal of it wasted.) When your leeks have been in the butter or dripping half an hour pour gently one quart of hot water, add salt, pepper, some rinds of bacon, all the giblets except the liver, and let it simmer gently for two hours at least. The longer it simmers the stronger will your soup be. You may make this soup with the giblets of a fowl, a turkey, or a duck—a wild duck even. If you make it with the giblets of a turkey, you will require more leeks, more water, and more butter. When done dish it all up in the soup tureen, and you will see what an excellent and tasty soup you will have. If it requires colouring, use the pastille de légumes, as I told you before. Remember that too much colouring gives a very bad acrid taste, and is not considered nice on a gentleman's table.

Now let me warn you again not to make experiments with my receipts, at all events not the first time you cook the dishes. If your powers of imagination or longings for improvement are so great that you cannot resist them, let them have their swing, but not before you have well mastered the dish, and have done it exactly and minutely as it ought to be done ; and then when you alter it don't forget to mention the fact when you serve it on the table, or else it would result in a

most lamentable confusion of names and flavours, which would put out anybody called upon to eat it who might happen to know the dish, but could not associate it with its new garb ; and if you happen to say (to shield yourself) that it is according to my recipe, where should I be ? What would become of my "honneur national si chatouilleux sur ce point"? For you understand that with these changes or alterations, additions or subtractions, that dish which I have taken such pains to teach you in all its perfection would no longer be an example of the genuine, honest, thoroughly good French cookery I have so much at heart to introduce into this country. I will illustrate this with only one example, so flagrant that you will see at once what I mean, and what reason I have to fear and tremble. It was only last Monday, as we were discussing the colour of the Crécy soup not being quite so red as it ought to have been, a very clever young housekeeper suggested that some red lentils should be boiled with it. It was a happy thought, I confess, so far as the colour went, but the taste, my dear madam, the taste, which is the first thing to consider in French cookery, where would have been the taste of the Crécy soup, the particular taste inherent in this soup which no other soup ought to have ?

You see now clearly the danger of innovations. True, we have a oup where there are carrots, red lentils, and a great many other things mixed up together, but then we call it "une macédoine d'hiver," and delicious it is. But let every dish have its particular feature. I shall

certainly give you this receipt some day; it will be most useful and of great value in some emergency, as you will see.

Mixtures of flavours are undoubtedly very nice, but they should be manipulated with great art.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Croûte au pot. [*Clear soup with a thick toast.*]

RELEVÉ.

Tourte de coquilles St. Jacques de Compostelles. [*Scollop pie.*]

ENTRÉES.

Salmis de canard. [*Salmi of duck.*]
Croquettes de volaille. [*Fowl rissoles.*]

RÔTI.

Dindon farci aux marrons. [*Turkey stuffed with chestnuts.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pommes meringuées. [*Meringues of apples.*]
Tarte aux cerises. [*Cherry tart.*]

DESSERT.

I daresay by this time you have given me the character of being a gourmande. Well, I am not ashamed of confessing it. I like good things, and above all I like everything to be cooked to perfection. It does not cost more; in fact, it costs less in the end; for if things are not well cooked they digest badly, and nobody knows

how far the mischief caused by badly cooked food can extend. I don't like a cook who takes pains only when there is to be company. I like my breakfast, my luncheon, and my dinner to be the perfection of cooking, and I assure you I am not one of those who say if a thing has not been properly done, "Oh! it does not signify as we are alone." I like to place before my husband, who has been hard at work all day long, a nice tempting dinner, very much varied and well cooked, and, I cannot repeat it too often, it is one of the strongest ties of home life, and I am sure many a man in the middle of the day, when he is most busy, unconsciously smiles inwardly at the prospect of the nice little dinner awaiting him at home when his hard day's work is over. "Feed the brute," as *Mr. Punch* suggested the other day, can be delicately translated into the more appropriate words, "Tempt as much as you can the appetite of the bread-winner." Show him that you too have been hard at work for his welfare. Large joints are the most expensive way of living; they help to make the fortune of the butcher and the servants; but the small, dainty, well-made dishes gratify your husband's appetite, help to keep him healthy, prepare him a good digestion for his old age, and save your purse.

This great variety of food, such as I described the other day—a light soup, occasionally a little fish, a meat dish, some vegetable, and an English pudding—must satisfy any appetite, and conduce to the health of the man whose brain has been at work all day.

Acting upon the great French principle of variety in

diet, I will without any more delay give you a recipe which I think will be most acceptable at the time of the year when game is pouring in from every part.

I suppose you all know what a salmi is; however, for the benefit of those who may not, I will describe it. A salmi is a dish made of game *roasted beforehand;* it cannot possibly be a salmi if it is made of meat not roasted first. Now, bear this in mind, please, and do not try experiments. There are several ways of making salmis; but as I am an exceedingly careful housekeeper I will give you an excellent and most inexpensive one, the receipt we always use, and for which we always receive great praises from all our friends who happen to drop in whenever we have such a dish on the table. For I may as well confess it to you now, it is a little weakness I have inherited from my father, if a friend or two sometimes call and I feel I can offer them a good dinner, I love to ask them to stay, and hitherto I don't think they have ever repented it.

If you make a salmi for a company dinner of course you must have some game roasted on purpose, and nothing else; but if you want to make use of whatever you have in your larder and make a family salmi, you can make it delicious and at very little expense. I will first give you the receipt of the salmi proper.

Salmis.

[Salmi.]

Put in your stew-pan three ounces of butter with one good spoonful of flour; let them melt together, stirring

them till they become a nice brown like the gibelotte; add by degrees half a tumbler of very good stock and as much red wine; two whole shalots—*whole*, because they must be taken out afterwards—a full bouquet (remember that it means very little of everything, particularly the bay-leaf); pepper and a little salt, and put in the bones and carcass of your bird, from which you have previously detached all the limbs and meat. Let all this boil together, not too fast, for half an hour; then pass it all through the colander, and put the gravy alone back into the stewpan on the fire, and just when on the point of boiling put in all the pieces of your bird; take your stew-pan off the fire; add some lemon juice, not too much; put the lid on, and leave it on the hob for another half hour without even simmering. Toast a round of bread, not too thick, cut it into four pieces, lay them at the bottom of your very hot dish; arrange artistically all the pieces of your bird, and pour over them all your gravy, which ought to be neither too thick nor too thin. All these gravies ought to have the consistence of well-made melted butter. It ought to be like velvet. You finish with a decoration of small pieces of lemon all round and over the dish, scolloping the rind.

This is one of the most delicious dishes you can eat, and a particular favourite with gentlemen. It is a most elegant entrée for a dinner party, and it is one of the most useful dishes for small families that I know of, for if you have had a bird of some sort or other of which you ate only the half when roasted, I advise you to do as I do, leave it in your larder for a day or two, and when it has

been quite forgotten have it made into a salmi. And now I will tell you a very valuable little secret concerning it. Suppose you have the remainders of two different birds, you can put them together. And again, if you have some hungry young men, whose appetites one or two halves of birds could not satisfy, then if you happen to have by you some lean mutton you may cut it artfully so as to look like thick pieces of the bird, and put it along with all the rest. It gets impregnated with the flavours of the salmi, and eats exactly like it; of course it must be dark roasted mutton. If you happen to have no stock you must, early in the morning, make some with the body of your bird and whatever bones you may have in the house. Mind you make little of it, but very good. Be very careful never to cook anything that has red wine in it in an iron or tin saucepan; it would quite discolour it. If perchance your gravy was not very dark, you know how to give it a nice colour with your pastilles de légumes. When you make a salmi of pheasant or partridge you must use white wine instead of red, and if you have a small quantity of roast veal in the larder you may use it.

We generally decorate the partridge salmi with pieces of bitter or Seville oranges, and this is the origin of the well-known proverb, "On peut bien manger des perdrix sans oranges," which means you can limit your treat to partridges, you must not be extravagant. Of course this saying cannot possibly convey the same meaning to your minds that it does to a French mind, because oranges here are very cheap, but they are not so

in France. I remember perfectly well when they were one franc apiece, *i.e.*, 10d.; and 75 centimes, or 7½d.; now they are 50 centimes or 5d., 30 centimes or 3d. apiece. On New Year's Day it was, and is even now, quite a nice thing to present a friend with half a dozen oranges.

EIGHTH LECTURE.

I MUST say I have been very agreeably surprised to hear of so many happy results from the poulet sauté, for—I don't mind telling you, now—it is a dish considered by all experienced housewives in France as a very difficult one to bring to a satisfactory end, and when you have a new cook it is generally in fear and trembling that you order one; and it is by no means unusual to hear the cook say, "Mais, madame, il faut être 'cordon bleu' pour faire un poulet sauté, et je ne me suis pas donnée comme 'cordon bleu'"—("Why, ma'am, one must be a first-rate cook to do a poulet sauté, and I did not say I was a first-rate cook").

Whilst congratulating you on your new success I must applaud myself for having in this, as in my other teaching, followed my usual principle, viz., to exact from my pupils the most difficult things without ever letting them suspect that they are difficult, but simply impressing upon them that they are to summon all their energies and bring into work all their understanding power, and nineteen times out of twenty their efforts are crowned with success. Had I told you it was considered a very difficult dish it would have simply paralysed your faculties and have made you uselessly nervous. You

have come well out of the trial, and deserve great praise. But you must not feel too confident, and relent in your carefulness in following all my instructions to the letter. If you adhere to them every day will bring you fresh knowledge and increase your experience, and you will really become good cooks and be able to teach your own, who, however experienced in English cookery, will be perfectly ignorant of all the dishes you are learning now —probably, prejudiced against them. According to the request of one of my best subscribers—I say best because she tries almost everything I give the receipt of, and if she fails she is not afraid of beginning over again—well, according to her request I will give you the receipt of a delicious and most inexpensive soup. It is Pumpkin Soup, and it must be done when pumpkins are plentiful and cheap. It is called

Potage au Potiron.

[Pumpkin soup.]

It is a very cheap soup, and very easy to make. It is eaten either with salt in it or with sugar; the latter is the more popular, and although I have not a sweet tooth yet I could never eat it with salt; only a very little sugar is required. I should think, given at luncheon, it would delight the British children as it always delights the French ones. Pumpkin soup is always considered a great treat by them.

Cut a slice (one pound) of a very nice ripe pumpkin, as juicy as you can get it, into thickish pieces, and throw them into a saucepan where there is about half a pint

of boiling water, with a few grains of salt, and let it boil until it gets quite soft, stirring with a wooden spoon (about five minutes will do it). Then strain the pumpkin and throw the water away; pass your pumpkin through the colander and put it in the saucepan with a nice piece of butter, about two ounces; leave it a few moments in the butter, then pour by degrees one pint of very hot milk; cut into your soup tureen the half of a French roll, crust and all, in thin shavings, as I taught you when I explained the meaning of "tremper la soupe"; and when the whole is boiling pour it over the bread; cover it up quickly and bring it on the table, when people may add either sugar or salt according to taste. Be careful to put very little of the former.

The flavour is very delicate and refined, and too much sugar would quite spoil it, whilst a little brings it out. It is a most wholesome and excellent soup, very easy of digestion, and sufficiently nutritious for invalids, children, and old people.

As you all are very anxious to have receipts of soups I will describe you another, which is very fashionable in France, and particularly restorative if you happen to be very tired and have a sort of disinclination to eat anything solid. It is called—

Consommé à l'Impératrice.

[Clear soup with poached eggs]

It was after one of the Imperial hunts at Fontainebleau that this soup was invented. The Empress was

very tired, and had just time to change her dress for dinner. "The only thing I could eat at dinner," she exclaimed, "would be a new-laid egg." One of her ladies, all of whom were devoted to her, hearing this, hurried to the private room of General R——, who was the superintendent of all the imperial palaces, and transmitted her mistress's wish to him. The General immediately communicated with the *chef*, who saw no better way of gratifying the Empress's wish than by introducing poached eggs into the clear soup. All the menus were written "Potage consommé." The only addition to make was "à l'Impératrice." The guests wondered, but the egg had its effect; it refreshed her Majesty so that she could eat a good dinner, which she felt she could not have done otherwise owing to an excess of fatigue; and she knew nothing displeased the Emperor more than her not enjoying her food. Whenever he saw her not eating he often sent her a plate of something tempting, with the request that she would eat it. I can vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote.

Receipt.

Make a very good consommé, as for the consommé with rice en pilau; but it must be done the day before, so that any sediment resulting from the long boiling may remain at the bottom. As soon as it boils, and only at the moment when the soup is wanted, poach in it as many eggs as there are guests. The smaller the eggs are, the better. When helped people must be very careful not to break the eggs.

Now, please, write down the

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage à l'Italienne. [*Italian soup.*]

RELEVÉ.

Brochet en dauphin. [*Pike as dolphin.*]

ENTRÉE.

Vol-au-vent de volaille.

RÔTI.

Gigot de chevreuil rôti, sauce à la chasseur, avec pommes de terre nouvelles sautées.
[*Roast haunch of venison, sauce à la chasseur, with brown new potatoes.*]

LÉGUMES.

Salade Russe. [*A Russian salad.*]

ENTREMETS.

Gâteau de riz à la crême. [*Rice pudding with custard.*]
Plum pudding.

DESSERT.

Petits gervais.
Stilton.

I don't think I can end this lecture better than by giving you two receipts of this *menu*, viz., the Potage à l'Italienne and the Salade Russe [the Italian Soup and the Russian Salad]—two dishes borrowed by the French from foreign countries, and thought a great deal of in France by all the *gourmets*. The receipt of the Italian

soup was given to me by the wife of one of your eminent sculptors, who had lived about twenty years in Rome, so you may rely on its genuineness. It is a favourite soup of ours; it is very pretty, very good, very nutritious, very wholesome, and very uncommon. Like the Crécy soup it is red, but in other respects it is of an entirely different character.

Potage à l'Italienne.

[Italian soup.]

Take a quarter of a pound of Naples macaroni; it is better than the Genoa, which is apt to lose its shape by suddenly melting. The former swells much more; it is cheaper, and is thought much more of in Italy. The pastes made in Naples are always used fresh; those a week old are despised. Boil a quart of water, or white stock, or half of each, with a little salt in it (not much) and pepper; six to ten times as much water as macaroni. Twenty minutes' boiling is generally sufficient. I have never seen macaroni properly done in this country; it is generally not boiled enough. But whatever you do don't let it lose its shape. As soon as it gets double its size throw some cold water in the saucepan, taking it off the fire at the same time to stop its cooking any more. Whilst the macaroni is boiling, grate about three ounces of Parmesan or dry Gruyère cheese; then take the half of a Genoa tin of tomatoes, liquor and all; put it with one ounce of butter to cook in a little saucepan for a few minutes, when done put a layer of it at the bottom of

your soup tureen, then a few little patches of butter, then a layer of grated cheese, then a layer of macaroni, then begin again the same thing over until you have used up all your ingredients; then pour over it all the liquor in which the macaroni had boiled and which you have kept on the fire; then the only thing left for you to do is to eat it, and I hope and believe you will like it.

I must not forget to tell you that macaroni is one of the few things which are better for being warmed up over and over again, so, if you have any soup left let it be warmed up for the next day, and you will see how much nicer it is. There was a celebrated dignitary of the Church, Canon Chevrier, who, in order to enjoy his dish of spinach on Friday had it cooked on the Sunday previous, and warmed up again every day, adding fresh butter daily; but I ought to say it was not spinach cooked as in England. I don't think warming this up would ever make it palatable. We have it pressed so dry, and then chopped up as fine as the finest parsley, and even now it is passed through a colander, but I don't like this way myself; then it is put back in the stewpan with such a liberal quantity of butter that we call it "la mort au beurre," which we can translate by "the ruin of butter." When you order spinach the French cook always says, "Alors! madame, ne grondera pas si j'use trop de beurre cette semaine"—("Then, madame, you won't find fault with me if I use too much butter this week"). And then we have lovely croûtons, fried in butter and placed in the dish very symmetrically. And

how pleased the children are !—it is one of their greatest treats.

Macaroni à l'Italienne.

[Macaroni cheese]

You boil the macaroni as I told you, then put a layer of macaroni at the bottom of your hollow dish, taking it as you want it from the liquor it has boiled in, so as to preserve it a little moist; then put patches of butter larger than in the soup, because there was some with the tomatoes; then a layer of cheese, and so on in the same way till all is used; then on the top put some very, very fine bread-crumbs passed through a colander; and then, in order not to have those dry sticks I see on English macaroni cheese, pour a few drops of melted butter over the bread-crumbs, so that they do not dry up when you put your dish in the oven to get a nice light brown colour. You will see how nice it is !

According to promise I will give you the receipt of the Salade Russe [Russian Salad], and I dare say many of you have heard of it or seen it on menus of grand dinner-parties. It is so very fashionable that nobody in France would venture to give a dinner-party worthy of the name without having one; but I must warn you that it is a most expensive and extravagant dish. However, some of you may have in your larders some leavings of the most important ingredients, in which case it would be a very economical and grand way of making use of them. It is so uncommon a dish that very few private persons know how to prepare it.

Salade Russe.

[Russian salad.]

The Russian salad is composed of fillets of partridges, pheasants, hares, chickens, geese, and salmon, all cut into dice; anchovies cut into little thin strips; cooked turnips and carrots cut also into dice; asparagus, peas, French beans, a few haricot beans, beetroot cut into lozenges, olives into spirals, shrimps and capers; add a little caviare, cayenne pepper, chopped-up shalots, pepper, mustard, oil, and vinegar—three times as much oil as vinegar—and be clever enough to manage so that in this mixture, which must be highly seasoned, nothing predominates.

Whenever you go to a dinner-party now in France, at least for the last few years, it is and always has been the thing to ask you afterwards, "Was there a Russian salad?" If you say "No," then the dinner was not worth going to. At suppers after the theatre it is very fashionable to go to some grand restaurant and order a Russian salad. It costs ten or twelve francs a head generally; and it calls loudly for the most expensive wines.

NINTH LECTURE.

I DON'T think I ever was more gratified since these lectures have begun than I was last time, when one of my lady subscribers informed me with great pride that during the Christmas recess she had given a little dinner-party to some friends whom she treated to four of the dishes she had learnt at these lectures. There was a delicious brown Soubise soup, then a perfect "Sole au gratin"; for the entrée she gave them an excellent "Gibelotte de lapin"; the roast course was English, but one of the sweets was the "Purée de marrons à la Chantilly."

The dinner was thoroughly appreciated by her friends, and she was very much complimented on the talents of her French cook, for of course only a French cook could produce such a dinner. But her husband (husbands will be proud of their wives and show it) let the cat out of the bag, and told his friends the fact was his wife was taking lessons in French cookery. You may imagine better than I can describe it the congratulations she received, and the surprise and astonishment of her guests when they heard from her own mouth that nothing was cooked during the class, and that her knowledge was the result simply of very minute and careful oral instruction without the slightest attempt at demonstration.

You understand now that I have some reason to be proud of such a disciple. I am happy to say she is not the only one of that stamp, for I know of a great many who have succeeded in producing most satisfactorily every dish of which I have given the recipe. Some of them were substantial, nutritious dishes, which could help you to put excellent dinners on your tables; some dainty ones for small families, very relishing also when added to some English dish for either late or early dinners; and what I consider most useful is that many of these recipes have enabled you to utilise what would otherwise have been thrown away. I am not instigated to say this from any personal motive, although I feel very proud of your successes, but because I know and am persuaded of the superiority of French cookery, as to delicacy, refinement, and economy, over English cookery. Let me illustrate this by a most striking example, which will prove to you in an unmistakable manner how long this superiority has existed. I presume you will not have forgotten the origin of the order with which it is my ambition to dub you all at the expiration of these lectures, viz., the order of the "Cordon bleu." You have not forgotten the menu of the exquisite little supper which caused Louis XV. to institute the order in favour of the celebrated Madame Dubarry's cook for having produced such delicate fare.

Now, pray, just listen to another menu, the menu of a dinner served to leaders of the fashion in London at just about the same epoch as that of the dainty meal recited to you, the time of Swift and Addison and Steele.

There were present eight persons of fashion, who began their dinner with a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue. They drank claret, which the master of the house said should always be drunk after fish. After the first course came almond pudding, fritters, chickens, black-puddings, and soup. Wine and small beer were drunk during the second course. After the puddings, sweet and black, came the third course, of which the chief dish was a hot venison pasty. Besides the pasty there were a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, partridges, and a goose. Beer and wine were freely imbibed during this course. After the goose some of the gentlemen took a dram of brandy; and now, having had a tolerably substantial dinner, the host bade the butler to bring up the great tankard full of strong October ale, which was passed from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth. Then came cheese, and the cloth being taken away, a bottle of Burgundy was set down, of which the ladies were invited to partake before they went to their tea. When they withdrew the gentlemen promised to join them in an hour, and fresh bottles were brought in and duly drunk.

Seeing that about a hundred and fifty years ago the fashionable fare in the two countries was so different, and as neither of the two has retrograded, it is evident that although England has since made some improvements in her way of living, she still has a great deal to learn from her neighbours as to the way of preparing her food. Thanks to the excellent recipe I gave you of the salmi, two or three of you have been able to further

develop this dish, one to warm up the half of a duck, another the half of a pheasant, a third has added to the latter a portion of a chicken, and it tasted in the salmi exactly like the pheasant. She had an unexpected access of company and thought she would try this experiment. It was the dish of the dinner, and she was congratulated upon her excellent cook.

Further evidence, which must help to prove the truth of my statement that you need not cook before people in order to make good cooks of them, is the success in several instances of the Savarin. A lady who is very often abroad, and told me she particularly favours pastrycooks when in Paris, asked me if in my class I taught sweets. I replied affirmatively, telling her at the same time that I did not think much of sweets, for they were very easy to make and were not dishes of absolute necessity; and then I named the Savarin. "A Savarin!" exclaimed my friend; "now, Madame, I have no doubt you can give, and you did give your class, a very beautiful receipt to make a Savarin, but I don't believe any English lady could ever produce one!" I must say she was thunderstruck when I told her how successful several ladies had been with the Savarins, and that such thorough successes had they been that one lady was able to present a friend of hers with a perfect one as a Christmas present. I met the lady who had received it, and who informed me how lovely it was, with almonds on the top and lovely white sugar all round, so pretty and so tasty! It appears that a French acquaintance of my unbelieving friend had told her, as a proof of the impossibility of any English

lady making this cake, that it required thirty-two liqueurs in it! It was too amusing. First of all, there would be no kind of difficulty in doing this; and, secondly, I don't believe there are thirty-two liqueurs extant—I can find only about twenty—so I concluded that her friend, for some reason or other, had been "poking her fun at her," as you familiarly express it. But what is certain is that you cannot obtain a Savarin in Paris, about half the size of that of which I have given you the receipt, under five francs, or four shillings.

I ought to mention, among the very remarkable successes attending these instructions, that of the plucky lady who for a dinner party treated her guests to a "Salade Russe," and it was so delicious that everybody had two helps of it! All I can say is, that the lady must have exhibited marvellous acumen to have dressed it so cleverly, and that her guests should have considered themselves very lucky. I will now dictate to you the menu:—

MENU.

Potage.

Riz au maigre. [*Rice soup without any meat.*]

Poisson.

Esturgeon en fricandeau. [*Fricandeau of sturgeon.*]

Entrées.

Bœuf à la mode. [*French à la mode beef.*]

Escalopes de veau. [*French veal cutlets.*]

RÔTI.

Pintades. [*Guinea fowls.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel. [*Potatoes with parsley and butter.*]

Salade d'escarole. [*Batavian salad.*]

ENTREMETS.

Soufflé au chocolat. [*Chocolate soufflé.*]

Chartreuse de pommes. [*Apple chartreuse.*]

One of my most regular subscribers having several times expressed a wish to have the receipt to make nice Beignets, I will proceed to give it. She tells me she has seen them made at South Kensington, but although she and her niece have repeatedly tried to do them, they have always been a failure. I know of two successful ways of making them, and will explain the more simple of the two. They are very easy, requiring you only to be very brisk over them, as you had to be with the "Poulet sauté."

BEIGNETS—IN FRENCH, "BEIGNETS SOUFFLÉS."

Put in your saucepan one tumbler of cold water, a few grains of salt, one ounce of sugar, as much butter, and rasped lemon peel. When boiling take it off the fire, throw in by degrees enough flour to produce a nice thick paste, about a teacup full; put it back on the fire, stirring briskly all the time so that it is very smooth and does not stick to the saucepan—a few minutes will do it—then let it get cool, break in it one

egg, stirring quickly all the time, then another, then another, until it can be worked, that is to say, until it very slowly leaves the spoon quite clean when you raise it above the saucepan; then you put in the white of one egg beaten up like hard snow, so hard that you could cut it with a knife (in all, three or four eggs and the white of another). If you have time, let it rest two hours. Put some frying stuff in your frying-pan; take some paste the size of a walnut with a spoon, and drop it into the butter ("friture," we call it) with the end of your finger. It will swell very much if the "friture," or butter, is not too hot at first. Repeat this; take up those that are done, and go on dropping more until you have used up all your paste. Sprinkle some sugar over them, and bring them up. They can also be eaten cold.

I have already taught you how to make nice new dishes with some slices of roast beef, or with the remainder of duck and game of all sorts, so that you may bring on your dinner tables a greater variety without any additional expense; and I am happy to find that these dishes are often made by you; indeed, a lady I saw yesterday told me that the "Emincé de bœuf" was quite a standard dish now in her bill of fare. I am happy to say I know several other equally nice dishes to be made with the remainder of roast beef. Would you be surprised to hear that whenever I have a sirloin I make three lovely fresh dishes with it, viz, a roast, a "Pot-au-feu," and a "Filet de bœuf au vin de Madère"? I hope some day to give you these recipes,

but as we cannot do everything at once I intend now to give you the receipt of an excellent and elegant dish made with roast veal, in order to bring some variety in our viands.

This art of re-dressing the dishes that have already appeared on the table is essentially French, and entirely belongs to the science of French cookery. Whenever anything is warmed up in England it is done so clumsily that one sees at once what it really is, and it is so seldom tempting that I cannot wonder at people objecting to meat done up again. The meat seems completely to have lost all taste; it is tough; the gravy is either thin or like a dark pap, most untempting and unpalatable, or else it is drowned in some Worcester or Soyer sauce. These we never use, or if we do occasionally it is with such discretion that we take good care nobody could detect it; it should just help to flavour, never be allowed to predominate.

The dish I am going to give you the receipt of is eminently French, and can be done either with veal or the remainder of a fowl.

It is called

Blanquette de Veau, ou de Volaille.

[Veal or fowl with white sauce.]

Put two or three ounces of butter in your stewpan, one dessertspoonful of flour; stir well together with a wooden spoon; mind the stewpan does not touch the fire, and do not let it become brown; have by you half

a pint of hot white stock, pour it in by degrees, stirring all the time ; don't be afraid if it hisses a great deal, and if at first it seems to curd, go on pouring gently with one hand whilst stirring briskly with the other ; add salt, pepper—not much—one or two onions, a bouquet, and a very little piece of mace, and when it boils nicely put in your veal or fowl cut into nice pieces, bones and all ; put the lid on and let it boil very gently for one hour, neither more nor less, or else the meat would be tough ; in the meantime beat up the yolk of an egg with a little, very little French vinegar or lemon juice ; be careful not to put too much of either ; then dish your meat or fowl as elegantly as you can in a very hot dish, cover it up whilst you strain your gravy through a colander ; put it back in the stewpan on the fire ; when quite hot take it off, put one spoonful of gravy with the yolk of the egg, beat it up briskly and put it in the stewpan, beating it up well so that it amalgamates with the gravy, then pour it all over the meat. Send up with it on a separate dish some little slices of your delicious streaky bacon nicely rolled up.

If you keep to all the instructions I have given you to-day and previously, you cannot fail to produce one of the nicest dishes you can put on your table either for luncheon, or dinner as an entrée. When it is sent as an entrée it is better not to send up the bones, but if you are alone I advise you to have the bones, for the meat round them when done in that way is most delicious and very tasty.

Although it is an excellent dish it is never considered

a "plat de cérémonie" in France, but in this country, where it is quite unknown, I never hesitate to treat my friends with it, and whenever I have done so it always has been very much appreciated.

If you happen to have the kidney rib I would advise you to leave the kidney uncut, for with it we make one of the daintiest dishes imaginable, and as very likely we shall not have another opportunity of mentioning it, I think it would be a good plan to describe it now. It is called

Croustade de Rognon de Veau.

[Veal kidney on toast.]

Chop up the whole kidney with half as much of its fat, mix it up with two or three mushrooms fried in a little butter, and also chopped up with a little parsley, and, if you like, a very little shalot (I never put any). Add some bread-crumbs, pepper and salt, and one egg to bind it all together. Fry in butter some nice slices of bread without the crust, in an oval shape, put your mixture over them about an inch high, finish it with some very fine bread-crumbs, over which you pour some drops of melted butter—real butter melted down. Then put your dish in the oven to get a nice colour, and serve it very hot. When it is served as an entrée at a dinner-party where the guests help themselves each slice must be cut into three.

With the "rognon de veau" (veal kidney), we also make delicious omelettes; they are considered a great delicacy and a great treat.

TENTH LECTURE.

It was very pleasant to me to hear of the various dishes made by some of you with such general success, and particularly of the pumpkin soup and of the salmis, both of which have been extensively tried last week; and I was very glad to find out why one of my best pupils had not succeeded with the Crécy soup, which, although very nice to the taste, did not look the smooth purée it ought to have looked, but on the contrary the pulp, the moment it was in the soup tureen and afterwards in the plate, seemed to recede from the liquor; this never should take place. As soon as I mentioned the fact to my cook she said directly it was due to the colander not being fine enough. My colander was produced, and the pupil exclaimed how much finer it was than the one she had used. As it was afterwards used by the lady when she made her pumpkin soup, she found the fault in the Crécy very easily remedied by using a finer colander. Another lady, having no colander fine enough, pounded it in the mortar and found it produced a most delicious creamy soup, very much appreciated by everybody. Some ladies tell me they pass theirs three times through very fine wire sieves; they fully deserve to succeed who take so much trouble. You see the import-

ance of trying the dishes as soon as I have given the instructions, because the next time we meet we can compare notes, and by your telling me exactly how the thing looked I can apply the remedy, and e experiences of the different ladies must be of great use to the others.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage à la Faubonne. [*A sort of purée and julienne.*]

RELEVÉ.

Matelotte. [*Stewed eels.*]
Rougets en caisse. [*Red mullet in paper cases.*]

ENTRÉES.

Croustades de rognon de veau. [*Veal kidney on a toast.*]
Côtelettes de mouton à la Soubise. [*Mutton cutlets à la Soubise.*]

RÔTI.

Chapon au cresson. [*Capon on watercresses.*]

LÉGUMES.

Choux-fleurs à la sauce blanche. [*Cauliflowers with white sauce.*]
Salade de chicorée frisée. [*Endive salad.*]

ENTREMETS.

Baba au rhum. [*Baba with rum.*]
Tôt-fait. [*French hasty pudding.*]

DESSERT.

It is our firm conviction on the other side of the Channel that too much trouble cannot be taken in pre-

paring the food which is to keep us all in good health, do away with the doctors' bills, and recuperate the losses constantly incurred by the hard pressure on the brain and mental powers of the male portion of the family. What I should like to impress upon every English woman is that by exercising her intellectual faculties in producing a tempting dinner for her husband when he returns from his long hard day's work she helps to cement the key-stone of the sacred edifice which is to enshrine their mutual happiness. I dare say to some sentimental young ladies this will seem rather a material way of working towards a husband's happiness, but if they will study the case from a practical point of view they will soon perceive that it is a very natural consequence of the way in which our society is organised. A man has been engaged in every variety of brain labour all day; all the time the bow has been strung he has felt no fatigue, so much was his heart in his work, but let the bow be unbent, let it resume its normal state, then all the elasticity of the body kept up by the excitement of the brain collapses, and brain and body would both soon be incapacitated if new fuel were not given to them to restore the equilibrium so necessary to their vitality. Now what will this fuel be? Will it be that cold joint which when hot was the dinner of the previous day, with some potatoes, boiled beetroots drowned in vinegar to help to wash it down, and finish with some sort of pudding or tart? Hot or cold, the joint without any preparation in the shape of soup will be difficult to digest, and remember that such fare repeated over and over again must end by

causing indigestion, the bane of this country! No, such fuel is not calculated to repair the losses experienced by hard head work. There is no soup, because when any is ordered the cook must have so much meat that the butcher's bill is considerably increased. A lady told me the other day that until she had come to these classes she dreaded ordering soups, for they were either so like water or else so expensive that she had to give them up. Now she has soup every day, and finds it a great boon. It is not long ago that I happened to be at some friends' on a Monday, and remained to dinner. The cold beef was the "plat de résistance," and the dinner was exactly what I have just described. The ladies and myself had both had a very good luncheon, then came the four o'clock tea, at which the ladies partook of bread and butter and cake; I did not, as I never eat with my afternoon cup of tea. They were therefore perfectly independent of the dinner; not so the male portion of the family. The son is young, he ate to his heart's content, and has the digestion of an ostrich; but it was different with the master of the house, who is not a very strong man. He was put out, he hardly spoke except to sneer at his own dinners, comparing them with the French fare they had so much enjoyed in the summer; and when the ladies left they observed to one another, "Papa has his liver to-day." Yes, indeed, the poor man *had* his liver, and none of them seemed to understand that the proper fuel not having been administered the working machine was endangered. Now let us see if, with a little ingenuity and good management added to a little

trouble, something better could not be produced which would not cause any real expense. Suppose when the gentleman comes home a nice appetising smell is found to pervade the hall, it will be received most gratefully as a welcome forerunner of dinner by the digestive organs, which have been sharpened by a long day's work, an indifferent lunch, and an hour's journey home. As dinner-time approaches this smell is never objectionable. A very tempting potage, as tempting to the eye and taste as it had been to the smell, is served round. To know whilst it is being eaten that the soup did not help to swell the butcher's bill is no detracting quality; on the contrary, it adds a new charm—it does its duty, that of quieting the first cravings of hunger, elicits exclamations of approbation, and gives rise to pleasant gastronomic talk, a most proper subject at a dinner-table, although universally tabooed in England. This is followed by a nice succulent or savoury dish, such as an Emincé de bœuf, or of mutton, or a Blanquette de veau, or a salmi, or a Gibelotte, or a Croustade de rognon de veau, all equally pleasant to the taste, that king of all our senses, the one we gratify first and keep to the last! Then may come the cold joint with a nice salad. Some light pudding or tart may complete this fare, and I am sure every one will have been able to satisfy his or her appetite according to his or her inclination. Paterfamilias will have none of his liver, I can vouch for it, if you give him such fare as this every day. Whatever you do prepare the digestive organs for their work of digesting properly what they are to receive, and vary the fuel as much as

possible, so that—as I said at the beginning of these lectures—every part of our body may partake of the feast, and share what is an absolute necessity to them in order to make up for their daily losses. But of course the great judgment required in varying the composition of your menus must be the result of intellectual and (if you must study economy) of physical labour. The mistress of the house must make her larder her particular study, and out of that study must emerge those tempting, wholesome, and—I cannot repeat it too often—inexpensive dinners which are to ensure the bodily welfare of all the members of the family, and quench for ever any attempt at rebellion by Monsieur Liver.

How would you like by way of a change to take me down with you into one or two of those sacred places over which you and the cook reign supreme? With the magic wand possessed by every "Cordon bleu" we will produce a most lovely dish with these little scraps of turkey. "Too little for anything," do you say? Not so little, I assure you, when it is all taken off the bones and chopped up in nice pieces, not too small, so that people may taste the bird whatever it is, and then take out every bit of the sausage and chestnut seasoning. Only a spoonful of it will be sufficient to flavour our dish. And don't I see the knuckle of a ham in that corner? What treasures, and what two nice dishes we are going to produce with these! One for dinner, and one for luncheon. The dish for dinner (an entrée) will be "des Croquettes de volaille." You call them rissoles, but wait till you have had my receipt, and

then I don't think you will find much analogy between them.

Croquettes de Volaille.

[Fowl rissoles.]

Melt one ounce of butter in your stewpan, put two spoonfuls of flour in it and stir it; mind it does not get brown; add salt, pepper, a little, *very* little nutmeg, mushrooms and parsley chopped up; let all this do together while stirring for two or three minutes; wet it with a little cream and four spoonfuls of very good stock (if you have none make some with the bones of the fowl); this sauce must be as thick as very thick melted butter. Cut up your fowl into small dice; add little bits of ham, also a little seasoning if you have some, and put it in your sauce. Let it do some little time in the sauce without either boiling or simmering. Then take it all out of the stewpan and let it get cool. Have some very nice fine raspings ready; beat up two eggs, white and yolk, in a soup-plate; flour your paste-board, make some nice long rissoles as long as your finger, as thick as three; roll them in the raspings, then in the egg, then again in the raspings, and fry them beautifully. As you cut them open with your fork when eaten you find that the gravy, which was thick and set when they were cold, has become nice and liquid now they are fried, so that they never are dry like those you generally see on English tables.

Now, would you like to know what I do when I have the knuckle of a ham with very little meat on it, or a little piece of loin of mutton, that end with the thick bone. The dish is called

Ragoût de Jambon (ou de Mouton) aux Pommes de Terre.

Put one ounce and a half of butter, or less of very good dripping, in your stewpan; when melted add one spoonful of flour and stir with the wooden spoon until it becomes brown, then pour by degrees half a pint of hot water, stirring all the time; this is what I told you was a "roux"; when it boils put in the knuckle of your ham or your mutton (no salt if it is ham), add pepper, a bouquet, and one onion with one clove, and let it boil gently half an hour; then add peeled potatoes, five or six for the quantities I have told you, and let it boil another half-hour. Then dish it, and you will have the most relishing dish of potatoes you ever tasted, and the meat is delicious. Of course this is a plebeian dish, but it is very useful, and a very nice way to make use of a little meat with a large bone.

I hope you will cook these three dishes of which I have given you the receipts; they are in perfect keeping with the promises of economy in my programme. They are very tasty and wholesome, and two of them would be an ornament to any dinner-party. The third, owing to its plebeian character, may prove more useful for every-day fare.

ELEVENTH LECTURE.

So the Blanquette de veau was another great success, and very much appreciated by everybody. The housekeepers are delighted to have such a nice way of warming up cold veal; in fact, of making quite a fresh dish of it, and a very refined one, too; and the gentlemen and the other members of the family are very thankful not to have any longer to eat it cold. As I have said before, you can make the blanquette also with the remainder of a fowl, but then you must not put so much liquid, which in that case must absolutely be good stock, and you must not let it boil at all. It must only be warmed up just like a salmi, or else the fowl would lose its delicate taste, and be like rags if it were allowed to boil.

Before proceeding any further, I feel bound to give you a little piece of advice I never should have dreamed would have been necessary, for I thought I had cautioned you energetically enough against experiments already; but to my amazement, one of my subscribers, whilst enlarging the other day upon the beautiful stock she makes now with all the bones, not forgetting the valuable rinds of bacon which she finds improve it very much, added with great pride, "I also put in all the rinds of the cheese," and as I looked very much surprised she went

on, saying, "I put in anything to give it a flavour." "Anything" may have a very elastic meaning with some people! This evidently comes from a complete absence of the genius of cooking. Indeed, I have always found this genius lacking in the ordinary English cooks, and some English ladies. Because a certain ingredient has been used in one dish they would go and put it with other dishes, and thus produce the most heterogeneous mixtures you can imagine, thinking evidently in their unsophisticated minds that anything will do. This I will illustrate by a most striking instance, of the truth of which there can be no doubt, as it happened in my family some years ago. There was a plum pudding boiling, and I wanted some slices of roast beef to be just warmed in the delicious gravy English beef always produces (although, be it said, by the way, it is not always sent upstairs); so I told the cook, who had been in my husband's family for thirty-five years, and had come for the day to oblige me, "Just a few minutes before you want your beef put it in a lot of gravy in a basin, cover it up, and put it in the steamer over the pudding; mind it does not remain long or else it will become horny and tough; then when you dish it pour the gravy all over, and it will be exactly as nice as on the first day." I did not trouble myself any more about it; I went out as usual, and when I came home I asked her if her meat was ready to put in the steamer, and even went down to see; everything was quite correct, just as it ought to be. The welcome dinner-hour arrived in due time, and I greatly rejoiced at the thought of hav-

ing my favourite dish, *i.e.*, roast beef : and we enjoyed first our soup. We thought the interval rather long between the two courses, but at last the longed-for dish arrived. I remember I was rather struck with its dimensions, and was beginning to expostulate on it when the cover was lifted. And, lo ! what did it discover to our expectant sharpened appetites ! You never would guess. The slices of beef were there, the gravy also in abundance, but alas ! what was there, too, which never ought to have been there ? The plum pudding ! over which old Susan (Susan was her name, and a very devoted servant she was) had most carefully placed the slices of beef, and had most dutifully poured all the gravy she could dispose of over all ! I was dumb—she was radiant, thinking she had done it so well ; and she said, " I did as you told me, ma'am. I put the beef over the pudding." My husband burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. I followed suit, and we had the cold beef up. "As well ?" she said, and went away pondering over the extraordinary mixtures these French people ate, and wondering, no doubt, how Master John (that was my husband) could ever have been brought to like them. We would not hurt her feelings by telling her how she had spoilt all our food, so to the end of her days she lived with the idea that the French eat their roast beef with plum pudding, instead of Yorkshire pudding.

Can there be a more potent instance of the complete absence of the culinary genius than this ? I am afraid the old rinds of cheese must rank next ; and I must own it never occurred to me that any one with judgment

could think of boiling them with stock. Cheese, as we all know, is made of milk that has gone through the process of getting sour, so it must naturally deteriorate the quality of the stock, which ought to be made solely of things likely to conduce to its preservation, and I am afraid old rinds of cheese are not likely to do so, as half a pint of the substance used to turn it sour is sufficient to curd 500 pints of milk.

Now, without any more delay, I am going to tell you everything concerning the Vol-au-vent. The Vol-au-vent is an eminently French dish which you never or seldom see on an English table, and I have always been surprised at it, considering your great art of making pastry, and your nice ovens to bake it in. It is much more difficult for the French, for, except in the north of France, there are very few good ovens in ordinary French kitchens—in Paris scarcely any, except in mansions. There is what is called "Four de campagne." Any lady who has a French cookery book must constantly have met with the word and wondered what it meant. It is a large, round, tin pan with no bottom, but with a deep cover, on which you can put live coals, or "braise." If you have anything wanting heat under and above you put your dish on your stove and cover it up with your "Four de campagne." It is very convenient for "soufflés" or dishes "au gratin," but of course our ovens here are much better. Now, whenever you see in your French cookery books, "Put such or such a thing under the Four de campagne," you will know that it simply means "Put it in the oven." The consequence is that

we eat very little home-made pastry, and as the Vol-au-vent consists of three different things, two of which you can buy ready made, you have only one to cook at home.

I say a Vol-au-vent is composed of three things: First, the case or croûte, which you can have of any size you like and at a very reasonable price at any confectioner's. Secondly, the inside. Thirdly, the quenelles, or French forced-meat, which you can get at a rôtisseur's.

This is a branch of industry which does not exist extensively anywhere, I believe, except in Paris. They are very large, tempting places, where you can see rows of fowls, or ducks, or turkeys—in fact, every bird—roasting in front of immense fires. You can also get all sorts of soups and entrées very good there, and at very reasonable prices. Twice a day you will see a row of people with their baskets and tin contrivances of all sorts, coming for two or three nice dishes, which, as they often do not keep any servants but only a charwoman, they never could have managed to cook at home. The resources of Paris in that line are marvellous, and I have heard many an experienced person say that there is no place where you can have the most luxurious food on cheaper terms than in the French capital. The convenience of these arrangements for people engaged in different pursuits all day long is incalculable.

Before teaching you how to make the case of the Vol-au-vent I am going to tell you how to prepare the inside, which is the most important part of the dish, for you may eat the inside by itself, but the case without the inside would be of no use whatever.

Vol-au-Vent.

Take a very tender fowl, not too big; have it cut into pieces; use neither the gizzard nor the liver—in fact, none of the parts that might prevent the dish from being quite white; rub it all over with a lemon (this is to make it whiter). Put in your stewpan a piece of butter as large as an egg with two spoonfuls of flour; stir till melted nicely together; pour by degrees half a pint of very good white stock, stirring all the time so that your flour gets very well mixed with it; add white pepper, salt, a small bouquet, and ten very small onions; and when it is all boiling nicely put in all the pieces of the fowl; cover the whole with a round piece of buttered paper, put the lid on, and let it simmer gently for one hour. Don't lose sight of it, and shake the stewpan occasionally so that the gravy or sauce is *liée*, that is to say, bound together. Whilst cooking prepare a few very white mushrooms (buttons are the best), and prepare your quenelles or French forced-meat, which are the most important complement of a Vol-au-vent, and as different from English forced-meat as pears are from turnips.

Quenelles.

[French forced meat.]

Take two ounces of very tender white veal, either cooked or raw; some remains of pheasant or fowl do just as well or better; two ounces of sausage meat—French far preferable; and two ounces of beef suet; chop it all up together as

fine as you possibly can ; add salt, pepper, a very little nutmeg, a very little parsley, and a soupçon of thyme and bay-leaf; put it all in a mortar and pound it well together; add slowly, whilst pounding, one egg well beaten up, so as to make a very nice paste of the whole. When it is all well mixed up so that you cannot distinguish one ingredient from another, take your paste-board, well floured, and make this paste into shapes not bigger than your little finger; you may make some round like a very large filbert, but not so big as a walnut. When you have done them all you must poach them. In order to do so without breaking them you beat up the white of one egg into a snow in a soup-plate, and you put all your quenelles in it; then you slip them slowly into salted boiling stock; let them boil three or four minutes, then let them simmer gently on the hob for five minutes. Take them out carefully so as not to break them, and put them with the mushrooms in the gravy after you have taken out your fowl, and let them simmer till the mushrooms are done. When done put them, with art and taste, with your fowl. In the meantime beat up in a cup one or two yolks of eggs with a very little lemon juice or a little French vinegar, and a very little hot stock, and mix it up with your sauce or gravy, beating it all briskly so that it amalgamates well with it, and pour it over your meat after it has been placed in the case.

The Case or Croûte of a Vol-au-vent.

You make some puff paste ; you line a flat round tin with it one inch thick; then you take a mould

with no top nor bottom two inches smaller than the tin; you press it down on your paste so as to leave one inch of paste all round, which makes the side of the case, and not quite to the bottom, about three-quarters of an inch, leaving a quarter of an inch for the bottom of the case. You decorate and paint with an egg the sides and the top, which is to be the cover of your Vol-au-vent; then you put it in rather a brisk oven, and when it has well risen and is a very nice colour you take it out; you carefully detach the cover, and you have a beautiful edge three or four inches high if your paste has been well done. You scrape away all the uncooked paste inside, and then you fill your fowl with the quenelles, and pour the gravy all over it. It does not signify, in fact, it is better, if the inside goes higher than the edges. The cover is put over anyhow.

The case and quenelles may be made the day before. With the inside paste you can make nice sausage, jam, or custard rolls.

Now I must reveal to you a secret useful to know. As making the case of a Vol-au-vent requires more time than can sometimes be spared, I have instead what we call "Tourte bourgeoise," which is simply a home-made pie.

It differs from your pies in this, that we always have the inside cooked beforehand. We do it exactly as I have taught you how to make the inside of a Vol-au-vent, with the quenelles and the same gravy. Then it is allowed to cool, and then when the paste is ready it is all put in the pie-dish with the exception of a good reserve of the gravy, which is poured artfully through a hole

made at the top under some ornament, so that the pie is very nice inside, and quite ready when the crust is. By doing so it is never dry, a great fault with English pies, and the crust is never burnt, which must often happen when the meat inside has to cook for the same length of time as the crust.

If perchance your gravy has turned slightly brown do not distress yourselves on that account and throw it away, as I heard a young friend of mine did in some other similar case; but go on just the same as if nothing had happened, as there are more Vol-au-vent "blonds," that is to say, of a slightly brown colour, than there are white ones. At all events for the "Tourte bourgeoise" it is better it should be "blond," but it never should be dark.

One of the best things to mix up with your Vol-au-vent is sweetbread or lamb's fry. Remember this is one of the most recherché dishes in the French cuisine, and one which is considered very expensive, and so it is when you have to buy the case and the quenelles ready-made, but of course when you make everything yourself, as I do, it is a very effective and at the same time not very costly dish, giving after all very little trouble to make.

We make our rabbit and pigeon pies in exactly the same way, and delicious they are, I assure you. We also make fish Vol-au-vents, which are excellent, but of course these must be perfectly white, and consequently are made with a Béchamel, a very refined fish sauce I propose some day to teach you.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soupe à l'oignon à la Stanislas. [*Onion soup à la Stanislaus.*]

RELEVÉ.

Barbue à la Béchamel. [*Brill à la Béchamel.*]

ENTRÉE.

Veau en fricandeau sur un plat d'épinards. [*Veal on spinach.*]

RÔTI.

Canards sauvages au citron. [*Wild ducks with lemon.*]

LÉGUMES.

Choux rouges à la flamande. [*Red Flemish cabbage.*]
Pommes de terre au lait. [*Potatoes with milk.*]

ENTREMETS.

Gâteau d'amandes. [*Almond tart.*]
Petits pots de crême au caramel. [*Caramel custards in little pots.*]

DESSERT.

TWELFTH LECTURE.

I HAVE been very happy to hear of fresh successes in the case of several dishes, such as the Croquettes de volaille, the Ragoût de mouton aux pommes de terre, and the Croustades de rognon de veau. Indeed, the last dish, I heard, had been sent to rather an invalid lady whose appetite could not be tempted with anything, and she liked it so much that her friends brought her, on another day, some Croquettes de volaille, and she again enjoyed her meal very much. She was previously so prejudiced against any "kickshaws," as you call them, that they hardly ventured to tell her these two dishes were French, but when she heard they had been made according to my instructions she was quite reconciled, and she now thinks she could live upon French cookery if it were all as nice as that.

I was rather disappointed at hearing of three failures with the Beignets, but I can account for two of them; one was not made with my receipt at all, they were simply made with batter, so of course that never would or could rise; the cook said so to me before her mistress, who all the time thought they had been done with my receipt. The other failure was due to their having been fried in a frying-pan, when, of course, they could not be

immersed in the fat. The third I have not yet been able to inquire into, but hope to settle this satisfactorily.

As I have been asked repeatedly to tell how to make coffee in the French manner, I will do so at once. I don't know anything so easy, and yet it is marvellous how very badly it is done in England. It is true we take as much pains with it as I see some ladies take with tea here. I have some friends, and a great many of them, who will never have their tea made in the kitchen; of course, then, if you take the same pains with your coffee you would be sure to have it good; if, on the contrary, you leave it to the servants you must expect failures.

Every day here the coffee-pot is brought upstairs with the evening tray, and I put in it the proper quantities of coffee and chicory, and press it down myself; then the next morning the cook puts in the water, and as she has but to fill it up she can never make a mistake.

Receipt for Making Coffee.

You cannot make good coffee unless you have a percolator coffee-pot. The coffee must be kept in glass bottles, and it must be ground fresh every morning. Then you put in six teaspoonfuls of coffee, heaped up, and a very small teaspoonful of chicory, or none at all, for one pint of water. These are the proportions for "café noir," or coffee after meals. Some people have a strong objection to chicory with their "café noir"; in such case you must put one spoonful more of coffee. But when it is for the morning coffee or "café au lait" you must put between ten and

twelve teaspoonfuls of coffee and the sixth part of it of chicory for each pint of water. "Café au lait" is never nice without chicory, I think, but you must be careful not to overdo it, for if there is too much chicory the coffee is rendered perfectly undrinkable. Whenever I travel about England I always take my little coffee-pot with me, and give out my coffee just as I do at home, and by so doing we are always sure of having a good cup of coffee. I put one third of coffee in my cup, and fill it up with hot milk; those who like it stronger put half and half. I have always found it a great improvement to put the milk in first. When you place your coffee in the percolator you must press it down with a tin instrument made on purpose, but it must not be left inside. If you have any coffee left it must be at once taken out of the coffee-pot and poured into a bottle. Two different sorts of coffee berries make the best coffee—Mocha and Martinique. Mocha is the better of the two, but has little body, and there must be three-fourths of it to one-fourth of Martinique, which is the cheaper and coarser.

There are very few houses in England where what we call good coffee is drunk. From all I have seen and observed, I have come to the conclusion that this is due to two things: first, that there is no proper coffee-pot, and secondly, that enough coffee is not used. Some people are under the impression that a second brew of coffee is possible. This is a great mistake. The first water has almost carried away all the goodness with itself, but passing the liquor twice through makes it

stronger. I am a great expert at making coffee, and I ought to be, having had great experience in it. It was the only thing in the way of cooking that I had ever made before I married, and in France we think no more of it than you do here about making good tea.

Now as I have been asked by several ladies how to make an omlette, I will do my best to teach you, and hope you will succeed.

Omelet.

First of all I must tell you that it is quite an erroneous idea to think it ought to be tossed up. Pancakes are tossed up, but not omelets—it would be impossible. It is this impossibility which renders doubly amusing the story related in some memoirs of the Empress Joséphine and her glorious consort. The Emperor Napoleon was always (as is well known) a very rapid eater; and one day, when the Empress had hardly had time to eat any dinner, she bethought herself of how amusing it would be to supplement her too-light repast with an omelet, and how she would like to see it being made before her, and perhaps even to lend a hand in making it. Other accounts say she wishes to show her ladies how well she could do it. Whichever version may be the true one, the fact is that everything necessary was brought into her private room, a little stove was procured, and every lady present made herself very busy, one beating the eggs, another chopping up the herbs, a third lost in thought as to how much butter

should be used, the opinions as to quantities being very much divided, and causing so much laughter and delay, that just as the omelet was put into the frying-pan, the door was opened, and the Emperor—who had had word of the merry doings—was announced as the merriment was at its height, for the Empress was about to take hold of the frying-pan and exhibit her culinary skill. On hearing the announcement she and all her ladies turned round, forming a sort of rampart round the cooking apparatus, each one spreading out her skirts as much as possible so as to hide it from view, for they all knew, and the Empress especially, how particular Napoleon was about etiquette, and it must be admitted that etiquette was sadly trampled upon by such an unheard-of proceeding as this. Meanwhile, the innocent cause of the general embarrassment and confusion began doing its duty, and a fragrant odour—but, alas! one not quite consistent with the private apartments of an Empress—gradually pervaded the room. The Emperor, mischievously enjoying the general embarrassment, and wishing to make it last a little longer, exclaimed in a very serious tone—"Decidedly the kitchens of the palace are too near your apartments; I must have them removed farther off." A dead silence followed this remark, which allowed the fizzing of the omelet to be distinctly heard by everyone. Thereupon the Emperor took a step forward, and ignoring the imploring looks of the Empress and her ladies, looked between a breach of the slender fortress, and the dread fact stood confessed. He smiled affectionately at her he really loved so well,

on which she took courage and told him all. "An omelet," said he; "allow me to turn it over for you," and joining the gesture to the word, the Emperor seized the handle of the frying-pan, and with a vigorous toss in the air sent the omelet scattered all over the carpet. "Ah! sire," said Marshal Bertrand, his great friend and admirer, "vous vous entendez mieux à retourner les empires que les omelettes." Then the gentlemen left the room, and history does not relate whether another omelet was manufactured or not.

Break six eggs in a basin with salt, pepper, parsley, and, if you like, spring onions chopped up exceedingly fine as well as the parsley. Add one spoonful of water, and beat it all up for four minutes; then put in at the last a piece of butter as large as a big filbert. Melt some butter, about two ounces, in the frying-pan, pour at once the omelet into the frying-pan, and with a knife separate the setting part from the frying-pan, and let the liquid part go underneath; it must never stick. The butter put with the eggs is meant to prevent this, and the water is to make it light. Never use milk, it would make your omelet heavy; mind it is very soft and not quite set when you slide it gently into the hot dish and double it over. Cover it up and bring it on the table at once. We always say you must wait for an omelet; it must never be ready before you are. I have rarely seen one well made in England, whilst with us it is the commonest dish. Some cooks think it must be brown, but this is an error. Flour must *never* be used. Here is our menu :—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soupe de la bonne ménagère. [*Good housewife's soup.*]

RELEVÉ.

Vol-au-vent de saumon et de crevettes. [*Vol-au-vent of salmon and shrimps.*]

ENTRÉE.

Filet de bœuf à la sauce Madère. [*Fillet of beef with Madeira sauce.*]

RÔTI.

Pintades farcies et rôties avec pommes de terre rissolées. [*Stuffed guinea fowls with brown potatoes round them.*]

Selle de mouton à la sainte Menehould. [*Saddle of mutton à la sainte Menehould.*]

LÉGUMES.

Mayonnaise de homards. [*Mayonnaise of lobster.*]

Artichauts à la barigoule. [*French artichokes stuffed.*]

ENTREMETS.

Timbale de macaroni. [*Macaroni patty.*]

Charlotte russe. [*Russian Charlotte.*]

DESSERT.

In regard to these lectures on cookery I take this opportunity of saying that I think we have accomplished a great deal, in a great many cases more than I certainly had any right to expect. On the whole I have come to be proud of you, for a great many have tried, perfectly unaided, every one of the dishes I have described, and others have been able to instruct their cooks so satisfactorily

that these are now or will in time be able to add to their "répertoire" about forty new, very tasty, elegant dishes, comprising soups, fish, entrées, improved roasts and ways of dressing potatoes, and sweet dishes. Of course this will enable you to vary your otherwise very uniform fare, and will be invaluable in the composition of your menus. Besides these very important receipts you have learnt great lessons in economy, and have been partly initiated into the real art of cooking, so completely ignored in this country! I think you have done wonders; still, there is a great deal more to do. We have both done our parts conscientiously, but twelve hours of the most diligent teaching and the most assiduous learning cannot make cordons bleus of ladies who, however well-intentioned, had hitherto for the most part no experience whatever of cooking either French or English, and whose sole talent, as has been said before, had been limited to the preparation of very sticky toffee and highly indigestible and lumpy cake. You have now gone through the most laborious part of the work, in which you have been supported and guided so as not to err too far from the right path, but you must remember you are still in leading-strings, and I hope you will determine to continue these studies.

THIRTEENTH LECTURE.

I AM amply rewarded if, through the aid of these lectures, the every-day fare has been perceptibly, agreeably, and economically varied on many English luncheon and dinner tables, and it is very gratifying to hear from many who have listened to me that my receipts are in constant use. However, I cannot repeat it too often, a good housewife must be exacting with her cook, and never allow her to send on the table a dish indifferently done, when she has once cooked it to perfection. This can easily be done by the lady not allowing any negligence or deviation from the receipts I give. With these very receipts I produce first-rate cooks from very unpromising subjects; and as (I cannot be too emphatic in this statement) I never cook before them, surely the instructions must leave nothing to desire; but I must not forget to add that I know how to cook everything I teach, and have cooked it, and am ready to do so whenever there is a necessity.

I propose to consecrate the first ten minutes or quarter of an hour to the examination of the dishes taught at the preceding meeting, and then see, if there have been any failures, and how they can be avoided. After this examination I will dictate the menu and as many receipts as I

can, but this will depend upon the time the explanations will take.

I am exceedingly anxious to dispel, as far as I can, all the wrong notions and prejudices existing in this country about French cookery, and first and foremost I must not forget to mention the following, which I saw in an English cookery book, viz., that flour is used in French soups. On the contrary, flour must never be used in French soups; if the soup wants binding yolk of eggs and butter beaten up together must be used for that purpose.

It is called a "liaison." Of course this does not apply to prepared pea-flour, potato-flour, or chestnut-flour, which are used, if preferred, instead of the peas, potatoes, or chestnuts themselves; but, I repeat, ordinary flour must never be employed for the purpose of thickening any French soup.

I have also often heard that the French never have real roasts, that their so-called roasts are all made in saucepans on the fire; indeed, I have read it myself in an English cookery book that the French cooks are apt to spoil their roasts by adding all sorts of sauces; and further, I have read descriptions of French entrées (or at least entrées with French names) having such things as ketchup, or Worcester, or Reading sauce added to them. The former statement is, of course, quite groundless, as is also the latter, for the sauces named are unknown abroad, and never found in any French kitchen. All our flavours are obtained by the careful way in which the different viands are cooked;

they are the result of the true science of cookery, and it is this science I wish to inculcate in you English housewives, so that, armed with true light, you may disperse the darkness through which many young housekeepers have hitherto had to grope their way.

Somebody sent me the other day a recipe for making coffee which would make any French man's or woman's hair stand on end. The small quantity of coffee, the immense quantity of water, then an egg-shell and the white of the egg mixed up in it—indeed, the concoction of the whole is the most amusing joke I have ever heard. I am afraid the trouble of the manufacture would be very great, and the result certainly very poor!

Now I will dictate the

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soupe de chasseur. [*Sportsman's soup.*]

POISSON.

Barbue à la sauce au homard. [*Brill with lobster sauce.*]

ENTRÉE.

Lapin et petit salé aux choux. [*Boiled rabbit with bacon and cabbage.*]

RÔTI.

Canards sauvages. [*Wild ducks.*]

LÉGUMES.

Salsifis frits. [*Salsifis fried in batter.*]
Choux de Bruxelles. [*Brussels sprouts.*]

ENTREMETS.

Blanc-mange à la Française. [*Blanc-mange in the French way.*]
Tartelettes aux framboises. [*Open strawberry tarts.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.
[*Cheese—Coffee—Liqueurs.*]

For fear of forgetting it I will teach you at once how to make the three different roux or gravies, the foundation of an innumerable number of dishes; there are three roux: the brown, the blond, and the white. I will begin with the brown.

ROUX.

[Gravy.]

Roux, so unknown in English kitchens, are of great use in French cookery, to stew in them meat, poultry, game, and fish of all kinds. They are intended to preserve to the different viands cooked in them their natural flavours, which would otherwise completely escape in plain water. They are simply composed of flour fried in butter or very good dripping, being stirred all the time so as not to allow any lumps to form. The degree of their colour constitutes the three different kinds.

ROUX BRUN.

[Brown gravy.]

Always use a wooden spoon. Take about these proportions: one dessertspoonful of flour to an ounce of butter, and a little less when you use dripping. As soon

as your butter is melted down put your flour in it and stir rapidly. A stewpan is better than a saucepan. It must not be on a large fire. As soon as it is very brown pour gently, by degrees, half a pint of stock or water, either hot or cold, and do not be alarmed if it fizzes and curds very much; go on pouring your liquid, stirring vigorously all the time. Then when it is all in and your roux is very smooth and nice, put in it whatever you intend cooking in it. This roux is used for dark meat and dark game and matelottes—in fact, for everything requiring a dark gravy.

Roux Blond.

[Light brown gravy.]

To make a roux blond you proceed in exactly the same way as for the roux brun, except that you do not let the flour take such a dark colour. It must be much lighter, about the colour of light oak. It is used for white meat and white game, vegetables, gibelottes, salmis of white game, brains—in fact, everything requiring a light-coloured gravy.

Roux Blanc.

[White gravy.]

The roux blanc is to be kept as white as possible, so you must be very careful not to cook it over a large fire. Your gas stoves are very well adapted to this as they are to a number of other things. You must not pour your liquid before the flour is quite amalgamated or mixed with the butter, or else it will form into lumps and will have a disagreeable taste of raw flour; but as soon as the

flour and butter are blended you pour in your liquid, stirring carefully all the time. The roux blanc is used for poultry, fish, vegetables—in fact, for everything requiring a white gravy.

The Soupe de chasseur, which really comprehends two soups and an entrée, and which I will now describe, though very appetising and delicious, is not a soup for a company dinner, but would do very well for a late or early family dinner.

Lapin et Petit Salé Aux Choux.

[Boiled rabbit with bacon and cabbage.]

Soupe de Chasseur.

[Sportsman's soup.]

Have two quarts of boiling water with a little salt and pepper, one onion with one clove in it, a very nice cabbage with a hard heart cut into four quarters (or whole, if you like), every one of the quarters tied up separately with thin kitchen string; one pound or more of a piece of the cushion or back of slightly smoked bacon, and let the whole simmer gently for three hours; then take out your bacon and cabbage, cover them up, and put in instead a nice rabbit which you allow to boil gently for a whole hour. In the meantime take the rind off your bacon and put the former back into the saucepan, dress the bacon with raspings, and dish it with the cabbage nicely arranged round it; mind you keep it hot and moist until it is wanted. Then boil the rabbit liver ten minutes (if you like it, I never do), chop it up, mix it with a nice French melted butter blond, to be described presently, and pour

it over the rabbit when you dish it. Whilst the rabbit is cooking cut some thin slices of bread in the soup tureen, as I taught you previously; not much, or else your soup would be too thick; put in also a few bits of the cabbage, and pour the liquor over the whole, taking it from where it boils so as not to have too much fat. If you like none at all put a thick piece of bread in the saucepan, and the fat part will directly go to the edges of the pan, but you must be quick in taking the liquor in the ladle. This soup is slightly coloured by the bacon and cabbage, but if you wish it to be darker dissolve a very small piece of pastille de légumes in it.

When no rabbit is put in this soup it is simply, "la Soupe aux choux et au lard" (cabbage and bacon soup), which all the peasants in France rejoice so much in; but alas, poor people, they have not the beautiful English bacon to make it with.

Of course I have told you the refined way of cooking this most palatable and nutritious dish, and you can easily understand that the greatest relish is given to the soup by the ingredients put in it; but you will also observe that the other things have participated in each other's flavours. Nothing, in fact, has been wasted, which is one of the greatest arts in French cookery. When it is taken away from the table the cook must at once remove what is left of the bacon to another dish, so that it may be eaten cold for breakfast if desired. But if enough of the rabbit, cabbage, and bacon are left, it is just as good the next day warmed up in some of the liquor. Of

course the half of all these quantities is quite sufficient for a small family; any poulterer will always divide a rabbit in two whenever I desire it. Mind the cabbage is very fresh and fine.

Now there remains for me to give you the receipt of the French melted butter. We say in France that the test of a good cook is in the way she makes melted butter. We shall see how you all distinguish yourselves with this simple and easy receipt.

Sauce Blanche.

[French melted butter.]

Put about two ounces of butter in a very clean small saucepan, salt and white pepper; when it is melted add a small tablespoonful of very fine flour, and stir it all one way; mix it up and pour in by degrees, stirring all the time, about half a pint of boiling water. When it is all well melted together, let it simmer gently four minutes; take it off the fire, and add a piece of fresh butter, as large as a walnut, and pour it at once over the rabbit.

If you want the white sauce for fish or asparagus beat up the yolk of an egg with half a teaspoonful of vinegar, or lemon, and put it in the sauce instead of the butter.

Sauce Blonde.

[Slightly coloured melted butter.]

When you want melted butter blond—viz., slightly coloured, as you must have it for this rabbit—use some

brown stock instead of white; and, as I said before, add the liver, if you like it.

Blanc-manger à la française.

[French blanc-mange.]

Mix four spoonfuls of arrowroot in a pint of cold water; when smooth add four eggs well beaten white and yolk together, three ounces of fresh butter cut into small pieces, or three large spoonfuls of rich cream. Pound two ounces of bitter almonds in one tablespoonful of orange-flower water to prevent their oiling. Boil one pint of milk, and when quite boiling add it to the mixture; stir it till quite smooth and thick, and put it into a mould. Ice it if convenient, otherwise keep it in a very cold place till wanted. Turn it out and serve it with the following sauce quite hot:—

Sauce for French Blanc-mange.

Beat three ounces of very fresh butter with a teacupful of sifted sugar, add to it one small glass of rum or two or three glasses of sherry, mix it well. Boil it, stirring incessantly always in the same direction till done. Serve it quite hot. The pudding is served quite cold with hot plates!

Bouchées à la Reine.

[Chicken patties.]

If you have in your larder the remainder of a roasted fowl this is a very elegant and convenient way of using

it up, and of making quite a fresh dish either for breakfast, or luncheon, or an entrée at dinner. Take all the meat you can off the bones: this ought to be done when the fowl is still warm, because it then comes off more easily, and good cooks always do these things the day before. Don't put in any of the skin. Break the bones; sprinkle a little salt and pepper over them, and pour boiling water over them, and the next morning let them simmer till the liquor is reduced to two or three spoonfuls; then strain it very carefully and leave it in a cup till wanted. Now put in a stewpan one teaspoonful of fine flour and as much butter—the butter first; stir them well till mixed: don't let it become at all brown. Then pour in by degrees the stock you made with the bones, add a very little mace, one onion, and a small bouquet; let the whole simmer half an hour; then put in your bits of fowl cut into small dice, put the stewpan on the hob, cover it up, and leave it for half an hour neither simmering nor boiling. Then take out the onion, mace, and bouquet; beat up a tablespoonful of cream (if you have any) with the whole, and fill up little patties you have made previously of puff paste without any covers, and much flatter than oyster patties. Puff paste is described perfectly well in every English cookery book, and most English plain cooks excel in it. They make it much better than ordinary French cooks because, as I said before, the French do very little pastry at home, and these cases are sold very cheaply at all pastrycooks'.

Canard sauvage rôti.

[Roasted wild duck.]

First of all, before buying your wild duck, examine it carefully all over. If its legs are thin and of a bright colour, it is young; if when you open its bill no disagreeable smell comes out of it, it is a proof that it has not been killed long, and if it is heavy it is a proof that it is fat. Sportsmen declare that the females are more delicate than the males, although generally the males command more money. In France we put inside them a whole shalot and three leaves of sage, and we rub the bird all over with its liver, which you then replace. Then roast it, and before dishing you crush the liver with a teaspoonful of very good salad oil and one of lemon juice, and add all this to the gravy of the duck and pour it all over, or serve it in a tureen. A lemon cut open must be served at the same time.

Poulet au Cresson

[Roast chicken with watercresses.]

Whenever friends lunch or dine with us, and we happen to have a roast fowl, there is always the same exclamation—"How pretty it looks served so, how nice and brown: how do you prevent its being dry?" These questions are easy to answer, as well as that which follows later on, when people are helped to a very tender, not overdone piece of the delicate liver; and although I do not pretend to teach actual roasting in this country,

still I can give a few hints which will enable you to prevent what is so objectionable in a nice fowl, viz., to be dry, too brown, and to have the greater part of the liver reduced to a cinder. First of all we always put the liver inside the body, and by so doing more than one guest may enjoy it. The gizzard we use for the cock-a-leekie soup. Then we always tie round the fowl intended for roasting three or four thin slices of bacon (all fat in France, and called "bardes de lard": here I use the fattest and best streaky rashers). This prevents the fowl's skin rising, and keeps it very moist; it also produces nice dripping for basting. When dishing you take off the string, but leave the bacon on the fowl, which you delicately lay over a layer of watercresses, from which you have removed the thick stalks. The gravy, which is made with one or two spoonfuls of very good stock mixed up with the dripping, is served separately, so that those who are afraid of its richness may have their fowl free from it.

Crême des îles.

[Tapioca and cream.]

This dish is so called in France because it is made of tapioca, a sort of alimentary substance extracted from the root of the cassida plant, chiefly cultivated in the West Indies, called in French "Antilles," or simply "les îles."

Take one pint of very good milk, and put in a pie-dish one tablespoonful and a half of tapioca, a piece of

very fresh beef suet as large as a filbert chopped up very fine, sifted sugar to taste, one dessertspoonful of orange-flower water or half a teaspoonful of essence of almonds; then pour out the milk over it all, and put it in a slow oven for two hours. Just before bringing up whip a tablespoonful of cream with pounded sugar and three or four crushed ratafias, and lay it all over the pudding. The white of an egg well beaten up may take the place of the cream, but then it must be put back in the oven for a few minutes. If you wish to make it plainer you may use ordinary crushed tapioca, and dispense with the additional top.

Epinards à la crême.

[Spinach with cream.]

Wash your spinach in six or seven waters, so as to prevent its being gritty; put it in a saucepan on the fire with a very little water and salt; when done strain it very dry and chop it up very fine; warm two ounces of butter in a stewpan and put it in, stir till the moisture is quite evaporated, then add a very little salt, a small lump of sugar, a very little nutmeg, a pinch of flour, and one large tablespoonful of cream, and let the whole simmer for a quarter of an hour. In the meantime fry in butter some bread cut as ladies' fingers, about two and a half inches long and half an inch square, and plant them in little rows all over the spinach when dished.

Potage à la Faubonne.

Cut into thin strips of about one inch long some lettuce, sorrel, and spinach leaves, also some celery ; put them in your saucepan with one ounce of butter and very tiny onions, the smallest you can possibly find, after having previously blanched them, that is to say boiled them for ten minutes in water and salt : let all this do for six or seven minutes in the butter, then pour over it by degrees boiling strong stock with salt and pepper; then add half a pint of fresh peas purée, and when the whole is boiling throw into it the very red part of one carrot and a small turnip cut into very small dice, and as soon as these are tender the soup is ready to dish. The only thing you can dispense with is the onions, for unless they are small they spoil the appearance of the soup. You may use the white and tenderest part of the green of a very fresh leek instead of onions or sorrel. This is one of the most excellent soups you can eat when perfectly well done, but it requires care to make it a success.

To prevent a Goose being Greasy, or to take off its Richness.

I heard the other day of a very simple and effective way of accomplishing this long-sought object, which I hasten to impart to you, for I have tried it with excellent effect on an immense and a very fat young goose weighing 17 lbs., and it actually drained all the fat out of it.

An invalid might have eaten of the bird without experiencing any bad effects.

When your goose is stuffed full of sage and onions pare a large lemon *very thin*, so that the white is left very thick, and place it inside the goose just before hanging it up, and remove it just before dishing. It absorbs nearly all the excess of fat, and gives a delicious flavour to the stuffing.

The lemon will be found full of fat, and must be thrown away.

FOURTEENTH LECTURE.

I MET yesterday with two ladies who had had the Soupe de chasseur the day before, and I was glad to hear it had been very satisfactory and successful. The soup was beautiful and plentiful, and in one case the gentleman had had two very large helps, the two ladies each a nice help, and there was as much left for the next day; the bacon and cabbage were nice, as well as the rabbit, which was very much relished with its sauce, which was very well made. In one case a lady told me the bacon was too thin a slice, and she would have more next time, "because it was so nice we wanted it for breakfast." It ought not to have been a thin slice; it ought to be a thick square piece. Of course if there is more bacon more water will have to be used. In another case a lady told me she was in a great fix, and she thought they would have to give up the soup altogether, for they always require two quarts of soup, and after having boiled so long there would not be any left. Now this was a very fortunate remark of my friend by which we shall all profit, for it gives me the opportunity of pointing out to you this very important fact, which forms the great line of demarcation between French and English cookery, and it is this—in England boiling has a much

more severe meaning than in France. I don't think we ever require to boil at the rate I have seen boiling done in this country; therefore when I say let anything boil gently, it is understood in England to mean what we should decidedly call "galloping," whilst we simply mean "simmering."

Pray bear what I am going to tell you in your minds, and try to impress it on your cooks, that any meat boiled fast loses its goodness, that is the nutritious part, which goes into the water and leaves only the fibre, which has no nutritive properties, and is very hard of digestion.

As I said before, cooking as it is understood in France is the art of coaxing out all the flavours contained in the viands submitted to the action of the fire, allowing them at the same time to retain whatever parts of their components are necessary to make them both pleasant to the taste and easy of digestion. Therefore follow, if you please, with me the effects of hard boiling the Soupe de chasseur. You will have very little liquor left; the bacon will almost dissolve into the water, the cabbage will be reduced to a very scanty pulp, and the rabbit—boiled to shreds—will have no flavour, and will hardly be worth eating. With an additional pint of water, if another half-pound of bacon were added, and a large rabbit substituted for a moderately-sized one, there would be two quarts of soup to spare, allowing for the evaporation, which is very small if cooked as I prescribe on a small fire.

Now it is time to dictate the

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soupe aux choux et au lard. [*Soup with cabbage and bacon.*]

POISSON.

Egrefin à la Bèchamel. [*Hake with Bèchamel sauce.*]

ENTRÉES.

Côtelettes de veau en papillotes. [*Veal cutlets in paper cases.*]
Hachis macédoine. [*A very tasty mince.*]

RÔTI.

Lièvre rôti avec pommes de terre frites. [*Roast hare with fried potatoes.*]

LÉGUME.

Céleri au jus. [*Celery with brown gravy.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pouding d'officier en retraite. [*Half-pay pudding.*]
Petits pots de crême à la Vanille. [*Cups of Vanilla custard.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

I will begin to-day with a very plebeian but a delicious soup, eaten in France by the peasants on Sundays, and very often by their betters, who think it a great treat. It is very simple, very wholesome, and very inexpensive.

SOUPE AUX CHOUX ET AU LARD.

[Cabbage and bacon soup.]

Put two quarts of water in your saucepan; when it boils put in it one pound of bacon, neither too fat nor too lean,

nor too thin, a short thick piece ; and whilst it boils trim a savoy or small cabbage and put it in soak for half an hour in hot water, or four hours in cold water ; drain it well, and put it in the saucepan an hour after the bacon ; add one carrot cut in two, then each part in four ; one or two turnips, one leek, a little celery, one onion with three cloves in it, and let the whole simmer two and a half hours.

When you dish it cut the cabbage into four quarters ; take a small portion of it and cut it into small pieces, and put this in the soup tureen where you have previously placed some thin slices of bread (as I have already taught you how to cut them) ; then pour some of the liquor over the bread, and put the cover on at once and serve it very hot. Then put the bacon in the middle of a very hot dish with the four quarters of the cabbage, having between each one carrot and one turnip, which are cut according to their size. This makes an exceedingly nice side dish, and is very tasty either alone or with a number of other dishes, such as fowls or rabbits, or veal.

If you are only a small party there ought to be plenty of soup for the next day.

The second recipe I give you will be that of the fish in our menu. It is a fish I have introduced into a great many households where it was perfectly unknown before, and I will add for those who would like to get it, and should find it not in season, that it is so like codfish, which we call either "cabillaud" or "morue fraîche," that all the different ways

I give for dressing it are equally applicable to this last-named fish.

Egrefin, or Eglefin, à la Béchamel.

[Hake with Béchamel sauce.]

Put in your fish-kettle some water and milk, half of each (milk can be dispensed with if economy is a great object), with a little salt, just enough to cover your fish, which you put in when it boils. Then put in the Béchamel, which is made as follows :—Melt in a small saucepan one ounce of butter, or more according to the quantity of fish you have; this will do for about one pound of fish; throw in one dessertspoonful of flour without letting it become brown at all—this is what we call a "roux blanc"—a little salt and white pepper, and the smallest bit of mace; pour in by degrees, stirring all the time, half a pint of hot milk; put in a teaspoonful of parsley chopped up exceedingly fine; let it just boil very, very gently for three minutes, and put in your fish cut into pieces; cover it up, and let it scarcely simmer for a quarter of an hour. This sauce is particularly suitable for fish that has been cooked the day before. When you dish it be careful to remove the bit of mace.

Another Béchamel more distinguée.

Put in a saucepan one ounce of butter, one onion cut into slices, a bunch of parsley (and bear this in mind, that the stalks of the parsley are the best for flavouring)

and some mushrooms; put it on the fire, shaking it all the time so as not to allow it to get a colour; then pour by degrees half a pint of hot milk, stirring gently all the time; add salt, pepper, and a little bit of mace; and when it all simmers cover it up and let it do very gently for half an hour; then pass the whole through a sieve; then make a nice white "roux" in the same pan, and instead of plain milk use this stock you have just made, and let the whole boil together.

This you can use as a separate sauce for any fresh fish instead of plain melted butter, or you may warm in it whatever fish you have had cooked before. It is most delicious, and generally a very great favourite with epicures.

Now one of my great objects in this undertaking is to initiate you into all the different ways in which we contrive to make fresh dishes with meats already cooked. There is a perfect dearth in this country of means of making use of joints once cooked; not so with the French, who are not fond of cold meat, and who like variety on their tables. I have given you several excellent receipts for making very nice dishes with beef, mutton, and veal already cooked, and am prepared to give you ever so many more, for I know how popular and how much appreciated they are by housewives who are at their wits' end to know what to do with the remainder of their joints, or poultry, or game. One of the most valuable receipts that I may present you with, according to my opinion, and I hope it will also prove so to you when you have tried it, is the way we make our several minces. It is with us a most inviting dish, full of flavour, and can

be varied in a considerable number of ways, both the flavour and appearance being equally varied. Often if you have no appetite, and don't feel inclined to be at the trouble of eating any meat, it will prove quite tempting and be eaten with great relish, but of course this depends entirely on the way in which it is made. If not nicely cooked it will have quite the contrary effect, as, alas! it has upon me when invited to lunch at friends'.

I am so fond of minces, and am accustomed to have them so well made and so tasty at my own table, that at first when I had to choose between a mince and some other dish I never hesitated in accepting the former. I know better now, and am sorry to say, even at the risk of offending my friends, that if there is nothing else I would prefer eating bread and butter rather than risking again the dreaded experiment. I have seen minces surrounded by a sort of brownish liquor which produced qualms at the first mouthful, and positively forbade a second in spite of the elegant angular sippets tastefully distributed round the edges of the dish. I have seen them as dry as little shots, also surrounded with sippets, and scraping my throat which they obstinately refused to pass. I have seen them well disguised under a beautiful puff paste worthy of a better inside, so tasteless, so uninviting that even their rich covering could not make them go down. I have seen them with large bits of gristle and skin mixed with them, or reduced by the sausage machine into an indescribable pulp, presenting the most repulsive appearance; and having seen all this I do not wonder at the wry faces exhibited by the several

members of a family at the appearance of this unwelcome dish when the cover is removed. Now with us it is quite a different thing. The prospect of a "hachis" is always the harbinger of beaming faces, and so popular is the savoury dish that it must certainly have given rise to the well-known and time-honoured pun of sending a "plat net" (planète) to the kitchen.

We are now going to describe the several ways of making and serving minces; and when you have tasted them I hope you will not accuse me of having boasted of their superiority without cause.

No. 1.—Hachis Macédoine.

[A very tasty French mince.]

Take whatever meat, poultry, or game you may have in your larder, roasted, boiled, broiled, or stewed, take away the gristle and the skin, but leave a little of the fat; chop it all up beautifully fine, not in a sausage machine, because it makes it too much like a pulp; add a fifth part of sausage meat and the half of that of bread-crumbs, pepper, and salt; now chop up very small also a shalot and a little parsley; if you have no shalot a small onion will do, but the taste will be different. Put in a stewpan—not a saucepan—a nice piece of butter, varying according to the quantity of mince, and as soon as it is melted put the shalot or onion in it; mind the stewpan never touches the coals or it will burn; stir it well with a spoon, and let it become slightly brown; then put in your mixture, parsley included, and sprinkle

over it a teaspoonful of flour, and stir the whole for about five minutes, more if you have a great deal of mince in your stewpan; then pour in very slowly two or three spoonfuls of very good stock, or more according to the quantity of mince you have, as you make for your consommé—this is one of the reasons I advise you to do your mince the same day you have that soup. If you have some nice gravy from any joint it will be still better. Then let it do very gently for half an hour on a very slow fire, and when done dish it with delicately-made sippets.

No. 2.—Hachis aux Pommes de Terre.

[Mince surrounded with mashed potatoes.]

Make the mince as in No. 1; if you have only one description of meat do not neglect to add the sausage; put all round your dish some mashed potatoes mixed with a little butter, salt and pepper. Raise them as high as you can, making a nice pattern with a fork, and in the inside place your mince, and put the whole in the oven to get nicely brown.

No. 3.—Hachis à l'Indienne.

[Mince with curry.]

Proceed as before, and put in an onion (no shalot), then mix up a little curry powder—according to taste—with your stock, and let it cook very gently for half an hour on a very slow fire; raise a wall of rice, boiled as

you would boil it for a regular curry, and pour your mince in the middle.

No. 4.—Hachis à la Purée de Haricots.

[Mince with a purée of haricot beans.]

Soak one pound of haricot beans in cold water all night, change the water in the morning; boil them till they are quite tender, pass them through a wire sieve, put the purée in a stewpan with salt and pepper, and any little dripping you may have, for a quarter of an hour. Then put it round your dish and pour your mince over it, prepared as in No. 1.

No. 5.—Hachis à l'Italienne.

[Mince with macaroni cheese.]

Boil about three ounces of Naples macaroni in pieces about three inches long in boiling water with salt; when done (it swells very much) strain it and pour some cold water over it to make it keep its shape; then put it round your hot dish well sprinkled with Parmesan and Gruyère cheeses (half and half) about one ounce of each, and about three-quarters of an ounce of butter in little bits all over it; cover it and leave it in the oven for a quarter of an hour; then put your mince prepared as in No. 1 in the middle, put it back in the oven *covered* for the macaroni to remain moist; leave it there five minutes, and serve very hot.

No. 6.—Hachis à l'Américaine.

[Mince with tomatoes.]

Put as many tomatoes as you like to have, cut into two, in a tin with butter, salt, and pepper, and when you dish your mince prepared as before, place them artfully all over or round the mince.

No. 7.—Hachis à la Parisienne.

[Mince with poached eggs and spinach.]

Cook some spinach as previously described; place it very hot round your dish, put in the middle your mince as in No. 1; place it in the oven to keep hot whilst you poach some eggs to put over it.

No. 8.—Hachis aux Œufs Mollets.

[Mince with poached eggs.]

The same as No. 7, without the spinach.

No. 9.—Hachis aux Choux-Fleurs.

[Mince with cauliflower.]

If you have any cauliflower left from the day before you mash it with a fork, mix up the melted butter if there is any left, sprinkle some rasped Gruyère or Parmesan with it, a little pepper, but no salt, because the cheese is salt, arrange it nicely round a hot dish, put it in the oven, and when hot put in the middle your mince made as before.

Gigot de Présalé à l'ail.

[Equivalent to a leg of Welsh mutton with garlic.]

When, in one of my menus, I translated "Gigot de Présalé" by "a leg of Welsh mutton," I was severely taken to task by one of my critics for the definition. "It is impossible," said this critic, "to make a more unlucky translation. No doubt 'pré salé' is in the main a term of fantasy, but a salt marsh can never by any chance be a hill-side." "Pré salé" is by no means a term of fantasy, and it has never meant a marsh. The Prés Salés are meadows or downs situated by the sea-side, and grow a very short and succulent grass. The sheep which graze there have a very delicate and tasty flesh, and are generally called simply "Présalès," in one word. Now when I have to give the translation of any of the French dishes I teach you to prepare, I try to give as nearly as possible the corresponding article, in fact, the equivalent in the English markets, and the nearest thing to a "Gigot de Présalé" is, so far as my knowledge goes, the delicious, small, dark-fleshed leg of Welsh down mutton we like so much to see on our table.

Ask your butcher to let you have a small leg of well-hung Welsh mutton; we have had them under four pounds weight. Then take a clove of garlic, peel it and rub the leg all over with it, and finally put it into the knuckle, but be very careful to remove it before dishing, and throw it into the fire, so that it cannot by

any accident make its appearance on the table. The effect is wonderful, and the flavour imparted to the mutton indescribable if it is not overdone. All who have eaten it at our house have been delighted with the taste, which is entirely attributed to the qualities of the Welsh mutton.

Brochet en Dauphin.

[Pike as a dolphin.]

The pike, as everyone knows, is a very large river fish, and very voracious, so that it has been called the river shark. It grows to an immense size and lives to be very old. The skeleton of a pike preserved at Mannheim, which was caught at Kaiserlautern in 1497, measures twenty feet in length. When caught he had round his neck an expanding collar with the date on it, 1230, so that he had worn this collar for 267 years! The flesh of the pike is very pleasant in flavour, and there are fifteen excellent ways of cooking it. The following is one of the most popular at dinner-parties. First of all you must be very careful to rid it of the roe, either soft or hard, as this produces nausea, and acts as a most violent aperient. You take a nice fat fish, and leave it for twenty-four hours in a marinade composed of three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, salt, pepper and fine herbs (consisting of tarragon, parsley, and spring onions); add to this one glass of white wine. Then you pass a skewer through the two eyes and the middle of the body, twisting it like a dolphin with its head on one side and its tail on the

other. Then you bake it and baste it with the marinade, and serve with a caper sauce, in which you incorporate the marinade after having strained it. Very small boiled potatoes are served round the dish.

Pintades rôties.

[Guinea fowls roasted.]

So many people have asked me the etymology of the French name for Guinea fowls that I feel it my duty to give you the result of my researches. These birds have been called Pintades, or Peintades (*oiseaux peints*) on account of the white round spots sprinkled or spread over their bluish-grey plumage, done with such regularity as to suggest the use of the brush, particularly in the case of the domestic Guinea fowl, called in Latin *Meleagris numida*. This name comes from the poetical belief of the Greeks, who had imagined that they were the result of the metamorphosis of Meleager's sisters, whose tears shed at the news of their brother's death were shown on their plumage. The name Numida comes from the Romans having called them hens from Numidia, whence they came. When a Guinea fowl is reared in semi-liberty in a large park, and is properly fed and eaten not too fresh, its flesh is as delicate and tasty as that of a pheasant, and requires exactly the same mode of cooking. If you prefer doing it more simply you have only to follow this receipt :—

Cover the whole bird with very thin slices of fat of

bacon, which you tie very tightly round, and roast it very nicely, serving it with small French sausages all round the dish, twisted so that they look like little balls. In England, you must, of course, serve bread-sauce with it, but in France we always substitute a nice salad.

FIFTEENTH LECTURE.

I WAS sorry to hear that some of the soups "de chasseur" were a little spoiled in consequence of the cabbages having been a little too strong. Fortunately there is a very easy way of avoiding this misfortune on another occasion. It consists simply in scalding your cabbage, that is, putting it for five minutes in boiling water, then it loses that strong taste and can be used for any purpose. I confess I never have experienced this fault; very likely it is because we never require very large ones. Of course it depends also on the nature of the cabbage. What the French call "chou de Milan," and you call Savoys, are more delicate than the others, but they must have a very hard heart, for otherwise they melt down so much that sometimes when you expect to have a large supply of cabbage coming on the table you find that it has been reduced to a mere nothing. Some people cannot digest cabbage easily, but this is quite exceptional fortunately, for next to potatoes it is the most extensively cultivated vegetable everywhere, and, like the onion in Egypt, it was held in great veneration among the ancients, and was thought a great deal of in Rome until Apicius, who did not like cabbage, set Drusus against it, for which the latter was severely reprimanded by his brother Tiberius.

Apicius, a very celebrated gastronomer, lived in Rome in the time of Augustus and Tiberius. It is related of him that after having spent more than one hundred millions of sesterces (about one million pounds) to satisfy his gluttony, he committed suicide because he had only two millions of sesterces left, and he thought life must be unbearable without all the good things he had hitherto indulged in and could no longer afford.

We have a great many ways of dressing cabbages, and I shall give you two or three recipes which I am sure will be appreciated by you ; but as my plan is to give you as much variety as possible, I must not say any more about cabbages at present.

Now let us write the menu, and see if there will be in it anything worth having.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soupe à la Crécy. [*Carrot soup.*]

POISSON.

Filets de soles à l'Impératrice. [*Filleted soles a l'Impératrice.*]

ENTRÉES.

Timbale Milanaise.

Canards aux navets. [*Ducks stewed with turnips.*]

RÔTI.

Jambon paré aux épinards. [*Dressed ham with spinach.*]

Légume.

Pommes de terre au naturel. [*Steamed or boiled potatoes.*]

Entremets.

Charlotte aux pommes. [*Apple Charlotte.*]
Baba au rhum.

Dessert.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

I propose to-day to give you another way of preparing soles, and hope it will be as efficacious and as satisfactory as the famous "Sole au gratin."

Filets de Soles a l'Impératrice.

Boil for twenty minutes the head, skin, and bones of a filleted sole; put a little salt and pepper, strain it and keep it hot, then roll up your fillets very finely with the skin inside; tie them with white cotton and stand them on a well-buttered baking dish; squeeze some lemon juice, and sprinkle some salt over them, then cover them with a buttered paper and put them in a hot oven for about ten minutes. Whilst they are doing in the oven put half an ounce of butter in a small saucepan; when melted stir in it three-quarters of an ounce of flour very briskly; when well mixed pour into it slowly the fish stock, stir over the fire till it boils and thickens, let it boil gently about two or three minutes, then take it off the fire and add half a gill of cream and half a teaspoonful of parsley chopped up very fine; dish your fillets, stir into the sauce the liquid from them in the baking.

dish, and pour the sauce over them. Serve very hot. A little new milk or a piece of fresh butter does just as well as the cream.

This is a very delicate and exquisite way of cooking soles, and it looks very pretty. It is a plainer and almost quicker way than the Sole au gratin, and certainly is a delightful variety. When the soles are large you divide your fillets in two. It is very good for invalids.

We have in our menu two very nice entrées, and I have hesitated for some little time as to which of the two receipts to give you to-day. Finally, I have made up my mind for the Canard aux navets, because I thought it would be perhaps more useful than the Timbale Milanaise, which is less homely, although the Canard aux navets is a delightful entrée at any dinner-party. I must first of all tell you that there are forty-two species of ducks, counting the tame and wild ones. The teal, that delicious bird, ranks among the wild ducks, and is very much thought of when in good condition. It is related of the Russian Emperor, Paul I., that he pardoned a Pole who had been condemned to death because he had found the means (and in those days there were no very easy or quick ways of communication between France and Russia) of sending him weekly a *pâté* of teal, which arrived always splendidly fresh in spite of the immense distance it had travelled. We have about fifteen ways of cooking ducks; and I propose to-day to give you, as I said, the one in our menu, which is very popular and generally liked by everybody. Before giving you my receipt I will read to you, in the original, a

poetical receipt for cooking ducks by a French cook called Jean Rouyer :—

"Je le dénonce tout d'abord,
Mon canard est un volatile,
Il n'a, Messieurs, aucun rapport
Avec ces écrits, qu'en leur style,
De trop spirituels loustics
Dénomment des 'canards publics.'
Or donc, sans ceux du journaliste
Dont j'excepte les vérités,
Le canard compte dans sa liste
Quarante-deux variétés !
Détournez les yeux de la boue
Dans laquelle il fait son festin,
N'écoutez sa voix qui s'enroue
À 'cancaner' soir et matin,
Et lorsque l'oiseau palmipède
Sera devenu gras et gros
Faites-en des daubes, des rôts,
À ses qualités, gourmet cède ;
En lui, non, plus rien de mauvais.
À sa forte odeur quel remède,
Qu'une sauce aux tendres navets,
Ou, pour qui les aime, aux olives !
Salut au fin gibier des rives,
Canard sauvage, oui, tu nous plais
Et quelle que soit ton espèce
Qu'on te rôtisse et te dépèce
Pour ne manger que tes filets
Chair savoureuse et cuite rose,
Que le jus d'un citron t'arrose !"

As you might be puzzled how to follow poetical receipts, I will give you a prose one, which will, I hope, enable you to add a new and delicious dish to your *répertoire* :—

Canard aux Navets à la Bourgeoise.

[Duck stewed with turnips.]

After your duck is nicely trussed with the legs inside tie it up very tight and put it in the stewpan with a nice piece of butter, three-quarters of an ounce; let it become nice and brown on both sides, then take it out and put instead a good many turnips cut into pieces like apples, the same length and thickness as fried potatoes, and let them become slightly brown; then take them out, put some flour and stir well to make a roux brun; then pour half a pint of hot brown stock, or water if you have no stock, put in it a bouquet of parsley and a small piece of bay leaf, a few little onions, pepper, and salt. Let the whole boil, and when it has boiled gently then put back your duck in it; cover it all up quickly and very closely so that as little as possible of the steam escapes, and let it simmer nicely for an hour; then put in the turnips and let it simmer again for another half-hour; skim the fat off. When you dish it put the duck in the middle, the turnips all round as little broken as possible, and then pour the gravy all over.

As some Roman Catholic ladies asked me to give them the receipt of some soups for fasting-days, I propose to give the following, which we call

Riz au Maigre.

[Rice soup without meat.]

Wash in three waters four tablespoonfuls of Patna rice. Put it in a saucepan with a pint of cold water

on a gentle fire, with salt, pepper, one onion, and one carrot cut in four. As the rice swells add boiling water till it is quite cooked, and of the thickness you wish it to be. Then take away the carrot and onion, and put in three ounces of butter. Then beat up in a basin two eggs, put some of the rice with them, dish the soup in the soup tureen, and mix up the eggs very briskly with the whole.

As the father of one of my subscribers was very anxious to know how mussels, which he had so much enjoyed in France, were cooked, I think it will please everybody to have this valuable receipt, which is extremely simple.

Before giving it, however, I must not omit to warn you that, delicious as they are, they, like mushrooms, may be poisonous. The causes are quite unknown and have been wrongly attributed to a sort of little crab which is often found inside the mussel, and also to what is called the beard, which is carefully cut off in England, though never in France. Many experiments have been made of the probable cause, but with no result. Of the different people who have partaken of the same dish one perhaps has been attacked by most alarming symptoms whilst the others experienced no bad effect whatever. Some part or parts of the body will swell prodigiously, presenting the appearance of blisters, large or small, some white, some red ; but all the symptoms have invariably given way to a small dose of sulphuric ether (one dram) in some eau-de-menthe.

Moules à la Poulette.

[Mussels with white sauce.]

Mind they are very fresh. Throw away those that have opened. After your mussels have been well washed in two or three waters put them in a saucepan with nothing else but a bunch of parsley, about five or six sprigs, on a brisk fire. As they open, take off the top shell and put them on a dish. Then put two ounces of butter in a saucepan with parsley and the white of spring onions chopped up very, very small ; make a white roux, moisten it with the liquor of the mussels, add pepper and a little nutmeg; no salt; it must not be thick. Let it boil a few minutes. Beat up the yolk of an egg with a little lemon juice till very thin, and use it as a "liaison" (binding).

Moules à la Marinière.

[Mussels in the sailors' way.]

After you have taken your mussels out of the saucepan (as above), put in three onions, two cloves in one of them, two sliced carrots, one clove of garlic, pepper, and a full bouquet. Add one glass of white French wine to the liquor of the mussels, and let the whole boil some time, about a quarter of an hour, gently ; pass the whole through a sieve, then put it back into the saucepan, and when boiling hard put in it two ounces of butter mixed up well with flour. Put in your mussels for two or three minutes and dish up.

Crême au Caramel.

[Custard flavoured with burnt sugar.]

First of all make your caramel, or burnt sugar. The best way is to make it in a little pipkin such as children use for the manufacture of toffee. Take two ounces of castor sugar, put it in the pipkin with one teaspoonful of water, put it on the fire and stir it until it melts into a nice syrup and becomes a nice dark colour, but mind it does not burn. Then boil one pint of milk in a saucepan, and pour a portion of it over the caramel; then beat three yolks of eggs and one white for two or three minutes and put them gently in your milk (mind it does not boil or your eggs would curd), and put it all back on a gentle fire, stirring slowly all the time and never changing the direction, or else your eggs would curd; the moment you see it is on the point of boiling take it quickly off the fire, and put the saucepan on a dish full of cold water. Then give it a good stir and pour it out in your dish or cups.

Another way is to make it set in the oven like a custard pudding, or put the cups in a saucepan with boiling water for a few minutes, letting the water boil gently all the time. This is called "Au bain Marie."

Faisan Rôti.

[Roast pheasant.]

Pheasants must not be eaten too soon after they have been killed. If eaten too soon they are apt to be hard and not equal to a good capon. So long as a hen has not

laid any eggs it is preferable to the cock, but after that the cock is far superior. You will know it is ready to eat when you see the stomach begin to change colour. It must be plucked only on the day before it is to be roasted, otherwise it loses a great deal of its aroma. If you wish to eat a pheasant in perfection you must lard the breast of a cock, but only wrap slices of bacon round the hen (bardes).

Stuff your pheasant with the following stuffing :—Take a quarter of a pound of French sausage-meat, two ounces of bread-crumbs, the liver of a fowl pounded in a mortar with pepper and salt, and mix it with the other things, and bind the whole with the yolk of an egg. Mind you do not allow the stuffing to come out; in order to prevent this—if the skin cannot conveniently be sewn up—put a thin slice of stale bread across it and tie it up with a thin white tape.

Serve the pheasant with the feathers of its tail. One hour is ample time for the cooking, but it requires a great deal of basting. A lemon cut in two is served with it.

Pommes de Terre à la Maître d'Hôtel.

[Potatoes à la maître d'hôtel.]

Take one pound of small, very good, kidney potatoes, but not mealy, and steam or boil them in their skins. Then peel them and cut them into slices twice as thick as a penny. Then take two ounces of butter mixed up with very finely chopped-up parsley, and put it in the

stewpan; as soon as it is melted put in your potatoes with a little salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Cover the stewpan and place it over a gentle fire, giving it an occasional shake so that the potatoes do not stick to the bottom; now and then remove those at the bottom to the top, and after a quarter of an hour dish them. If a few slices are slightly, very slightly brown, so much the better, but these must be the exception.

Chevreuil en Civet.

[Jugged venison.]

Cut a shoulder or other parts into nice pieces, and pour over them the same marinade you use for a hare you are to roast. Leave them in it twelve or twenty-four hours; then put in a stewpan three ounces of butter and a quarter of a pound of bacon cut into dice, and let the pieces and the bacon fry together till nice and brown; then take the whole out, put in one small dessert-spoonful of flour, stirring all the time very vigorously. When brown pour in one tumblerful of red wine and very good stock and the marinade, and then put in two onions, one bouquet, salt and pepper, and another half tumbler of wine. Put all the pieces back and let it simmer one hour and a half very gently. After dishing, strain the gravy and serve it with lemon on one side of the table, and currant jelly on the other. If your venison seems rather high wash it all over with vinegar and water.

Omelette Soufflée.

[Puffed omelet.]

I have been repeatedly asked to give the receipt of an omelette soufflée, and as it is a very nice pudding dish and very quickly done I will do so at once, and, moreover, will give you three different ways of doing it so that you may try them all and choose for yourselves which is the best or the easiest. They are all equally good, and I have never known any one fail if the receipts have been strictly carried out. I must take this opportunity of telling you what I cannot impress too much upon your minds, that I never give useless details, and always point out what can be left out without detriment to the dish. I will begin with the easiest and quickest receipt :—

Mix up and beat up well five yolks of eggs with three ounces of powdered sugar and the peel of half a lemon grated very fine : whip the whites of the eggs till they are very hard, so that you may cut them with a knife ; on this entirely depends the success or failure of your omlette. I must lay great stress on this, because, with the exception of very good cooks, very few people in England can imagine how hard the whites of eggs can become when they are properly beaten up. As I mentioned in some other receipt, the test is to beat them until they can bear an egg in its shell. A friend of mine beats them up most successfully and very rapidly with a knife. I have always done it with a fork in a soup plate. Every

one seems to have a way of her own, but whatever may be the different modes of procedure, do not forget that it must be done in the coolest place you can find, therefore never near the fire. I resume my explanation: when your whites are nicely beaten you mix them up very gently with the yolks, then you pour it all out into a shallow pudding-dish, well buttered with very good butter, and you put it in a moderate oven, and as soon as it has well risen (it takes from seven to ten minutes), you serve it very quickly. You may use any other flavouring than lemon that you like.

Omelette Soufflée à la Parisienne.

Take six eggs, divide the whites from the yolks, mix up four dessertspoonfuls of pounded sugar with the yolks, which you beat up very well; then whip up the whites till they can bear an egg in its shell, and mix them with the yolks. Melt on a gentle fire three ounces of fresh butter in a frying-pan, then put the eggs in it at once, bringing back on the top what is at the bottom; when the butter is thoroughly mixed with the eggs pour it in a hot buttered dish and put it in a quick oven. As soon as it has risen serve it without the slightest delay.

Omelette Soufflée Fantaisie.

Break five eggs, dividing the whites from the yolks, which latter you beat up with three ounces of powdered

sugar, five powdered ratafias, a very small pinch of powdered vanilla, and a few grains of salt. Whip up the whites very stiff till they can bear an egg in its shell, mix up the whole together very carefully, and pour it all very gently into a well-buttered deep dish ; put it into a moderate oven and serve as soon as it has risen.

SIXTEENTH LECTURE.

I WAS delighted to hear of all the successful soups and different hachis or minces.

One lady told me her soup was delicious, but too thick. This, I believe, was entirely due to the kind of rice used, which must have been so good that it swelled a great deal and absorbed a great deal of the liquor. When such a thing happens of course the remedy is very simple: reduce the quantity of rice, or increase the quantity of liquor; if very much too thick put only half a dessertspoonful instead of a whole one. We can fortunately turn such apparent mishaps to advantage, for you will learn from this that rice done in the way I have taught you, and as thick as my friend describes it, ceases to be a soup and becomes the real "pilau" of the Turk if you mix up a little saffron with it, and if it is boiled in stock instead of water. A little curry powder for those who like it would be, I fancy, an excellent substitute for the saffron, and make the rice delicious to eat, either alone or with any meat, and put round the hachis with or without the adjunct will make an excellent dish, very tasty and nutritious. It would be the very remedy for the hachis another lady told me her sister had thought too rich. Most likely she had put a little too much fat or butter.

I am sure no servants would complain of having too much rice given to them if the cook would always prepare it according to that receipt. I say so because a great friend of mine, who keeps a large establishment in Lancaster Gate, had notice given to her by all her servants because they had too much rice !

I heard of another lady who had a great success at a dinner-party, where she gave her friends a very delicate hachis of game and veal with a purée of chestnuts. Now that we have, I hope, corrected in a satisfactory way the inevitable little mistakes that are likely to happen to people dealing with entirely new ingredients, we must proceed to dictate the

MENU.

POTAGE.

Julienne. [*Vegetable soup.*]

POISSON.

Anguille en matelote. [*Eels stewed with wine.*]

ENTRÉES.

Ris de veau au jus. [*Sweetbread with brown gravy.*]

Côtelettes de mouton à la soubise. [*Mutton cutlets with onions and cream.*]

RÔTI.

Poulet farci en dindonneau. [*A chicken stuffed as a young turkey.*]

LÉGUMES

Pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel. [*Potatoes with butter and parsley.*]

Salade de chicorée frisée. [*Salad of endives.*]

ENTREMETS.

Croquettes de riz. [*Rice croquettes.*]
Petits pots de crême au café. [*Cups of coffee custard.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

As you wish to learn a great variety of soups, I propose to teach you to-day how to make a real Julienne soup. I say *real* because the real Julienne is one of the nicest soups ever invented, but it has so degenerated of late years that in the hotels and a great many restaurants even in Paris it no longer exists. It is to be eaten only in private houses, and in a few, very few restaurants. These restaurants are known to the true gourmets, and when they wish to eat a true Julienne they go there and recommend the places to their friends. In hotels you never can get it; they give you generally a consommé, either good or bad, with a few vegetables swimming in it, and on the carte it is called Julienne. Those who do not know any better eat it, and are not particularly edified. If they had asked for a Vermicelli soup they would have had exactly the same foundation, with some vermicelli in it instead of the straggling shreds of vegetables. But I must warn you that it is a great mistake to think that the best food is to be had at the grandest hotels. Once now and then we like to go and have a dinner there, but as a rule we have a great objection to it, and we think it very unwholesome. People accustomed to eat hotel fare seldom enjoy good health, and we always are under the impression that

they never live long. Such high living every day is not good for man; it is heating to the blood, and breeds all sorts of diseases. What we call "un bon dîner bourgeois," scientifically composed every day with great hygienic knowledge, is what conduces to good health, and will prevent indigestion, that bane of this country! But I must say hygiene is very little thought of in the daily composition of dinners in English households, and yet what resources there are, and how easy it would be with such splendid provisions, with plenty of money, and with a cook in almost every house who has little else to do! But it is almost everywhere the same: a large joint makes its appearance on Sunday, then it is unmercifully served till finished, and then another succeeds, and so on. The reason of this easy-going cooking is obvious. The lady of the house ignores comp'etely the fact that cooking is an art which must be scientifically treated, and she ignores it because her mother before her ignored it; and, alas! her daughter after her will not know any better.

This is a very pretentious preamble to the Julienne soup, but I wish to draw your attention to the very science of cooking any of the dishes I teach you, so that you may discern the difference between those well done and those badly done. I shall show you the great difference there is between a Julienne soup and a Potage printanier, although in appearance both would look quite the same.

Now for the receipt of the

Julienne Soup.

Cut up in shred shapes, as much as possible equal in length and thickness, some carrots, turnips, and a little parsnip (not much, because it has a strong taste) and some leeks; put all this in a saucepan with a large piece of butter, some salt, and a little sugar, and cover it up, and let the vegetables do for ten minutes in summer and a quarter of an hour in winter in the butter (more time is necessary in winter because the vegetables are not quite so tender), shaking the saucepan so that they do not stick to the bottom; then put some lettuce leaves, cut small, about the size of a shilling, and a little celery; leave the whole in the butter for four or five minutes more, then add by degrees some boiling water and some pepper, and let the whole simmer for one whole hour. *If the water is not boiling, the vegetables will instantly get as hard as sticks.* Then, if they are in season, add one or two spoonfuls of green peas, a few French beans cut into shreds, and a few bits of asparagus—in fact, the more vegetables there are the better the soup will be—and let the whole simmer for another half hour. Then before dishing add as large as a nut of good butter, and you will have a perfect Julienne maigre which will be delicious. Of course, if you have some very clear stock it will improve your Julienne to use it instead of water, but I never do, and my Julienne is always excellent.

Now I will point out to you the difference between a Julienne and a Potage printanier.

Potage Printanier.

[Spring soup.]

The Potage printanier is simply a very good consommé, in which you boil for a short time all sorts of new spring vegetables. As they are young and tender and have not much taste they would not make a good Julienne, but they are very pleasant in a rich stock. What constitutes the particular taste of a Julienne is the vegetables having cooked for twenty minutes in the butter and their own juice. This process brings out all the different flavours of all the vegetables, and their assimilation makes a perfect combination in which nothing predominates. After having once tasted a real Julienne, you will always be able to detect whether you have one served to you, or simply a consommé with vegetables just put into it. I have never tasted a real Julienne in England, although I have dined in some of the very best hotels and restaurants of London, and at some of the most fashionable seaside places; in fact, I do not believe many English people know exactly what a good Julienne tastes like.

There is a certain herb we always put into it abroad called "pourpier"; I find it is called "pertulaca," or "purslain," in English.

In the autumn you may put one onion cut very fine, it will not have too strong a taste, and will improve the soup very much. A very good improvement to a Julienne soup is a few sorrel leaves cut small like the lettuces, but in this country it is so difficult to procure,

and so expensive when found, that one is constantly obliged to do without it.

Julienne Passée.

[A Julienne rubbed through a sieve.]

Sometimes, when the vegetables are not quite fresh, we make what we call "une Julienne passée." I cannot say it is a purée, because we pass it through a very coarse colander, and the vegetables are in small distinct pieces. Then in a Julienne passée you always put nice croûtons fried in butter, as I taught you in the last course. There is a great art in making a good and pretty-looking Julienne, and we have abroad all sorts of implements for cutting the vegetables evenly and quickly, but if you have none you cut them first into slices, and then the slices into shreds. Of course, you must never make a Julienne thick, but there must be more vegetables in it than I see in the so-called Juliennes of this country.

Before taking leave of this excellent soup I must tell you that it owes its name to its inventor, Julien, a cook of a certain merit in the last century, who would, however, hardly recognise it in its modern garb, for the following was his own receipt for it. This Julienne was not exclusively composed of vegetables; there was first a whole leg of mutton which had been half roasted, then a thick slice of beef, a fillet of veal, a capon, and four pigeons; the whole was boiled five or

six hours, and then you took all the meat out and put instead, cut into pieces, three carrots, six turnips, two parsnips, three onions, two roots of parsley, two roots of celery, three bundles of green asparagus, four handfuls of sorrel, four white lettuces, a large pinchful of chervil, and, when in season, a quart of green peas. This receipt reminds me very much of a great many I occasionally see in English periodicals.

From our Julienne we will pass on to one of the entrées of a former menu, viz. :—

Côtelettes de Veau en Papillotes.

[Veal chops in paper curls.]

There are so very few ways of cooking veal in England that I think this receipt will be very acceptable. It is a thoroughly French dish in very extensive demand in small households, because you can cook (if necessary) one chop alone as well as several. Chop up very fine two ounces of bacon, parsley, spring or pickling onions, and mushrooms; add as much bread-crumbs as the whole of the other things, pepper and salt, and put this on both sides of your chops, then butter a nice piece of paper in the shape of a large heart, place your chop on it and fold it up, twisting it at the end of the bone as if it were a paper curl; then place them over a trivet in a baking-dish, and put in the dish two or three spoonfuls of good stock, with a little pepper and salt; then put it in the oven, turn the chops over after half an hour, and at the end of the hour dish them without

removing the paper; put a little more stock in the tin or baking dish, and pour the contents in a sauce tureen. You will find it a most excellent and savoury way of cooking veal. I must not forget to tell you to serve with it in another dish some rashers of bacon nicely rolled up. The carver delicately opens the paper and serves the inside, taking care to scrape off what may have stuck to the paper.

Foie de Veau à la Bourgeoise.

[Calf's liver stewed.]

Ever since I have lived in this country I have noticed that there is only one way of cooking calf's liver, and that is fried with bacon. It certainly is very nice when well done, but I propose to give you one or two of our receipts, which I am sure you will appreciate. A very ordinary way with us is to do it "à la bourgeoise," which really means "in a homely way."

First of all mind you really get a *real* calf's liver. Butchers here are very apt to deceive you and send you any liver that comes to hand, such as bullock's or sheep's liver. Calf's liver must cut very white when cooked, and it has a very fine smooth grain; not so with the others, which are very dark and very coarse. I have often had to return it to the butcher after being cooked, for I considered it perfectly uneatable.

Lard it with large lardoons; put two ounces of butter in a stewpan, and make it "revenir," or semi-fry it on all sides in the hot butter, being careful not to let the pan

touch the coals, or it would stick to the bottom and burn. Then sprinkle over it one dessertspoonful of flour, and when it is brown pour in gently half a tumbler of ordinary claret mixed up with a similar quantity of stock if you have it ; if not water will do. Add salt, pepper, a bouquet (a very small piece of bay-leaf goes a long way), one ordinary sized onion or six little ones ; put the lid on with something heavy on it, and let it simmer for two hours on a very gentle fire. Take the bouquet away.

Foie de Veau à la Bourgeoise without Wine.

If you prefer to dispense with the wine you pour in simply a whole tumblerful of hot stock or water, and you add as soon as it boils three or four carrots cut into rather thin slices (about the thickness of a penny), and add five or six slices of bacon chopped up very small. Add salt and pepper, and finish as above.

Liver cooked in this way is most delicious and tasty, and cuts in very nice light slices, far from being dry, on account of the larding and the good stewing.

Foie de Veau Piqué Rôti.

[Calf's liver roast and larded.]

Lard your calf's liver through and through with very arge lardoons, and put it in a nice marinade composed of parsley, onions cut up, thyme, salt and pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of very sweet salad oil for four hours. Then wrap it up in a pig's caul or a well-buttered paper if you cannot get one ; then roast or bake

it for one hour and a quarter, basting it well with its marinade, to which you have added two or three spoonfuls of very good stock and half a chopped-up shalot. Then remove the paper and dish up, and strain the gravy, which you pour very hot over the liver. It must be carved rather thin, and eaten with the juice of a lemon.

To comply with the wishes expressed by several of you ladies I will give you to-day an excellent receipt for a dish equally good for breakfast, luncheon, or supper. It can be made either plain in appearance or highly decorated, which latter makes it very acceptable for a luncheon or supper-party. It has the advantage that it can if desirable be cooked on the day before.

Gâteau de Lièvre.

[Hare cake.]

Take a hare, bone it and rid it of all possible membranes, skins, and nerves; chop it up and pound it in a mortar; chop up also and pound in the mortar a calf's pluck or two or three lambs' frys. Boil some bread-crumbs in very good broth until they are quite absorbed in it, and put it on one side to get rather dry. Pound it and mix it together with the hare and pluck. There must be about as much bread-crumbs as meat, and the pluck must weigh at least as much as two-thirds of the weight of the hare and the bread-crumbs combined. Season with salt, black pepper and spices, parsley, eschalot, a little thyme and basil chopped up as fine as the head of a small pin; moisten the whole with game stock

obtained from the bones of the hare boiled with salt, pepper, and one clove of garlic ; then finish up with three yolks of eggs and one whole egg beaten up together.

Line a mould (tin or earthenware) with thin slices of fat of bacon used for larding and called "bardes de lard" (thin slices of *bacon*, not *lard* as many might translate it), put in your mixture, cover the top with more "bardes de lard," and bake it in a moderate or rather slow oven. It could be put in at night and left there till the morning if there should be no great fire. When the gâteau is done let it get cold in the shape, and when you wish to use it dip the mould into boiling water for a moment and turn it upside down. Remove the "bardes de lard," and cover the gâteau with very fine raspings of bread of a nice bright colour. If you wish to make it very ornamental decorate it with little bits of carrot and turnip cut up in pretty patterns, and bits of parsley, and it will look as nice as it will taste.

The other day a young friend and pupil of mine went on a visit to a French lady, who on hearing that she attended lectures on French cookery, asked her if she knew how to make a "court bouillon," which rather embarrassed my young friend, who, although she had learnt how fish is boiled abroad, had not been told the name of the preparation. Therefore in order that such a thing should not happen again to any of you I propose to finish this lecture by initiating you into the whole art and mystery of making "courts bouillons."

A "court bouillon" (quickly-made broth) is used only for fish, and consists of water sufficient to allow the fish

to be covered by it, one wine-glass of French white wine or half a wine-glass of French vinegar, a tablespoonful of salt, two or three peppercorns, three or four cloves, a full bouquet, and one onion and one carrot cut into slices. Boil all this for a quarter of an hour, rub your fish with a lemon, put it on the fish-tray into the pan, put the lid on, and as soon as it is done remove the pan from the fire, pour in a glass of cold water, and leave the fish in until you want to dish it. The same "court bouillon" can be used several times—in fact, as long as it continues good.

Court Bouillon au Bleu.

[Court bouillon with claret.]

This process consists in adding red wine instead of white, and formerly it was very much used; it gives a beautiful mother-of-pearl colour to certain fish. I know an English gentleman who insists upon his red mullet being always boiled in claret.

Court Bouillon à la Nantaise.

This is composed of half water and half milk with very little salt. It is very nice for sea-water fish intended for invalids.

Turbot, brill, and soles are cooked in this manner to great advantage, as the flesh remains so very white.

SEVENTEENTH LECTURE.

I HAVE heard with great pleasure of many ladies having had the "Canard aux navets," which has been attended with great success, and I was pleased to hear a lady answer one who asked if it was not very rich—"Not at all; much less rich than when roasted."

These little bits of information always seem much more reliable than if they were given by me, because you may fancy that my taste is so French that I do not call that rich which you do; but there you are mistaken, and good French cooking must never be greasy. Listen to how Boileau, our great satirist of the seventeenth century, condemns it. It is in the Third Satire, in which he describes a great dinner very badly cooked, given by a snob who had made him come under the false pretence that he would meet Molière, who he said was coming to read "Tartuffe." "Tartuffe" then had been forbidden to be acted by Louis XIV., and everybody wanted Molière to come and read it, or portions of it, privately after dinner; and also that he would meet Lambert, the famous musician, an exceedingly kind man, who always promised everybody he would come and never came! He describes the course called "Potage" in the following manner:—

". . . Cependant on apporte un potage,
Un coq y paraissait en pompeux équipage,

Qui, changeant sur ce plat et d'état et de nom,
Par tous les convives s'est appelé chapon.
Deux assiettes suivaient dont l'une était ornée
D'une langue en ragoût de persil couronnée,
L'autre, d'un godiveau tout brûlé par dehors,
Dont un beurre gluant inondait tous les bords."

I think this is the occasion to tell you what the French understand by "courses," for the English give to the word quite a different meaning. The best way will be to lay out before you the composition of a perfect French dinner. The most perfect of dinners, which is called "à la Française," is composed of three services or courses.

The first course comprehends the potage, the relevé, or remove, the entrées, and the hors d'œuvre. The last-named are completely ignored on an English table; they consist of a number of small side-dishes, such as oysters, prawns, anchovies, sardines, olives, saucissons cut into thin slices, rillettes de Tours, radishes, raw artichokes, melons, butter, &c., &c. They are placed in all the vacant places of the table, and the guests help themselves to them at any time of the dinner when inclined to do so.

The second course comprehends the roasts, fried fish, vegetables, salads, and all the entremets, whether sweet or savoury.

The third service or *course* comprehends the dessert, which in France always has in the middle of the table a high pastry confection, and includes cheese and all the different creams and jellies, also ices of all sorts. The cheese is always removed after having been served to the guests, on account of the smell.

The courses do not consist in the number of the dishes; there can never be more than three courses, but each course may have an indefinite number of dishes.

Of late years the Dîners à la Russe have been very much in fashion; still, in the best houses, the Dîners à la Française, consisting of the three courses I have just described, are considered the best.

When the masters of the house are real gourmets they have the dishes brought on the table before they are carved by the butler at the side table.

I have thought it necessary to give you this little bit of information because it will make many things you may read intelligible, which otherwise would appear obscure. For instance, in the famous letter of Madame de Sévigné, which I read to you in our last course, relating the death of Vatel, she says he had already been put out because the roast was wanting at two tables; the *roast* there did not mean one dish of roast meat, but the whole course, which I need not say was a serious thing.

Also in this satire of Boileau, where he says:—

" J'allais sortir enfin quand le rôt a paru!
Sur un lièvre flanqué de six poulets étiques
S'élevaient trois lapins, animaux domestiques,
Qui, dès leur tendre enfance élevés dans Paris,
Sentaient encore le chou dont ils furent nourris.
Autour de cet amas de viandes entassées
Régnait un long cordon d'alouettes pressées,
Et sur les bords du plat six pigeons étalés
Présentaient pour renfort leurs squelettes brûlés.

À côté de ce plat paraissaient deux salades,
L'une de pourpier jaune et l'autre d'herbes fades,
Dont l'huile de fort loin saisissait l'odorat
Et nageait dans des flots de vinaigre rosat."

Boileau, as you see, does not mean only one dish, but the whole course called "Rôt."

Now, I think, we had better see what the menu for to-day will be :—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage étrusque. [*Egyptian lentil soup.*]

POISSON.

Raie au beurre noir. [*Skate with very brown butter.*]

ENTRÉES.

Carbonades de bœuf. [*French beef olives.*]
Perdrix aux choux. [*Partridges stewed with cabbage and bacon.*]

RÔTI.

Gigot de Présalé. [*Welsh leg of mutton.*]
Bécasses. [*Woodcocks.*]

LÉGUMES.

Duchesses. [*Potato fritters.*]
Salade macédoine. [*A salad of all sorts of vegetables.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pommes au beurre. [*Baked apples with butter and jam.*]
Gâteau de riz au caramel. [*Rice pudding with burnt sugar sauce.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

I will begin with the delicious, nutritious, and most inexpensive soup, adorned with such an ancient and classical name! Before giving you this very simple receipt, I must tell you what it is made of. It is made of the Egyptian lentils known under the name of "Lentilles à la Reine." A few years ago a clever speculator, having studied their nutritious qualities, conceived the happy thought of having them powdered and mixed with one or two other innocent ingredients; and as "Lentils" would have been too plebeian a name for their future destiny, he had recourse to their Latin name, "ervum lens," of which he took the plural "erva lenta," and produced the excellent food sold in commerce under the name of "Ervalenta," and later on, in order to be still more disguised, it was called "Revalenta Arabica." It is very expensive and thought a great deal of in this garb, invented to deceive, or rather to hoodwink, the good-natured public, who would have thought nothing of it had it been sold under its genuine and natural name. It kept the last Pope, Pius IX., alive for ten years. The nutritious properties of the "Lentilles à la Reine" are very great, and the process of decortication, consisting in the removal of the skin, makes them very easy to digest.

Now I will give you an excellent receipt to make the most delicious soup you can eat, whether you may be in good or delicate health. Lentils are more nutritious than meat; they contain fifty-eight per cent. of heat-givers and twenty-six per cent. of flesh-formers.

Potage Étrusque.

[Lentil Soup.]

Take one pint of Eyptian lentils, well sorted, put them in a saucepan with two quarts of cold water and some salt, and let them boil for four hours; then pass the purée, which must be very thick, through the sieve and put them back into the saucepan with some meat gravy, a little milk (cream if you wish to make it extra good), and dish it. As it is a very oleaginous plant it does not require any butter. The addition of a bone, of course, would make the soup better, but it really does not improve the taste. Like all the good purées, you must serve it with nice croûtons. It is one of the nicest soups you can eat, and when you make it for company the improvement caused by the addition of cream is marvellous.

Now, as partridges are in season, I must tell you that, besides eating them roasted or en Salmis (a dish I taught you during the last course), there is a very celebrated French dish done with them, called "Perdrix aux choux," which Mrs. Ramsbottom, one of Theodore Hook's heroines, some forty years ago, described as partridges with shoes, and went on saying that the French were such good cooks that they actually contrived to make an excellent dish with partridges and old shoes, in which dish the latter component was so completely disguised that, even knowing what it was, she could not possibly detect it.

Perdrix aux Choux.

[Partridges with Cabbage.]

We make a great distinction in France between perdreaux and perdrix. The perdreaux are the very young partridges, the perdrix are their mothers and fathers. It is said that by October all the *perdreaux* have become *perdrix*; still it is easy to distinguish the young ones from their parents by the first feather of the wing, which is much more pointed in the young than in the old birds; also their beaks and legs are darker in colour. I must likewise tell you that there are two sorts of partridges, the red-legged one and the grey one. The red-legged partridge is thought a great deal of in some countries, in others the grey one is preferred. It is really quite impossible to decide in favour of either one or the other. The French, who are certainly greater gastronomers than the English, think a great deal more of the former; and the English prize the grey variety more, simply because they are English. I think the important thing is to know how to choose the younger birds. If you have any partridges of a doubtful age never roast them, for tough partridges are detestable. Rather make a nice dish with them of Perdrix aux choux.

Take a nice Savoy cabbage and about three-quarters of a pound or a pound of bacon, lean and fat; let them boil together for a quarter of an hour, and take them out of the water, which you must not throw away. Put in a saucepan one or two partridges with the bacon, a bouquet, one onion with one clove in it, one carrot cut

into thick slices, a small cervelas, and the cabbage cut up, but not chopped up; add half-a-pint of the liquor in which the cabbage and bacon have been scalded, cover it all up with a round buttered piece of paper, and let it simmer gently for two hours if the partridges are young, or three hours if they are old. When done have a very hot basin, put in the sliced carrots in a star pattern at the bottom, then the cabbage all round, then the bacon and partridges, and then upset the whole into the dish, taking care to remove the bouquet and the onion. Cut the cervelas into slices round the whole. The object is to hide the partridges and bacon entirely under the cabbage. This is one of the most recherché and luxurious dishes of the French cuisine, and is highly esteemed by all gourmets.

Celeri au Jus.

[Celery with brown gravy.]

Celery is a very ancient vegetable, much used among the ancients who called it apium, and wore it at meals round their heads to counteract the bad effect of the wine. It is eaten in England raw with cheese, but never so abroad, where it is only eaten raw in salads, but is used very much to flavour soups. The root, however, is extensively cultivated, and used very largely as a vegetable. I will give you the two principal ways of cooking it, beginning with the one "au jus."

Take two or three heads of celery, cut off the hard stalks, cut them six inches long, scrape the roots nicely,

cut them in two, wash them very carefully, put them in boiling water and salt for ten minutes, then make a very nice light roux, viz. :—Put one ounce of butter in your stewpan, on a gentle fire. When melted put in a teaspoonful of flour, stirring all the time till it becomes slightly brown, then pour by degrees half a tumblerful of very good hot stock, keeping on stirring, and do not get frightened if it fizzes a great deal; then add pepper and salt, and put in it your celery. Cover it and leave it on the hob to simmer very gently till quite tender (half an hour will be ample time). Just before dishing put in two or three tablespoonfuls of the best meat gravy you may have at your disposal. It is excellent by itself, and is also very nice with any roast.

Celeri à la Crême.

[Celery with cream.]

Proceed exactly as before as far as blanching your celery in boiling water and salt. Then put one ounce of butter in a stewpan, and as soon as it has melted add a teaspoonful of flour, but mind it does not get at all brown; it must remain quite white. Then put in half a tumblerful of hot new milk by degrees, with salt and white pepper, and when it boils add your celery and leave it simmering gently on the hob until quite tender. Then just before dishing add one or two dessertspoonfuls of cream or more. Like the former receipt it is very delicious alone, and also with meat, particularly with fowls.

Rougets en Caisse.

[Red mullet in paper cases.]

Red mullet was very much sought after by the Greeks and the Romans. The latter particularly spared no expense to procure them, and we learn from Suetonius that on one occasion upwards of £230 was paid for only three of these fish, an extravagance which induced Tiberius to lay a tax on all eatables brought to market Hortensius had a great number of them in his ponds, and they were brought through open pipes as far as the dinner table, where they were placed in earthenware vases, so that the guests might enjoy the sight of the different changes of colour they underwent in their agony, and we are told very complacently that one of the pleasures of those days was to hold one of these lovely fish in one's hand and watch the various tints it underwent as the blood receded to the middle of the body, passing from the deepest red to purple, and then from violet and light blue down to the purest white. This barbarous custom took place at the most fashionable tables, where it was thought a double advantage to have this sight and to eat the fish as fresh as possible.

The fish must be cleaned through the gills; the liver pounded with a little butter, pepper, salt, and very finely-chopped-up parsley must be put carefully back. Make a paper case, oil it very well, and place in it your red mullet close to one another, alternating the heads and tails. Then sprinkle them with very refined salad oil or very fresh butter, with salt, pepper, parsley chopped up very, very

fine, and mixed up with a small quantity of very fine bread-crumbs. Put it in the oven for about twenty minutes, and just before serving squeeze some lemon-juice all over. They are served in the case, but they can be done in an earthenware dish if preferred.

Rougets, Sauce aux Câpres.

[Red mullet with caper sauce.]

The greatest epicures say the following is the best way to enjoy thoroughly the flavour of this fish. They must be cleansed through the gills, and broiled over a very clear, slow fire, then served with French melted butter in which the liver is pounded with capers chopped very fine.

Rougets Grillés à la Sauce d'Anchois.

[Broiled red mullet with anchovy sauce.]

When cleaned through the gills cut off their heads, put back the liver very carefully, dip them in plain melted butter and broil them, as before, over a very clear, slow fire. Then put them in a dish and pour over them a sauce made of French melted butter, in which you have put a whole spring onion, salt, white pepper, a little nutmeg, a teaspoonful of French vinegar, and two well-pounded anchovies. Heat the gridiron first to prevent the fish sticking to it.

Soufflé au Chocolat.

[Chocolate soufflé.]

Beat up two yolks of eggs, two tablespoonfuls of potato-flour, as large as half an egg of very fresh butter,

and rasped lemon peel or other flavour. Mix up the whole with half a pint of milk, in which you have previously melted and boiled two ounces of chocolate and two tablespoonfuls of lump sugar. Put the whole in a saucepan and stir gently with a wooden spoon until it has simmered one minute; then let it cool, add two more yolks of eggs and four whites beaten up very stiff. Mix up the whole carefully, butter a deep dish and put it in a moderate oven till it has risen (about twenty minutes), sprinkle sugar on the top and serve very quickly before it has time to go down.

Soufflé au Riz.

[Rice soufflé.]

Mix three tablespoonfuls of rice flour into half a pint of milk, with two tablespoonfuls of lump sugar, and boil gently till nice and thick; take it off the fire and put in half a dozen pounded small ratafias, add four yolks of eggs well beaten up, then the four whites beaten up very stiff. Butter a deep, dish and put it in a moderate oven till it rises (about twenty minutes) sprinkle sugar on the top, and serve very quickly.

Canard aux Olives.

[Duck with olives.]

Put two ounces of butter and one ounce of streaky bacon cut into dice in your stewpan, and as soon as the former is melted put in your duck and let it become a

very nice colour all over; this is called "faire revenir" (semi-fry): then take it out as well as the bacon, put in a dessertspoonful of flour and stir till a nice brown; then pour by degrees half a pint of boiling water, or stock if you have any, or half stock and half water, and when it is boiling put in a small bouquet, salt and pepper and one moderately-sized onion; put back the duck and bacon, put on the lid and let it simmer gently on the hob on a small fire. In the meantime take about one dozen and a half of Spanish olives, and after having taken out the stones throw them for three or four minutes into boiling water, then put them to simmer with the duck for five minutes. When you dish your duck (on a very hot dish) serve the olives all round, and strain the gravy all over. It may be served as an entrée or as a roast. (Don't forget to skim the gravy, nor to put something heavy on the lid.)

Chartreuse de Pommes.

Take about twelve nice large apples; instead of taking out the cores take out all the flesh round the cores with a tin instrument about the size of your little finger, and try to have them all of one size; mix up some saffron in a breakfast cup full of boiling water with sugar, and put a third part of your apple sticks in it. Do the same with another third in some cochineal, and put the remaining third in boiling syrup of sugar. Then take some angelica and cut as much as one of your thirds of apple; then put a paper, well buttered, round a tin mould or a pie dish, and arrange in a pattern at the bottom and all round

your yellow, red, white and green apple sticks. Fill up with all the odds and ends of the apples mixed up with sugar, and when done then turn it upside down in a dish, take off the paper, and you have an exceedingly elegant and tasty dish fit either for dinner or supper.

EIGHTEENTH LECTURE.

I WAS delighted to hear of the successes of the Julienne soup and how it was liked, and how true the statement I made proved to be, that very few English people know what a real Julienne is. One lady said that hers was not quite clear. I should think perhaps this was due to the vegetables being a little too much done, or perhaps there were too many of them. A real Julienne can never have too many sorts of vegetables, but the liquid part must be in good proportion and quite clear—in fact, like sherry in appearance. I forgot to mention the other day the Jerusalem artichoke, which adds a very nice taste to the soup.

Before proceeding any further I will give you the menu :—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage à la Condé. [*Soup with red harieot beans and wine.*]

POISSON.

Merlans aux fines herbes. [*Whitings with butter and chopped-up parsley.*]

ENTRÉES.

Civet de liévre. [*French stewed hare.*]

Escalopes de veau. [*French veal cutlets.*]

RÔTI.

Quartier de chevreuil rôti. [*Haunch of venison.*]

Poulet à l'estragon. [*Chicken with tarragon*].

LÉGUMES.

Topinambours au blanc. [*Jerusalem artichokes with cream.*]
Pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel. [*Potatoes with butter and parsley.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pain perdu. [*Bread fritters.*]
Gâteau d'amandes. [*Almond tart.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

I intend giving you to-day the real national dish of the French people, the famous pot-au-feu so much spoken of and so thoroughly unknown in this country, whilst it is a weekly resource in France.

The pot-au-feu is the bouillon or stock obtained from fresh beef boiled in water, of which the soluble parts have been abstracted by it.

There is no good cooking without good bouillons, and the French cuisine, considered the first of all cuisines, owes its superiority to the excellence of the French bouillon. This perfection of the art of cooking seems intuitive not only to cooks, but to every common woman in France.

Rivarol, a celebrated French wit and writer of the last century, said to great gourmets of Hamburg and Lubeck on leaving his plate of soup three parts full, "Gentlemen, there is not a common nurse nor a portière in France who cannot make better bouillon than the best of your cooks."

We think it is perfectly impossible to make a good

pot-au-feu under seven hours' simmering, but my long experience in this country has taught me that with English meat you can have it as perfect in five hours, and even superior to the French pot-au-feu; for I confess that I have not an appetite large enough to enjoy the French "bouilli," that is, the beef which has helped to make the bouillon, whilst I can make an excellent dinner on English "bouilli" because your meat is so good. Now I must tell you to what the goodness of the meat is due, and therefore what produces the best bouillon. It is due to a certain component called osmazome, itself produced by the part of the meat called creatine, discovered by the celebrated French chemist M. Chevreul, and much studied by Liebig. To analyse all the principles of the meat would be infringing upon the domain of chemistry, therefore we will satisfy ourselves with this knowledge, that the osmazome is that substance which produces the brown part which oozes out in roast meat and is so succulent, and the part also which gives to the pot-au-feu its flavour and nice smell. It is soluble in cold water, and is distinguishable from the extractive part of the meat in this, that the latter is soluble only in hot water. Brillat Savarin tells us that its presence in the bouillon has been the cause of the dismissal of a great many cooks because they had appropriated to themselves that part of the pot-au-feu, and replaced it by adding more water. When your cooks send you a great deal of natural good dark gravy with your roasts it is because they collect all the osmazome with a small quantity of boiling water from the dripping-pan, but most

frequently here they simply pour boiling water over the joint after it is dished, and keep for themselves the tasty and nutritious osmazome which is in the dripping-pan. I cannot tell you how I lament over those slices of splendid joints sent up at luncheon in large establishments in vegetable dishes, with that watery gravy supposed in this country to be good for children because it is not rich! Remember that the more the meat is done the less creatine or nutritious part is left in it, and the better the gravy is, but that gravy is one of the innumerable perquisites of the English cooks. They revel in this part of the meat, and let you and your family revel in the fibrine or fibre, the non-nutritious part of the meat, in fact the most indigestible part of it. They do not suffer from indigestion, nor do they know anything about their liver! These are the parlour perquisites!

When in one of the former lectures I gave you the directions necessary to cook a good salmis, I told you always to roast the birds: first, because this brings out the osmazome, which otherwise would remain inside and affect very much the goodness of the gravy; also when we "faisons revenir" some meat previously to cooking it, it is to bring out the osmazome.

Now as we have the pot-au-feu, not simply to have good "bouillon" (clear soup), but also to have palatable meat, not only for the first day, but which can be dressed in ever so many nice ways one or two days after, I am going to give you instructions by following which you will always have excellent "bouillon" without draining your meat.

Pot-au-feu.

The proportion is three pounds of meat to two quarts of water; and as the pot-au-feu is *never, never* to boil, but only to "sourire"—*smile*, if you understand the force of the expression—after five or six hours' cooking (even the seven hours we let it simmer in France), not half a pint must have escaped in steam.

Tie up the meat into a nice thick shape, and put it alone in the water on a gentle fire, in order that it may warm up by degrees. This has for object to allow the albumen, which is a whitish substance like the white of an egg, mixed up with the flesh and blood, to come out and coagulate at the top. It forms the scum which generally takes an hour to come up, and must be removed as soon as possible. Then you leave the sauce-pan uncovered until it is all taken out, and this will ensure the clearness of your "bouillon." If your fire is in proper condition you need not replenish your pot-au-feu in order to allow more scum to come up. Then, as soon as this operation is satisfactorily completed, put back the cover, and as soon as it simmers put in some salt, peppercorns, two or three carrots, as many turnips, half a parsnip, two nice onions—one of them with three cloves in it, the other with a garlic clove—and a small piece of pastille de légumes. I always put in a small bouquet, but many people object to it.

Next to the quantity and quality of the meat, what contributes most to a good pot-au-feu is the attention and care bestowed on its constant simmering, never

leaving off and never boiling. Of course the meat must never be uncovered, or else that part gets black, dry, and unfit to eat. An old fowl roasted beforehand, and bones of roast meat, are a great improvement to the pot-au-feu. Now as a cabbage—a Savoy, I mean—is a great addition to a good pot-au-feu, and as in summer it is apt to make the "bouillon" turn sour the next day, we have a little dodge for introducing it that I am going to tell you about. Have a saucepan, with boiling water and salt, put your cabbage in it for twenty minutes; take half the water away, replace it with some of your "bouillon," and when the cabbage is done drain it to serve with your "bouilli," or boiled beef. In the meantime you have baked very hard and very brown one or two lumps of new bread or a French roll cut open (the latter is the better of the two; in France you can buy these ready-baked at the baker's, and they are called "croûtes"). You break them into your soup tureen, and you pour over them the liquor in which the cabbage has boiled; then you put in a soup plate some of the vegetables—carrots, turnips, parsnips, leeks, and a little cabbage, and cover it and hand it round as the soup is served to each person. When it is a company dinner you never bring the vegetables on the table. Then you dish the beef in the middle of the dish with the cabbage cut into four quarters, with the carrots and turnips and other vegetables nicely arranged. Then we decorate the "bouilli" with three or four nice large sprigs of curled parsley. In summer melon is always served with the "bouilli," in winter little sausage patties are served

with it: sausage rolls would be an admirable substitute. You must never put any of the liquor in the dish, but you may prepare some nice sauce in a sauce tureen. I will give you the receipt of one of the nicest.

Sauce Piquante.

[Sharp sauce.]

Put in your stewpan two ounces of butter, half a shalot chopped up very fine, and some flour, and stir gently till it all melts and is nice and brown; then pour in by degrees about a tumblerful of the bouillon and one tablespoonful of French vinegar. Let it boil a few minutes, and then serve it in the sauce tureen, having previously cut some gherkins into very thin slices.

The tomato sauce previously described is also very good with this dish.

As I have been asked by many ladies for some sweet French dishes, I have prepared three of those mostly used in private families; but you must remember that the pudding course in France is not a daily custom, and that dessert takes its place at colleges and public boys' schools as well as in private families. Puddings made with suet are quite unknown, and tarts are generally obtained from pastrycooks.

Gâteau de Riz à la crême.

[Rice pudding with custard.]

This is a very ordinary French pudding, and a great favourite with everybody.

Take half a pound of rice and boil it very slowly in a

quart of cold milk, and never stir it or it would burn. When it is quite soft and very thick take it off the fire and let it become rather cool, then put in it sugar to taste, and any flavour you like or the rasping of half a lemon; a piece of Vanilla whilst your rice is boiling is the most usual flavouring abroad. Add three whole eggs, well beaten up; then melt in your mould some powdered sugar, being careful to let there be no space without it, turning it all over on the fire; then put the whole mixture in it, cover it and bake it about half an hour, and turn it upside down in a rather deep dish. In the meantime make a nice custard with one pint of milk and three eggs, Vanilla and sugar, and pour it *round* the rice, not on the top, as this must remain very nice and brown. It may be eaten either hot or cold, and is equally good without the custard, which is usually made for the next day to pour over the remainder of the pudding cut into slices.

Baba au Rhum.

As many ladies have expressed a strong wish to have the receipt of babas, I will give you the proper instructions, and I am sure if you follow them you cannot fail to succeed. It is considered one of the very best of French puddings, or cakes, as it is called abroad; but as it is eaten hot it certainly belongs to the former denomination.

The baba is of Polish origin, and was introduced into France by King Stanislas Leazinski, the father-in-law of Louis XV., and the real Polish baba is made of rye meal and Hungarian wine.

To be really good a baba must be made large; the small babas seen in Paris at confectioners' get dry in baking, and are as different as possible from what a baba ought to be.

Take a quarter of a pound of best flour mixed up with three teaspoonfuls of German yeast. Stir it with half a tumbler of tepid water so as to produce a nice soft paste; cover it up and place it in a warm place wrapped up in a thick flannel till it has risen to double or treble its original size; then put on your paste-board three-quarters of a pound of flour, make a hole in the middle, sprinkle a little salt over all, add six ounces of sifted sugar, half a tumbler of tepid milk or cream, four eggs, one small wineglass of rum and a piece of saffron powder as large as a small nut; mix it all up together, incorporate with it the quarter of a pound of flour with the yeast, butter a mould which must be twice or three times as large as the paste, then bake it for an hour and a half in a slow oven. It is done when baked to a nice reddish colour. You may mix in it a quarter of a pound of raisins stoned and cut in two, two ounces of currants, and half an ounce of citron peel cut into very fine shreds.

It is served with a sweet sauce in which you may put half a wineglass of rum.

Pommes Meringuées.

[Apples dressed as meringues.]

Peel and cut into quarters twelve apples, and then cut them as thin as a crown-piece, put them in a stewpan

with three ounces of butter and as much sugar. Put the lid on and place them on a gentle fire, toss them occasionally, and when they are done arrange them in a pyramid shape on a flat dish, and cover them entirely with the whites of two eggs well whipped, previously with two tablespoonfuls of sifted white sugar. Then sprinkle crushed sugar over the whole, and put them in a gentle oven to get a nice light colour. Serve hot.

Potage à la Bisque d'Écrevisses.

[River Cray-fish soup].

Wash in several waters twenty-five or thirty écrevisses; take away the middle gill and the black string connected with it, and cook them in a little water and salt. When cooked (a quarter of an hour is sufficient), put aside the flesh of the tails and legs, pound the remainder very finely in a mortar, and add to it by degrees a quarter of a pound of butter, still pounding the whole. Put this paste in a stewpan with a little water, let it boil gently for ten minutes and strain it in a very fine sieve, being very careful to let all the butter out; put all this back with the whole crust of a French roll broken into pieces; when the bread is done pass it through in a purée. Boil this purée with a very rich stock. Fry in butter small croûtons (bread cut into dice), put them in the soup tureen, pour your soup over it, and put on the top the tails and the legs, which must have simmered with the rest for at least five minutes.

Instead of croûtons, vermicelli, semolina, or rice may be used, but whatever is used the legs and tails must simmer at least five minutes in the soup, which, according to all gourmets, is the most delicious one can eat, being called by some "the most regal of regal dishes," by others "a food fit for princes of royal blood or finance;" and Brillat Savarin has said in his "Physiologie du Goût" that a culte de latrie (a service of adoration) ought to be publicly rendered to cooked écrevisses!

I have been somewhat at a loss how to translate the above heading. In my "Economical French Cookery" I was sharply, and I believe justly, taken to task by one of the cleverest of our English contemporaries for having in my menus translated écrevisse by "crab." I knew this was not strictly correct, but really could not help myself, for in the best French and English dictionaries (Fleming and Tibbins, and others) I found nothing else but "crab" as the translation of écrevisse. Moreover, the Latin "cancer" stands for both crab and écrevisse. I hesitated to translate it by "freshwater lobster," because in French, although we call a certain kind of lobster "une écrevisse de mer," we should never say "un homard d'eau douce" as applied to the écrevisse. The exact nomenclature of the various creatures referred to I believe to be as follows:—

Ecrevisse = Cray-fish (*Astacus fluviatilis*), the freshwater crustacean.

Ecrevisse de mer = Crab.

Langouste = Spring or Rock Lobster (*Palinurus*).

Filets de Soles à la Maître d'Hôtel.

[Soles filleted à la maître d'hôtel.]

Mind when your soles are filleted to ask the fishmonger to send you the remainder of the soles as well as the fillets. Wash all this separately in three or four waters, then boil it gently in a little water and salt; strain this liquor very carefully, put about three tablespoonfuls of it in an earthenware or tin dish with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and put it in the oven. After ten minutes turn the fillets over, and pour a little more of the liquor and butter over them. Whilst they are doing chop up some parsley exceedingly fine and make nice little balls of butter mixed up with it, and put some in a *very hot* dish; lay your fillets over them, put a few more balls over, and then cover up with a very hot cover, and serve very hot. It is a delicious, quick, and easy way of dressing soles, and always proves a favourite dish.

Pour in the dish whatever is left of the liquor in the tin.

Côtelettes de Chevreuil Sautées.

[Venison cutlets sautées.]

Venison being rather dry in itself is always better when larded, and it must always be some hours and sometimes some days in a marinade (for which see below).

Lard your cutlets with the smallest larding-pin, and put them the day before if it is for luncheon, or in the morning if it is for dinner, in a marinade cuite (cooked

marinade). Put them in a sauté-pan or a frying-pan with three ounces of butter, and let them take a nice colour; whilst doing add salt and pepper, and toss the pan and turn the cutlets, then add two ounces of mushrooms, half a shalot and parsley, the mushrooms chopped up coarsely, the shalot and parsley very fine. Go on tossing and turning the cutlets, then add two dessertspoonfuls of flour, and when very brown (not burnt) pour in by degrees half a tumbler of claret with half a tumbler of good stock; then go on tossing and turning, and when the gravy has boiled down and is nice and thick dish up in a very hot dish. If the gravy should be too thin reduce it on the fire.

Marinade Froide et Marinade Cuite.

[Cold and cooked marinades.]

There are two sorts of marinades, but unless the marinade cuite is specified the cold ones are always used.

To make a marinade froide you add one tablespoonful of vinegar to three of oil, one onion cut into slices, and a bouquet; no salt, because it draws the gravy out of the meat. You beat all this together, and pour it over the meat, which you occasionally turn over.

To make the marinade cuite you add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to two of water and two of oil, one onion and one carrot cut into slices, one peppercorn and one clove of garlic. Let all this simmer together for a few minutes, and when cold pour it over your meat.

NINETEENTH LECTURE.

I WAS very glad to hear from several ladies whom I met that they had tried the "Potage étrusque" (Egyptian lentil soup) with the greatest success. It was very much liked and admired. I consider it quite as much a boon as the brown soubise I taught in a former lecture ; and, as an advisable change to the usual fare in the soup kitchens, I strongly recommend the ladies to try the lentil soup, and they will find how economical and nutritious it will be. Besides, it has the immense advantage over pea soup of being very easy to digest, and therefore most suitable for old people, young children, and invalids. The district visiting ladies should make it their duty to take some ready-made to their poor people, then give them the lentils and the receipt to make the soup. Nobody can complain that it is an extravagant soup, nor that it gives any trouble to make.

As I said before, one of my great objects in delivering these lectures is not only to enable the better classes to spread a more varied and more tempting fare on their tables, but also to teach the lower classes to make better use of the numberless good things there are in this country, and thereby keep their husbands away from the public-house, the bane of England ! It stands to reason

that if a man who has worked all day in the cold and damp weather comes home and finds nothing warm and appetising prepared for him, he will go away quicker than he came, and spend at the next gin palace, as it is called, the money he would otherwise have gladly spent on his family if his wife had tried and knew how to make him comfortable; and there is no denying it, the greatest comforts a man can have after a day's work, be it physical or brain work, are a good meal and a quiet corner in which to smoke his pipe or cigar. Therefore, you who are at the head of establishments, large and small, you who are so interested in the present movement aiming at improving the condition of the lower classes, you are greatly responsible for its success or failure, inasmuch as your servants are to be the wives of these artisans in whose welfare you seem so interested, and the mothers of the next generation of workmen, and if you teach them good and economical ways they will become thrifty wives and teach their thrifty ways to their daughters, but if you as housekeepers are careless and extravagant your servants will soon follow suit, and will be useless wives to artisans, for they will carry into their little homes the lavish and extravagant ways they are allowed to be steeped in simply because you do not exercise enough supervision.

One thing I wish you to be impressed with, viz., the curious difference which exists between the English and the French ladies: an English lady boasts of her ignorance in cooking; a French lady, whatever her rank might be, would be ashamed of doing so! Poor Marie-

Antoinette's ignorance of the chief ingredient of cake cost her her popularity, and therefore her life. When she heard that the people were becoming riotous because they had no bread, "Let them have cake then," she said, not knowing that flour was the staple of both bread and cake. The word flew from mouth to mouth, carried on the wings of envy and hatred, and you know if the poor queen had reason to repent her inconsiderate exclamation.

Now be convinced that in order to be able to manage your kitchen establishment or department judiciously you must know a great deal to prevent your being imposed upon both by the tradespeople and by your cooks. Be judiciously economical though never mean, and be certain that you cannot be so if you are ignorant.

Now take down the menu for to-day :—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soup à la Stanislas. [*King Stanislas soup.*]

POISSON.

Cabillaud à la sauce Hollandaise. [*Cod with Dutch sauce.*]

ENTRÉES.

Ragoût à la Romaine et gniocchi. [*Roman stew and gniocchi.*]
Côtelettes de mouton soubise. [*Mutton cutlets with soubise sauce.*]

RÔTI.

Faisan farci. [*Stuffed pheasant.*]
Filet de mouton avec cordon de pommes de terre. [*Fillet of mutton with roasted potatoes.*]

LÉGUMES.

Epinards au jus. [*Spinach with meat gravy.*]
Salade Macédoine. [*A salad with all sorts of vegetables.*]

ENTREMETS.

Omelette soufflée. [*Puffed omelet.*]
Purée de marrons à la Chantilly. [*Chestnut purée with whipped cream.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

I told you last time I would teach you how to cook "Merlans aux fines herbes." They are at their very best from December till March, because they feed upon the herrings, of which they follow the shoals, and are therefore very cheap. I advise you to make use of them at that time. To eat whitings then, and to eat them after April or May, is like eating two perfectly different sorts of fish. In winter their flesh is in perfect condition, very fat, quite unctuous and full of flavour, melting in the mouth; and when out of season it is dry, stringy, and most insipid.

I make a point of composing my menus of things in season, and I strongly advise you to follow the example for three important reasons: the first and most important is that they are then more wholesome; the second one, which is more apparent and therefore undeniable, they taste much better; and the third, which is equally peremptory for many people and ought to be so to all, is that they are very much cheaper. I think in England there is but one way of cooking whitings, and this is to

fry them very dry, whilst I know of ten or twelve different ways. Out of these ten or twelve ways I have chosen one of the simplest, easiest, and most excellent. Before proceeding to give you the receipt of Merlans (or whitings) aux fines herbes, I find I must give you a short definition of what we French people mean by "fines herbes," which must convey to your minds the idea of small green ingredients chopped up very, very fine. They are in constant use on a French table and in French cookery. I take an early opportunity when I have a new cook to have them for some salad or cold fish, &c., &c. I consider I ought to have explained to you long ere this what fines herbes are, but these things would no more occur to any French person's mind than it could occur to any English lady to explain to her cook what she means by allspice, a thing most unknown in French cookery. There are about thirty herbs used in the kitchen, and they are divided into three distinct classes:

1st. Soup herbs.

2nd. Seasoning herbs.

3rd. "Fourniture" herbs. (It means used for anything eaten with oil and vinegar.)

Those most necessary and perfectly indispensable in a well-ordered kitchen are parsley, tarragon, mélilot or sweet trefoil, shalot, spring onion, thyme and lemon thyme, purslain, chervil, and chives.

Mint and sage, so much used in English cookery, are quite unknown abroad. They are too pungent for the French cookery, where it is a fundamental rule that no particular taste of any herb is to be detected.

Now when we order a dish and say, "Do the whitings aux fines herbes," every French cook will know that she *must* have purslain, parsley, and spring onions (these being the mildest, if they cannot be procured then have one or two small pickling onions, but they must be scalded), but if we order anything that will require "fines herbes" on the table, she knows it must be at least two or three of the following: parsley, chervil, tarragon, chives, hartshorn, sweet basil, or mustard and cress if you can get it.

Now I proceed with the receipt :—

Merlans aux Fines Herbes.

Choose nice large fish; prepare them as if they were to be fried; keep the liver inside, just sprinkle them lightly with very fine flour; put in a baking dish some butter with parsley and spring onions chopped up very fine; a very little nutmeg, salt and pepper. Lay your whitings on it "tête-bêche," that is to say, one head next to a tail; put over them exactly the seasoning you put underneath; pour over the whole a teacupful of very good stock, with a wineglass of white French wine if you have it; put them in a moderate oven after having placed a buttered sheet of paper over them. When done dish the whitings, and pour over them the gravy which you thoroughly rince out of the dish by adding one or two spoonfuls of good stock, and squeezing a little lemon in it. Some people put the gravy in a small saucepan with more butter and flour, so as to have a larger quantity.

I have so many nice and useful things to teach you that I am quite puzzled to know how to begin; with me it is not scarcity of dishes, but it is "l'embarras des richesses," and the fear of not choosing the best thing is my only difficulty.

As I taught you an ordinary dish last time I will teach you to-day how to make one of our very best and recherché dishes, which can be made more or less expensive, but is delicious anyhow.

It is called a Timbale Milanaise, and it formed part of one of the first menus of this second course. As I told you before, I would willingly give you the receipts of all the dishes of the menus, but this is not possible all at once; you will have them in time.

Timbale Milanaise.

A Timbale Milanaise is an entrée or an entremets. I will tell you first the orthodox way of preparing this dish; then I will tell you an easier way.

Those who have a cook who can make good pastry will not find it difficult to have a raised pie-crust made the day before, to be filled up next day with what constitutes a Timbale Milanaise.

Boil some macaroni in about six times as much water (mind you never soak it) seasoned with salt; an onion with three cloves, some slices of carrots, and some rinds of bacon. Of course if you have some good stock it will be still better, but I should consider it waste, therefore do not use it for that purpose.

When done, drain it and put it back in the saucepan with good meat gravy and grated cheese, one fourth Parmesan to three-fourths Gruyère, and as much butter as cheese mixed up with flour; then put in it any nice pieces of fowl, or pheasant, or partridge, goose liver, cocks' combs, a little pepper and salt, and let it stew altogether very, very gently for three-quarters of an hour. Then take your crust, sprinkle the bottom with little dots of butter and cheese all over; then proceed to put your mixture in it, occasionally sprinkling over it some cheese till your pie is filled up, and pour the gravy over it if you have any to spare. Then put the lid on, and put it into a small oven for half an hour.

It is delicious, but of course a very rich dish, and most useful if you have nice tit-bits of fowl or white game. No dark meat is admitted into it.

Now I am going to tell you how I manage when I want a real timbale, but cannot spare the time to have the *actual* timbale (which is the crust) made. I buy one of the nicest pork pies that are made, take the inside out, and fill it up with the contents I have just described. You cannot conceive what a successful dish it is, and how people appreciate it. When I have no fowl or game to put in I simply fill it up with macaroni, stewed as I have described, and it is called Timbale de macaroni. Now this is another of my secrets I have let out. I hope it will profit you, and be as useful to you as it has been to me for years.

In France, whenever we have a Pâté de foie gras, we never eat the crust, which is very indigestible, but when

it is empty we make a beautiful Timbale Milanaise or simply a Timbale de macaroni.

Remember that these hints you never could find in any cookery book.

As my sweet dishes were so popular and so successful, I will give you at once the receipts of another one very easily and quickly made.

Tarte à la Frangipane.

[Cheese cake.]

Take half a pound of pounded sugar, one tablespoonful of potato flour, six ounces of melted butter, and four eggs. Grate the peel of one lemon and add the juice of the same, and mix up all together; make one large tart or several small ones, fill up with your mixture and bake in a quick oven.

Another Kind.

Mix two tablespoonfuls of potato flour in one pint of milk, add four eggs ; grate the peel of one lemon, add a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar, one ounce of sweet almonds, with the sixth part of bitter ones (taking the skins off them) ; pound them in a mortar, and whilst doing so moisten them with two or three teaspoonfuls of orange-flower water, then mix them with all the rest and put the whole in your paste, and bake like the former one.

Fricassée de Poulet.

[Fricassée of chicken.]

This is a very nice way of cooking an ordinary fowl. Cut up your fowl into nice pieces and let them soak half an hour in tepid water; then put in your stewpan three ounces of butter, and put in also the pieces of the fowl and let them do in the butter without actually becoming brown. Then add a small dessertspoonful of flour, and pour by degrees a tumblerful of warm stock which you have made previously with the giblets of the fowl if you have none already by you. Add white pepper, salt, a small bouquet, only a very small piece of bay-leaf, and two ordinary-sized onions, or twelve tiny ones. Let the whole boil without the lid so as to reduce the gravy, and then put the lid on and let it simmer very, very gently. When done dish your fowl, take away the bouquet; strain the gravy if you do not like to have the onions, or if it is for a company meal; then cover your fowl, put back the gravy in the stewpan, beat up one or two yolks of eggs with a teaspoonful of lemon-juice or half a teaspoonful of French vinegar. Take your gravy off the fire and mix it up very gently, beating up all the time with the egg (called the "liaison," *i.e.*, the binding). When fowls cease to be very young and tender this is the best way to cook them.

With the giblets I always make the French cock-a-leekie soup, so that I have two dishes instead of one. If I have no stock I add water to a few rinds of bacon (from

the breakfast rashers), but these must be removed, as well as the bouquet, before dishing up.

Chartreuse de Perdrix.

[Chartreuse of partridges.]

Take two partridges and semi-fry them in a stewpan with butter and a pinch of flour; pour gently one pint of warm good stock, add a quarter of a pound of very good bacon cut into dice, and a full bouquet; let it simmer, then put in another saucepan with hot water a very good savoy with three-quarters of a pound of bacon off the back or cushion, and two tablespoonfuls of beef dripping, and let it be three-fourths cooked. Now take a very red carrot, slice it the thickness of a florin, and another one, paler, which you also slice in the same manner; also a French cervelas with garlic cut in the same way. Then you butter a plain pie-mould, and put at the bottom and all round a buttered paper, and make a nice pattern at the bottom with the carrots and the cervelas. Cut the bacon cooked with the cabbage into six pieces as long as your finger and twice its width, and stand them up at equal distances round the mould; then thoroughly drain your cabbage as dry as possible, for on this will depend the firmness of your chartreuse; place a layer of cabbage over the carrots and cervelas and also round the mould in the interstices of the bacon; place your two partridges in the middle and cover them up with the cabbage if you have any left. Put your mould, well covered, in an oven for an hour, or in a large sauce-

pan with boiling water. Then you dish it by placing your dish on the top of the mould and turning it upside down. Then you take off your mould and remove the paper. If you are afraid of its being too moist you previously put on the dish a cloth folded in four to receive any fat or moisture that might spoil the look of it, and after having turned it over again you remove the cloth and dish it properly. In the meantime you warm up the gravy in which the partridges have been cooked, and after having *strained* it you pour some round the chartreuse and the remainder in a tureen.

The great desideratum in this dish, which is delicious, is not to spoil the shape. Some people put no gravy round it, and decorate it with vegetables cut into all sorts of pretty shapes, but these must be only just blanched, not cooked, as it would spoil their shape, and they must not be served to the guests.

Artichauts à la Barigoule.

[French artichokes à la Barigoule.]

This is a dish eminently French and very much appreciated by foreigners who see it at the restaurants and in the best hotels. Though very easy and simple to French cooks I would not have mentioned it but that I am bound by my promise to give the receipts of all the dishes stated in my menus. I had besides in this case three special reasons for not giving it:—First, French artichokes are rather scarce in this country; secondly, they are exceedingly dear, sixpence or eightpence being asked

for what in France would cost only fifteen or twenty centimes (three half-pence or twopence); thirdly, even at the best greengrocers' they are not very fresh. They are very extensively cultivated abroad; coming originally from Sicily, they require peat and a sandy soil, and therefore cannot be grown in this country. Greengrocers know so little about them that they exhibit in their windows old dried-up artichokes which would not be worth cooking, as when cooked there would hardly be anything edible inside, and the little there might be would be injurious to the health.

The first thing to do is to choose your artichokes very green and fresh, and all of a size. Cut off a quarter of an inch of the bottom part with the tiny leaves, then clip the top of the leaves so as to remove the pricking points, then put them in boiling water with salt for a quarter of an hour, and after having dipped them in cold water you take off from the middle the thin close-together leaves called the "chapeau" (hat), and with a spoon you remove altogether the fine growth called in French "foin" (hay) and which would really be the blossom if left to grow. Then you fill up this space with stuffing made of sausage meat, mushrooms and parsley, a little shalot, pepper and salt, the whole chopped up very fine. Then you put back the "chapeau," tie up the whole artichoke both ways round, put a little salad-oil in a frying-pan and fry the bottom part of the artichokes, then put a small rasher of bacon for each of your artichokes in a tin, put the artichokes on them, cover them well, and let them do for about half an hour; then add three or four

tablespoonfuls of good hot stock with pepper and salt, then cover them up again, and when done dish them up. Thicken your gravy with a little flour, and pour it over the dish. Mind you take the strings away.

As this way of proceeding, though very simple, might seem complicated to persons not accustomed to cook that vegetable, I will now give you the ordinary way of cooking them, which is very easy.

Artichauts à la Sauce Blanche.

[Artichokes with melted butter.]

Cut a bit off the bottom part and the tiny leaves, and clip all the tops of the leaves and put them in boiling water with salt. You will know they are done when you can easily detach a leaf. You dish them and serve them with French melted butter in a tureen.

TWENTIETH LECTURE.

Two ladies told me in the course of the week that they had had the pot-au-feu, and that it had been a very great success. One in particular had a large one, at least what in France we should consider a large one, eight or nine pounds of meat. The family particularly liked it cold, the meat cut so short and had such a nice pinky tint, not at all due to its being underdone, for you can easily understand that after boiling, or rather simmering six hours, it could not possibly be underdone; it was so full of flavour, such an uncommon flavour, she said, so tasty and so nice that her husband desired her to adopt the French fashion of having it every week regularly, and so much the more so as the soup was so delicious and so wholesome for the little ones. A gentleman friend of ours who had tasted it in our house years and years ago was so struck with it that I gave him the receipt, and he had it every year at a dinner he gave his employés at Christmas time, and with unanimous accord they christened it "The Heavenly Beef." I consider this quite as great an honour paid to the dish as the loin of beef had in being knighted by Charles the Second.

I now give you to-day's menu :—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Purée de haricots blancs. [*Purée of haricot beans.*]

POISSON.

Tourte de coquilles St. Jacques de Compostelle. [*Scollop and shrimp pie.*]

ENTRÉES.

Châteaubriant. [*A thick beefsteak with fried potatoes.*]

Poulet sauté. [*A spring chicken tossed in butter with mushrooms.*]

RÔTI.

Lièvre rôti à la Française. [*Hare roasted in the French way.*]

Gigot de porc frais à l'Anglaise. [*A leg of pork stuffed with sage and onions.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre rôties. [*Roasted potatoes.*]

Petits choux de Bruxelles à l'Anglaise. [*Brussels sprouts in the English way.*]

ENTREMETS.

Compote de poires à la Française. [*Pears stewed with claret.*]

Madeleines. [*A sort of cup pudding.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

Among the savoury and easy dishes made with the bouilli the next day is the "vinaigrette," so useful either at luncheon or supper, but never to appear at dinner. I will tell you how to prepare it. It must be prepared three or four hours before being wanted, in order that the meat should be thoroughly impregnated with the condiments used for it. It is done in a salad bowl. I must remark here that the French salad bowls

are of a more serviceable shape and better adapted to their work than the English ones. The salad is not so heaped up in them, and every leaf of the salad, or every piece of meat of the vinaigrette partakes more easily of the oil, vinegar, &c., put in it.

Salad.

As a vinaigrette is really a sort of salad, I feel I must give you in full the way of dressing a salad according to the French rules, which are considered all over the world the orthodox ones.

There is a pretty story told about one of the poor noblemen who were compelled to leave France to escape being guillotined during the great revolution, and who, like so many of his compatriots, had come to seek a refuge in hospitable England, where he tried to keep body and soul together by imparting his language to the young sons of Albion. One day, when the Chevalier d'Albignac was eating his modest meal at some tavern in London, two of his fashionable pupils came in and invited him to join them at their table. In the course of dinner a salad was placed before them, but the young English lords having tasted it, ordered it to be taken away as food perfectly unfit for human consumption. "Non pas, non pas," said the French nobleman, "et si vous voulez bien me le permettre, messieurs, je vais vous prouver combien vous vous trompez. Cependant," added he, "comme les ingrédients nécessaires me manqueraient ici, veuillez me faire la grâce de venir

demain à la même heure, et je vous ferai goûter ce que c'est qu'une salade française." The English guests agreed to come, and the next day they found their friend, le Chevalier d'Albignac, ready to receive them. The salad, which was in a grand French bowl, was composed of a beautiful yellow lettuce, which he had previously ordered to be very well washed, and the water so thoroughly shaken out of it that it was perfectly dry, and had all the coarse ribs or stalks taken out and the larger leaves carefully torn in two, not in small bits as it is done in England; on it were placed in an elegant pattern some slices of beetroot and eggs, having between them nasturtium and borage blossoms, the rich colours of which made it look very pretty, and their taste was very pleasant. In a pretty plate or saucer were three or four little heaps of "fines herbes," called, when so used, "fourniture," chervil, spring onions, tarragon, and mustard and cress, all chopped up very fine. The Chevalier, who had most aristocratic hands, threw back his lace cuffs, spread these herbs delicately over the salad, armed himself with a salad spoon and fork, and after having put some pepper in the spoon, filled it three times with oil, the best he had been able to procure at an Italian warehouse, sprinkling it equally over the salad, gave it two or three turns with the spoon and fork so that the leaves underneath should be covered with it; then, putting some salt in the spoon and filling it with excellent French vinegar also procured at the same place, he filled it once, only once, and spread it still more delicately than the oil—drop by drop, as it were—all

over the salad, after which, taking the spoon in his right hand and the fork in his left, he carefully, so as not to bruise the leaves, stirred it, bringing up with the spoon the under leaves pushed back with the fork. This is what we call "fatiguer la salade," which requires a light and dexterous hand so as not to press it down, yet to allow everything to be impregnated with the "assaisonnement." After this last feat the salad was complete, and his guests praised the result highly. And a happy ending it had for the Chevalier, who received a formal invitation to dinner from the parents of his pupils, with the request that he would kindly dress the salad, which was an equal success, a service most delicately acknowledged in the shape of a £5 bank-note placed under his plate. Invitations succeeded one another, with exactly the same results. Ultimately the Chevalier had a nice mahogany chest made, containing all the necessary ingredients, which was deposited by his chair, and the salad brought to him on a tray with proper decorum by the powdered flunkeys. My little story has a very happy end, for the Chevalier's accomplishment was so well remunerated, that after the return of Louis XVIII. he went back to the south of France, bought back with his savings his confiscated lands, and was able to lead thenceforth the comfortable and happy life of a well-to-do country gentleman.

You must have perceived by this time that I have succeeded in killing two birds with one stone, for whilst relating to you my story I have given you the most careful receipt how to dress your salad.

I am proud to tell you that I am rather celebrated among my and your countrymen for the way in which I dress my salads, but, alas! though I can vouch for their being as good as those of the Chevalier d'Albignac, they have not yet had the same happy result for me. Indeed, my salads nearly made me lose the good graces of a model butler for whom I had great admiration, and who, until I meddled with his department, had been most attentive to my wants, and had always till then rejoiced when he heard Madame Lebour was coming on a visit. Tattles was his name; he had been for six or seven years the faithful butler of most charming friends of mine. A peculiarity of Tattles was to have the smallest mouth I ever saw a man have, and such a tall man, too! but the greatest peculiarity of that mouth was to screw itself up in proportion to the state of temper of its owner. When everything went according to Tattles's satisfaction there was a nice enough little mouth, never big, no, but with nice lips visible at any reasonable distance: but if things went contrary, you would see the lips first be reduced to a narrow straight red line, and then so screwed up that really there was only a little pursed opening visible to the naked eye. How often Mrs. C. and I exchanged in French (we always spoke French) our mutual observations upon the state of that feature of Tattles, often wondering what was the cause of its Protean changes!

The Colonel was very fond of French living, and particularly of French salads; so one day, when the salad prepared by Tattles was, if possible, worse than

usual, he made an appeal to me, and asked me if the next time I would condescend to dress it, and show Tattles how it should be done. I readily agreed to the request, but at the same time stipulated that we should go to the market (we were at a favourite watering-place on the south coast) and get all the proper things. So the next morning we made a pleasure party of it, and went in a little basket carriage to the town market, and got everything of the best quality for a lovely salad. As I was to teach Tattles how to prepare it I showed him the "fines herbes," told him most elaborately their names, how to vary them, &c., &c. In the meantime the mouth grew smaller and smaller and threatened thunders, but we took no notice and went away. At dinner, instead of bringing me the salad and all the ingredients, he sent them by the other man-servant, and pretended to be very busy in and out of the dining-room, although his master had told him in his stentorian voice, "Tattles, watch carefully how Madame Lebour mixes the salad, so that you may do it exactly the same when she is gone," and Tattles had stood at attention during his master's speech, but his mouth had gone on pursing and pursing so much that you could perceive only the tiniest aperture, and all the time we three pretended to see nothing, and we indulged, in French, in such remarks upon the poor man's wonderful peculiarity, that we could not restrain our mirth, which according to all appearances was excited by some quite different cause. However, I put an end to his misery by telling the Colonel that it was not Tattles but he who ought to

watch carefully, for in France it was generally the master of the house who dressed the salad, and when there was company it was always considered by one of the guests an honour to be requested to do so. This worked like magic upon Tattles's mouth, and at the end of the dinner it had resumed its usual dimensions. After I left the gentleman undertook the duty and became quite an adept, and then Tattles felt quite flattered when through some cause or other it devolved upon him to do so, and he was heard to say, "I dress the salad almost as well as Madame."

Vinaigrette.

[French boiled beef as a salad.]

Whilst a salad must be dressed only just before it is wanted, a vinaigrette must be prepared three or four hours beforehand, for the reason I stated above.

Cut your bouilli into slices, then into dice; cold potatoes cut into slices, not the floury ones, because they would crumble too much, but the waxy ones are very nice mixed up with it, but there must not be too much of them; also very well-cooked haricot beans or French lentils are a nice addition; then put double the quantity of "fourniture" that you would use for the same quantity of salad, and four spoonfuls of best olive oil to two of vinegar. Stir it well, then leave it alone covered up, and just before eating it refresh it by adding half a spoonful of vinegar and one spoonful and a half of oil.

Now I will give you the receipt of a dish we had the

other day in our menu, a thorough French dish, very tasty, and much appreciated by epicures. It is called—

Matelotte d'Anguilles.

[French stewed eels.]

Cut the eels into even pieces, put in your stewpan three ounces of butter and a good spoonful of flour, to make a very nice brown roux; pour in it by degrees a tumblerful of stock if you have it, if not, of water; when boiling, put in it about twenty pickling onions and let it simmer gently; when half done add one or two glasses of claret, then put in your eel with a full bouquet, salt, pepper, a clove of garlic, and mushrooms at your will. Let it come quickly to a boil, and let it simmer gently for an hour covered up; then toast one round of bread rather thin, cut it into four and place it at the bottom of your dish; place your fish artistically in a sort of pyramid on it, take away the bouquet and garlic, pour all the gravy over it, and serve very hot. I can assure you you will seldom have eaten a more delicious dish. Some people prefer fried sippets spread all over, instead of the toast. This is a matter of taste.

Matelotte de Lapin.

[A stew of rabbit and eels.]

Put a quarter of a pound of butter in a stewpan with twenty very small onions, and a small rabbit cut up; let them all become nicely brown without burning, then take the onions out, so as to make more room for the rabbit; sprinkle one good spoonful of flour over it, toss the whole; when brown, put in a tumblerful of stock or water,

half a tumbler of white wine or a little French vinegar; put in the pieces of an eel cut up, as in the other matelotte, the onions and mushrooms at your will; a full bouquet, a clove of garlic, pepper, salt, and very little nutmeg. Let it all boil very gently one hour, place some toasts in your dish, or fried croûtons all over; take away the garlic and bouquet, dish the rabbit in a pyramid in the middle, put the pieces of eel all round, pour the gravy all over, and serve very hot, and you will have a perfect matelotte. It is a very favourite dish with all the gourmets; the two things go wonderfully well together.

As there has been a strong request addressed to me to give a few more receipts of fish dishes, I comply most readily with the general wishes, and have prepared the following, which I trust will be popular as well as the matelotte.

Barbue à la Sauce au Homard.

[Brill with lobster sauce.]

The brill is very much appreciated by real connoisseurs of fish, who prefer it to the turbot on account of the delicacy of the flesh.

In America, where it attains an immense size, particucularly that of the St. Louis river, in Louisiana, it is considered one of the finest fish which can be served on a well-appointed table.

Put in a saucepan as much hot water as you will require for your brill, with a tablespoonful of salt, a full bouquet, and one onion cut into slices. Let this boil for a quarter of an hour, then strain it and pour it over your

brill, which you have placed in your fish-pan on the strainer with the stomach uppermost, after having rubbed it well with salt and lemon-juice, and let it boil gently till the flesh gives under your finger. You take it up five minutes before dishing, putting a hot cloth folded in four over it. In the meantime you have prepared your

Sauce au Homard

[Lobster sauce]

as follows. Take all the flesh out of a small lobster and cut it into dice; put half of it in a stewpan with two ounces of butter and one dessertspoonful of flour, and mind it does not get brown. Stir all the time, then pour gently the stock you have made with the shell of the lobster broken as small as possible, boiled half an hour and strained very carefully. Then, just two minutes before dishing, add the remainder of the flesh of the lobster.

Surround your brill with parsley and lemon, placing a few of the lobster legs about to show it is to be eaten with *lobster* sauce, not *tinned*.

Another Lobster Sauce.

I know another way of making a beautiful lobster sauce, but I rather hesitate to give it, because it takes a little more time; still the result is so superior that it fully repays one for the extra trouble, especially as the troublesome part of it can be done on the previous day.

Dry in the oven for a short time the shell of your

lobster, not the legs, because you will want them, and also because they are not so red as the rest; then pound it with one ounce of butter. Put the whole in a little saucepan with a very little water on a gentle fire, and shake it till the butter becomes nice and red; then take it out and put it in a coarse cloth over a bowl containing cold water, and strain it through and press it down with a spoon, so that all the butter gets through. When it has passed through and the butter has set, you remove it and use it for your sauce, which you make exactly as above, using ordinary stock instead of the one made with the shell of the lobster, as previously described.

A more Simple Lobster Sauce.

Make simply a French melted butter, and put in it the flesh of the lobster after having boiled the shell, so that you may use that liquor instead of plain water.

A more Expensive Lobster Sauce.

Make some melted butter with half a pint of cream, and put the pieces of the lobster into it cut into dice, and let it simmer very gently for about five minutes.

Petits Pots de Crême à la Vanille.

[Vanilla custard in pots.]

Whenever we have had friends to dinner, and have had custards in pots, they always express their surprise at seeing them so set, and have often asked me what I put in to obtain this result. I have always vainly

answered that nothing whatever was used but the usual ingredients, eggs and milk; but they shook their heads in a very significant way, evidently thinking I was unwilling to divulge my secret. I confess I *have* kept back some culinary secrets until I undertook these classes on French cookery, but in this case I must say there was no secret to retain. Nothing whatever is used to make these custards set, except the way they are cooked. I have always been surprised to see the difference in the English from the French custards, but have now found out that it is simply because the former are not made to set after the eggs are mixed up with the milk, that they are neither placed in the hot water nor put on the fire till near boiling point. Therein only lies the whole secret.

Boil for three minutes in one pint of new milk a piece of vanilla about two inches long, and three ounces of lump sugar. Take it off the fire, take three yolks of eggs and one white, and beat them up very well, mix them up with your milk and then strain it through a sieve, then pour it out in your little pots, and put them in a saucepan half full of boiling water. When set take it off the fire and put the pots in a cold place, and do not put on the lids until the custards are quite cold. (French custard pots are made of white china with lids).

There is another way to make your custard set: it is to put it on a good fire and stir very gently till boiling point, then take it off instantly, and pour it out very quickly into the little pots which are standing in cold water half-way up. But, whatever you do, be very careful not to let it give a single boil, or it would curd;

should you, however, have the misfortune to do so, then by quickly dipping your saucepan into cold water, and beating the custard at the same time very briskly with a fork, you may save it; then you put it in your little pots, being careful (as before stated) not to put on the lids till quite cold.

Petits Pots de Crême au Café.

[Coffee custard pots.]

Instead of vanilla put in a pint of milk a quarter of a pint of very strong coffee, and add four yolks of eggs instead of three, and proceed exactly as above.

Petits Pots de Crême au Chocolat.

[Chocolate custard pots.]

Take three ounces of chocolate to one pint of milk, break it into pieces and melt it down in a little water, stirring all the time; then pour in your milk very gently by degrees, adding some sugar to taste, and proceed exactly as for the vanilla custard, remembering never to add more than one white of egg, otherwise the custard would lose all its delicacy.

TWENTY-FIRST LECTURE.

THE Côtelettes en papillotes have been very successful, and I was glad to hear very much appreciated by two gentlemen, one of them saying Madame Lebour-Fawssett must have the wand of a fairy to be able to make so savoury a dish of such insipid material, and this without much expense or trouble, his wife assured him.

Indeed, it is one of the commonest dishes and most frequently served on French tables, and I hope it will now form part of the ordinary fare at English dinners. The other lady told me that her husband had entirely banished veal from his table, but had reinstated it under this new garb. It was pleasant to hear also that so many ladies had tried the "Merlans aux fines herbes," and how delicious they had been thought. It shows how eager people are to avail themselves of the first opportunity offered them of effecting a change in their menus, and giving their families or guests any variety in their power without increasing their weekly expenses. Far from this being the case, I maintain that any one following my suggestions will find that no inconsiderable sum of money has been saved at the end of three or four weeks.

I say three or four weeks, because a system cannot work under a shorter period; things have to fit into one another before they tell, but of course everything re-

quires a certain amount of brains and a certain amount of labour. People who will not take any trouble, and who are content with having every week a sirloin of beef and a large leg of mutton, cannot expect to give satisfaction to their household, nor to tempt the delicate appetite of some of its members. Even with the numberless varieties of dishes in the French cuisine a French lady would hardly be able to utilise with effect the remainder of these two invariable dishes; I confess that I should be very much puzzled after the first few weeks how to produce agreeable changes. I heard of only one lady having tried the "Canard aux navets," and I am surprised that nobody imitated her example, as ducks and turnips are so very plentiful and good this year. Also I strongly advise you to try the "Perdrix aux choux." When partridges are no longer young it is a chance if you can get them tender, but they are very tasty when cooked in this way, and afford a most excellent dish. Now let us write the

MENU.

POTAGE.

Purée de gibier. [*Purée of game.*]

POISSON.

Côtelettes d'esturgeon en papillotes. [*Sturgeon cutlets in paper curls.*]

ENTRÉES.

Epaule de mouton à l'étuvée. [*Shoulder of mutton stewed in the French way.*]

Perdrix aux choux. [*Partridges with cabbage.*]

RÔTI.

Poulets au cresson. [*Roast chickens with watercresses all round.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre au lait. [*Potatoes stewed in milk.*]
Betteraves à la Poitevine. [*Beetroot as in Poitou.*]

ENTREMETS.

Macaroni au gratin. [*Macaroni cheese.*]
Pouding d'or. [*Golden pudding.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

There are in this menu several things I should like to give you the receipts of, but there are others in the former menus I have promised you, therefore I must keep my promise, and propose to-day to teach you one of the most delicious dishes I ever tasted, called

RAGOÛT À LA ROMAINE ET GNIOCCHI.

[Roman stew and gniocchi.]

It is an Italian dish, but quite "francisé," and a friend of mine who had lived twenty years in Italy and at whose house I tasted it taught me the exact receipt. I confess it seems rather complicated, but it is really very easily done, and as every cook that I have had has done it most successfully I give it to you without the slightest fear.

Take one pound of leg of mutton of beef (this part is preferable because it is very juicy), cut it into pieces two and a half inches long and about one and a half inch thick; two ounces of onion, two ounces of fat of bacon, chop up both very, very fine, put them in a stewpan; when nearly fried add one wineglass of claret; when in a glaze add some tomatoes (say the half of a tin), half a pint of

water, salt, pepper, and the meat, and let the whole simmer for one hour and a half.

Gniocchi.

Take half a teacupful of semolina and one pint of milk; mix your semolina with some cold milk; when the milk boils pour very gently your semolina in it, and let it boil till the spoon comes out quite clean; you must stir all the time. Then let it cool, and then spread it about half an inch thick on your paste-board, cut it into squares, put a layer at the bottom of a deep dish, sprinkle with Parmesan cheese and butter, put another layer and then more Parmesan and butter until you have used all; then cover it with some of the gravy in which the beef has stewed, and put it in the oven to get nice and hot. Dish up the meat in a separate dish with the gravy, and serve the two at once.

This Roman stew is worthy to take its place among the best French ragoûts, for you know that it is particularly by its ragoûts that the French cuisine has taken the precedence over all others. On the other hand there is no cuisine so poor in ragoûts as the English. Whilst the commonest French artisan's wife will be able to cook an excellent dinner for her family with very indifferent meat and a few vegetables, the English wife will spoil the most beautiful slice of beef by putting it in a frying-pan all by itself.

In the same way an ordinary French cook will manage to make the most tempting stew with little odd bits of

meat or fowl, whilst the supposed professed English cook will succeed in spoiling many a nice piece of meat or poultry by most inferior cooking, and finally pouring over it some Worcester sauce and ketchup. And yet ragoûts are most important in the daily fare of a family, for if they are properly done none of the goodness of the meat is wasted. The gravy, having partaken of the nutritious properties of the meat, so good for old people and young children, is as good as the meat itself, which would give too much work to their weak digestive powers; but remember that no ragoût done in a hurry can be good, it must be done slowly on a slow fire. A badly made ragoût is the most objectionable thing possible; if cooked fast it reduces the meat to shreds and the vegetables to a pulp, which makes the whole an indescribable concoction to which we have given the undignified but expressive name of "ratatouille." "Quelles ratatouilles on mange dans cette maison là!" is the most contemptuous expression we can use for very bad cooking. I am very, very sorry to say that I had my lovely "Gibelotte de lapin" treated in this way by a charming friend of mine, who told me she had learnt that dish from her mother, to whom I had given the receipt years ago, and it was called "Gibelotte de lapin." Picture to yourselves all the meat of the rabbit off the bones, swimming in the most indescribable brownish liquid imaginable, where occasionally you perceived lumps of toast and fragments of large onions. Those who know what a "Gibelotte de lapin" ought to be will understand what I must have suffered!

I cannot repeat too often that your hobs are admirably adapted to French cooking; sometimes I have seen five saucepans doing most beautifully at once, and two or three things in the oven. The resources of the English implements and materials are enormous, only you do not know how to use them, and your cooks will not work them properly. I do not know a country where there is better or more food, more cooks to cook it, more space to cook it in, more fire to cook it with than in England, and I do not think there is a country "où l'on mange si mal," nor one where there is so little variety and so much waste. Whose fault is it? I dare not answer this question. Some men, who like peace and believe the evil is irremediable, are content to dine in town in the middle of the day—not at all a bad plan that good substantial meal in the middle of the day if they could rest or take some exercise afterwards, but having to hurry over their meal and go to assiduous work directly afterwards, more mischief is done than can at first sight be supposed. All I will tell you is that I have known husbands in different stations in life dine at home as little as possible because of the miserable fare they got there. The rich man goes to his club, the artisan to the public-house; but what do those do who are neither rich nor artisans, in fact the men belonging to the middle class, the largest in all communities? They are compelled to come home and put up with the inferior food placed before them.

As I said in my former lectures the health and temper must both suffer, and oftentimes disastrous circumstances follow, as I am sorry to say it has but too often been my

lot to witness during the long stay I have made in your country. The ladies, I am grieved to repeat, do not attend to this part of their administration with the same eagerness which they bring to bear in the fulfilment of their other social duties, and until the ladies make it their daily study to place before their husbands, who have been working hard all day long, a nice tempting dinner, their cooks will not improve, and the lower classes will not benefit. Surely it is evident enough how servants in this country ape their mistresses; they would soon try and learn their mistress's nice economical ways if thrift and these were the order of the day.

I will now give you instructions to make the very easy, wholesome, cheap, pretty, and nice entremets we call

Pain Perdu.

[Bread fritters.]

Boil half a pint of milk with a little sugar, a few grains of salt, and a pinchful of rasped lemon-peel, and add when off the fire one teaspoonful of orange-flower water. Have some slices of crumb of new bread, about the third of an inch thick, cut round or oval (I always use a French roll, leaving the crust on), dip them in the milk and then in an egg, well beaten up. Fry them in butter, sprinkle sugar over them, and serve very hot.

As I have again touched upon the want of management in the commissariat department of English households I cannot refrain from giving you a description of one of the most exquisite dinners we ate during one of

our rambles in my dear Brittany. We were then staying with our friends the P———'s in their lovely island in the Bay of Douarnenez, the Ile Tristan. A great friend of theirs, the Abbé K., had lately been removed to a very lovely place called Cleden, and had often expressed a wish that the family would come and dine with him at the presbytère, as the houses of the curés are all called in the country. It was about twenty miles distant. A messenger was sent to him to announce the impending visit, and about fifteen of us started in three carriages on a splendid August morning, knowing we should have a long walk to reach the house, as the carriage road took a very roundabout way, whilst there was a short cut if we walked. Of course walking in such splendid picturesque, bold, and wild country was far preferable; and on arriving at the short cut we all started at rather a brisk step, anxious to know if the Abbé was at home and had received our intimation, and whether we were to expect good fare or go back to the nearest little country town, and get what we could to satisfy appetites sharpened by the exercise and the freshness of the sea air, for we were in the middle of a very narrow peninsula bordered on one side by the lovely Bay of Douarnenez, and on the other by the wide and open Bay of Audierne, so famous for its lobsters and crayfish. The extremity of this peninsula is the ominously celebrated Pointe du Raz, projecting into the Bay of Biscay, and causing, with the opposite Ile de Sein, the thirty-two currents so fatal to ships. Those who had visited Cleden previously were soon able to discover the little pointed

spire of the small church, but the sight of the church was not the object of interest now; the target towards which all eyes tried to attain was the smoke of the chimney of the presbytère, for if there was plenty of smoke a feast would surely follow. At last our scouts, who had left us far behind, and were lost to our sight, sent up such a hurrah that there could no longer be any doubt about our amphytrion having received the messenger despatched only one hour or two before us. On reaching the house we were most warmly welcomed by one of the most gentlemanly and accomplished curés I have ever met. He was particularly nice to my husband and myself, whom he saw for the first time; and after we had enjoyed the luxury of washing our hot faces and hands, we had the pleasure of sitting down round a most inviting large round table covered with a cloth as white as snow, and loaded with numberless "hors d'œuvre" and bottles of most excellent wine. Monsieur le Curé, who was a tall, handsome man, took the middle of the table, and in an instant he had assigned to all his guests the places most suitable to their ages and degrees of intimacy. Then his mother, a most dignified and amiable lady, dressed in black and wearing the peasant's cap of her own village, came to see if we had everything we required, and superintended the whole dinner, but would on no account yield to our entreaties to sit down with us. Her son was most loving and deferential to her, telling us as each dish succeeded another—"My mother did this, my mother did that." Our dinner was a grand feast. As soon as he learnt that fifteen hungry

guests were on the way to the presbytère Monsieur le Curé had dispatched a boy to see if in the night any lobsters had been caught in the artful traps laid for them. There were four immense ones on the table. A plentiful supply of prawns, butter just churned, a delicious soup à l'oseille à la crême, several courses of fish (for it happened to be a fasting day, *i.e.*, a day when you may eat as much as you like, but no meat)—fish fried, fish boiled, fish "au court bouillon," fish "au gratin," fish "aux fines herbes," fish "en matelotte"; then beautiful dishes made with eggs and purées of all kinds, then custards and stewed fruit, and such a dessert as you would seldom see, the most splendid apricots, peaches, and grapes you could imagine, the macaroni cheese having preceded it, in order that we might better appreciate the flavour of his choice wines, and the dinner finished with the most exquisite cup of coffee, which I declared I would not drink unless the dear mother of Monsieur le Curé would join us. She sat between him and myself, and looked as much a lady as he was a gentleman. He had been in one of the first colleges in Brittany, and had studied three years in Rome, where he occupied a post in the Pope's household. His conversation was most interesting, and his manners were those of the most polished courtier. We were amazed at all we saw and heard. Now, I wonder what would happen if fifteen unexpected guests were to make a similar invasion upon a poor clergyman's rectory or vicarage in some little wild place in England or Wales. With the most hospitable intentions imaginable I fear the ability of the clergyman

and his wife would be sorely put to it to furnish forth a dinner even half as excellent as that we had the privilege and pleasure of consuming, although the Curé was heavily handicapped by the necessary absence of flesh meat. It will I am sure be acknowledged that this difference is entirely due to the fact that culinary knowledge is much more highly cultivated and developed on the other side of the Channel than in this country. And so my little story points its moral. (I grieve to say that since this lecture was delivered we have heard of the demise of our liberal host.)

Ris de Veau au Jus.

[Sweetbread with brown gravy.]

Put your sweetbreads in tepid water for one hour and a half, then put them in boiling water, and let them boil gently till the larding-pin passes through them without tearing; this will be in about eight minutes; then strain them and put over them a plate with a slight weight on it till they are cold, then lard them very prettily with the finest larding pin, making two rows on each side by cutting the lardoons long enough, so that they pass completely through, leaving half an inch at top and bottom.

Then put in a stewpan bits of bacon fat and lean and rind, one carrot and one onion shred, pepper and salt; lay your sweetbreads on this, put the lid on, and let it do very gently for a quarter of an hour, then turn the sweetbreads over, and when it seems a little dry add a pinch of flour, shake the stewpan, add two tablespoonfuls of very good stock and replace the lid; all this must be

done very quickly; put the stewpan on the hob and let it simmer very gently for twenty minutes, then dish your sweetbreads on a very hot dish and cover it; put one or two more spoonfuls of stock in the stewpan and shake it well over the fire, then strain the gravy over the sweetbreads; fry a few three-cornered croûtons and place them round the dish. Of course you may add small button mushrooms if you like, and slices or quarters of slightly hard eggs. This improves the appearance of the dish and makes it go further. In London sweetbreads are very dear, but in the North of England and in Scotland my experience is that they are given to you by your butcher, or sold at only a nominal price.

Charlotte Russe.

[A Russian charlotte.]

Take a plain mould and fill up the bottom with "ladies' fingers," arranging them in circles very close to one another. Line the sides in the same way, so that they may stand easily; then you fill up the mould with whipped cream, and turn it upside down when you serve it.

Inside a Charlotte Russe you may put all sorts of things similar to whipped cream, such as "Fromage fouetté" or "Bavarois" (a Bavarian whipped cream cheese), or a "crême pâtissière" (a pastry custard), or snow eggs.

TWENTY-SECOND LECTURE.

It was gratifying to hear the other day, from one of my best pupils, that she had tried with the greatest success the Timbale Milanaise. She had some friends to dinner, and she told me that her husband having expressed a wish to have everything French she had complied with his desire, and I think you will be interested to hear what her menu was. She had a Consommé à l'Impératrice, her fish was a Cabillaud à la Béchamel; she had two entrées, one dark, one white, the dark one was a Canard aux navets, and the other a Timbale Milanaise. Both of these dishes were so much admired and were such a success that all the guests asked for the receipts. To her great sorrow she was not able to comply with their request, but told them of their eventual publication in the second course of these lectures. She told me she had the best part of a pheasant in the timbale, and she used the smallest macaroni she could find. It was an omission of mine not to have told you to do so whenever you wanted the Timbale as a "plat de cérémonie." It was made in an ordinary pie-dish, and looked very nice. They were only six at table, a perfect number to enjoy a thoroughly good dinner, and also not to be a source of anxiety to the mistress of the house. The roast was a

lovely little Présalé leg of mutton treated as was that immortalised by Boileau in the line—

"Un gigot tout à l'ail, un Seigneur tout à l'ambre."

It was thought a great deal of, and its merits were very much discussed; indeed so was the rest of the dinner, and my friend told me that she had been very much amused the next day by a remark of her servant, that people never said anything when they ate English dishes, and it was so funny to hear everyone talk so much about everything, and enjoying the dishes so much.

This leg of mutton was accompanied by "Topinambours au jus," and a lovely French salad, which were very much appreciated.

The entremets were an Omelette aux confitures, and a Purée de marrons à la Chantilly. The cheeses were Roquefort and Gruyère, and the coffee was made from my receipt.

I must say I felt quite proud when she told me how successful everything had been, and how complimentary her guests were. This lady has taught her cook how to do all these things from my instructions, having first tried them herself, so that she knows well how they ought to be done.

Now although you may think this dinner an elaborate one, allow me to show you with what little trouble and expense it was prepared. First of all the potage, Consommé à l'Impératrice, was the result of the Pot-au-feu done the day before. Secondly the cabillaud, or cod-fish, was or might have been done the day before, for a

Béchamel is always better when the fish has been cooked beforehand.

Thirdly, the pheasant for the Timbale Milanaise was the remainder of a roast, and the whole timbale would be better for being made ready the day before or the morning of the dinner-party. Fourthly, the Purée de marrons was done by my friend on her breakfast table, and the whipped cream just poured over it when wanted. Fifthly, the Omelette aux confitures would be done just as the roast and vegetables came down, so that the only actual cooking operations were the Gigot de Présalé and the topinambours, which give very little trouble. If a savoury had been wanted there was the oven free for it.

You see by this what nice things can be accomplished with thorough knowledge of how the dishes are to be prepared, and how long they take to cook, and which of them can be done the day before or in the morning. Whenever I have friends to dinner I make it a point to give them French dishes, but I must own that the mixture of French and English cuisine makes a better whole for every day's fare.

This result of having attended to my humble instruction must, I think, encourage you, and you ought all to aspire to becoming members of the famous order "Cordon bleu," *i.e.*, first-rate cooks, for listen to what Mr. Owen Meredith says:—

"We may live without poetry, music and art,
We may live without conscience and live without heart,
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilised man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books, what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope, what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love, what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

And after this conviction that no man can live without dining the best thing we can do is to put down our menu:—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soupe du Roi Stanislas. [*King Stanislaus' soup.*]

POISSON.

Maquereau à la maître d'hôtel. [*Mackerel with butter and parsley.*]

ENTRÉES.

Hachis de mouton à la purée de marrons. [*Mutton minced with chestnut purée.*]

Veau en fricandeau. [*Fricandeau of veal.*]

RÔTI.

Capercailzie.

Filet de bœuf. [*Fillet of beef.*]

LÉGUMES.

Têtes de celéri au jus. [*Celery with brown gravy.*]

Pommes de terre au naturel. [*Potatoes steamed or boiled.*]

ENTREMETS.

Gâteau d'œufs à la neige. [*Snow eggs cake.*]

Tourte aux pommes. [*Apple tart.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

The potage in this menu is a soup I mentioned in my former course, and promised to give it later on. I will

now keep my promise, but before giving the receipt I consider it my duty to tell you the anecdote to which it owes its royal name.

Stanislaus Leczinki, ex-king of Poland, and father of Maria Leczinka, the Queen of Louis XV., in one of his journeys from Lunéville in Lorraine, to visit his daughter at Versailles, put up at an inn at Châlons, where he was served an onion soup so delicately and daintily made that he insisted, before proceeding on his journey, to know how it was done. Wrapped up in his dressing gown the royal gourmet came into the kitchen and desired that the chef should operate before him. You must bear in mind that kitchens abroad are never underground, they are always on the ground floor, and are very lofty and airy, looking most gay with their beautiful copper saucepans shining in brilliant rows. Daunted neither by the heat of the fire nor by the smell of the onions, which drew large tears from his eyes, the King lent the greatest attention to the proceedings, observing everything and taking notes, and when the soup was made he resumed his journey, the happy possessor of the art of making an excellent onion soup.

Now this is the exact receipt of the

Soupe du Roi Stanislas.

You take the top crust of a loaf, break it into large pieces, and just warm them on each side in front of the fire, then butter them with fresh butter and slightly toast them, then place them on a plate. Then you take

three good-sized onions cut into small pieces, and put them in a stewpan with three ounces of fresh butter, shake them all the time, and when they are of a nice golden colour put in the crust broken rather small, stirring and shaking the whole constantly until the onions are quite brown; then you add one pint and a half of boiling water, pepper and salt, and let it simmer very gently for half an hour. It would be a mistake to think the soup would be improved by using good stock intead of water; on the contrary the richness of the stock would inevitably make it lose its delicacy.

Soup Stanislas à la Dorcy.

But I must tell you of a way of improving it suggested by my father, who was a worthy disciple of Brillat-Savarin, and this was instead of pure water to use the liquor in which haricot beans had boiled. Then it is the perfection of a soup, but in this case you must call it as I have headed it.

I trust and hope you will all try this delicious soup, which can also be made equally good with Spanish onions, which are more easy of digestion than the others, and are preferable when the soup or onion sauce is not strained through a sieve. Then of course you must not use so many, for Spanish onions are much larger than the others. I tried in my former course to demonstrate the absurdity of the prejudice some people have against this useful bulb, so valuable in cooking; therefore I refer you to what I said then on the subject. I shall simply

add this little piece of information, that onions get a stronger flavour as they grow in more northern countries. To the true lover of onions of course the stronger flavour they have the better they are. Perhaps you do not know that Roscof, a small sea-port in Northern Brittany, sends ships full of onions, shalots, and garlics to this country. The soil is most favourable to their growth, and they are considered a very superior species. Remember that no cooking can possibly be made tasty without onions, and that they are among the most wholesome of vegetables.

My intention to-day is to give you several ways of dressing herrings, that very plebeian fish so seldom admitted to a late dinner in England simply because it is very plentiful and cheap. But it is high time that some one should point out the high qualities of this delicate and excellent fish, in such perfection in the beginning of the year that it would be a sin not to take advantage of it, and show our appreciation of the foresight of the Divine Providence that has spread with such wisdom in every latitude the food necessary to the inhabitants. For if we see with what profusion the Creator's hand has sown amidst the southern populations the rich and juicy fruits intended to cool their blood heated by a tropical sun, and the hot spices calculated to give a fresh impetus to their digestive organs enervated by the torrid zones, we have the palpable proofs that it has not been less liberal nor beneficent towards the hard northern peoples, for if the land refuses to grow the fruits of the southern regions the sea affords them endless resources of the highest importance, and the

ingenious and industrious inhabitants have, so to speak, only to stoop down to collect such wealth of fish that sometimes the product of the fishing has actually in great part to be used as manure. I read a most clever article the other day on herring fishing on the east coast of England, in which the author pointed this out as a great sin, showing that evidently there must be gross mismanagement somewhere. The redress of this evil does not rest with us, and yet we can do a great deal by helping forward the sale of one of the most delicate, wholesome, and nutritious of fish.

The manners of the common herring, with a green back when alive and dark blue when dead, have been the peculiar study of many naturalists, who have had great difficulty to free the subject from the marvels which the fishermen had for years spread about it. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries many stories were related and given credit to, causing superstition to attribute to the herring most extraordinary powers. For instance, in 1587 it was reported that gothic figures had been discovered on two herrings caught in the German Ocean, and Frederick II., King of Denmark, alarmed at this prodigy, consulted wise men on the subject, whose replies frightened him still more, and as he died the next year at the age of fifty-four it was asserted that his death had been announced by this extraordinary apparition. The migrations of the herrings have also been very much poetised and exaggerated by Andersen ; it has been proved, however, that like many other fish, they retire to immense depths, and come up again in great shoals when called to do so by natural laws.

No fish multiplies so extensively as the herring. There are seven females to three males, and as many as 21,000 eggs, according to some authorities, and 36,000, according to others, have been counted from only one fish. We ought to be most thankful for this stupendous fecundity, for the herring fishing brings immense wealth to England. English herrings, that is to say those fished on the English coasts, are far superior to any others. The industry is of such importance to this country that at the time when Pius VII. was obliged to leave Rome, conquered by the rebellious French, and the question of the herring fishing happening to be discussed about the same time in the English Parliament, a member observed that the Pope being turned out of Rome, Italy would very likely become Protestant. "God forbid," exclaimed another member. "What," replied the first, "would you be sorry to see good Protestants increase in number?" "No, no," said the other, "that is not it, but if there were no more Catholics what should we do with our herrings?"

So now you see it is your duty as good patriots to help forward the consumption of herrings, and if my different ways of preparing them should tempt you to eat them and induce you to have them sometimes on your table, even when you have friends (I don't mean at formal company dinners), I should consider that I have done my duty to my adopted country, a duty, indeed, I consider myself bound to perform, for she has behaved most handsomely, liberally, and generously to me, and whenever the opportunity offers to thank her sons or daughters it is from the bottom of my heart that I do so.

Now without any more delay let us proceed to our several receipts. If we are quick we may take down three or four, as they are very simple and easy.

Harengs Frais à la Maître d'Hôtel.

When scraped and cleaned broil them in buttered paper; when done on one side turn them over on the other. In the meantime prepare nice lumps of butter with parsley and spring onions (the onions are *ad libitum*) chopped up exceedingly fine; add salt and pepper; put some in a very hot dish, then take your herrings out of the paper, split them in two, put some of the butter over them, put them for just one minute in the oven, cover them with a very hot cover, and serve them very hot. They are most delicious, and now that they are so large they can be done in this way most successfully.

Harengs Frais à la Sauce Blanche.

When scraped and cleaned sprinkle some salt over them and place them over a gridiron (mind you always warm the gridiron first or else the skin would catch). Make a beautiful melted butter as I taught you in my first lecture of this second course, and pour it over the hot dish and place the herrings over it; you may add a few chopped-up capers if you like; I never do.

If you like a change make your melted butter blond, *i.e.*, slightly coloured, and put in it one teaspoonful of French mustard.

You may serve them in the same way over a tomato sauce.

Harengs Frais à la Tartare.

This is a very delicious way of cooking them, and it is considered quite nice for any dinner-party. Have your herrings filleted, and place them for several hours in a hollow dish with one spoonful of oil, as much vinegar, pepper, salt, and an onion cut into slices, and sprigs of parsley. This is called "marinade."

(Now I warn you once for all that salt must never be used when it is meat you put in the marinade, because it would draw out the gravy.) When you are ready to cook your herrings, which must have been turned on the other side for half the time, you bread-crumb them (no egg to be used), broil them, and serve them on a Tartare sauce of which this is the receipt.

Sauce à la Tartare.

Put in a basin one or two shalots, chervil, and tarragon, all chopped up very, very fine with a large spoonful of French mustard, pepper, salt, and a little vinegar. Add some oil very slowly, stirring all the time till it is nice and thick. It is served cold.

Sauce à la Ravigote.

If you prefer it hot you put some stock, no oil, one ounce of butter mixed up well with flour, and let it boil two or three minutes.

nother delicious way of cooking fresh herrings is to

make a "matelotte" of them just in the same way that I taught you in the cooking of eels.

You can also do them "au gratin," but then you must cut the heads off. It is done exactly as you proceed for "Soles au gratin," the receipt of which I gave in my first course.

I must conclude this long list of receipts, to which I might have added more so as to show you in how many nice ways this delicate fish can be served on the most aristocratic tables, with a very recherché entrée. It is called

Caisse de Laitances de Harengs Frais.

[Soft roes of herrings, in cases.]

Take the soft roes of as many herrings as you wish to cook, just dip them in boiling water with salt, drain them, put in a Limoges dish (earthenware that can stand the fire) some butter, shalot, parsley, and spring onions chopped up exceedingly fine, salt and white pepper mixed up with a very few bread-crumbs. Let this do for a few minutes in the oven, and place over it your roes, sprinkled with a slight layer of the sauce and lemon juice over it. Put it back in the oven for a few minutes. I don't think you can eat a greater delicacy. They are often served in little paper dishes, this is why they are called "en caisse." It requires to be done very briskly.

Croquettes de Riz.

[Rice rissoles.]

The other day I was much gratified by a lady telling me that her cook, who was rather an expensive one, and

whose cooking was very indifferent when she engaged her, had marvellously improved by following the instructions in "Economical French Cookery" to the letter. As an instance of her improvement she told me that she had cooked a Salmis of capercailzie for a dinner-party which had achieved the most complete success. I cannot repeat too often that there is not one single receipt in this book which I have not personally done or taught to my own cooks, and therefore not one detail has been forgotten, and if every instruction is absolutely abided by and followed, the most perfect success is absolutely assured.

The sweet dish I am going to teach you to-day has been asked for by several of my subscribers who have frequently had it in restaurants in Paris. It is excessively simple and easy to make, and is a general favourite with people fond of puddings. It has also the further advantages of being very elegant and cheap.

Put two tablespoonfuls of rice with grated lemon in cold milk with three tablespoonfuls of sugar in a pie-dish in the oven or in a saucepan over a moderate fire. If you do it on the fire you must add your milk by degrees as the rice absorbs it, and never stir it, as it would burn if you did so. This may be done the day before if you like. When cold mix it all with two whole eggs well beaten up; then put a little flour on your paste-board and form very elegant olives with it, dip them in an egg beaten up with sugar, roll them in very fine light-coloured raspings, dip them again in the egg, then roll them again in the same raspings and fry them like pancakes. As

you dish them sprinkle castor sugar over them, and serve very hot.

Gigot de Chevreuil.

[Leg of venison.]

Trim it nicely, lard it all over with thick lardoons, and put it in the same marinade as the roasted hare previously described. Keep it there as many days as you like; three days would be enough, however, if it has been hanging a long time; you must not in any case leave it more than a week. Then roast it and baste it with its marinade, which you mix with a Sauce à la chasseur. If you keep the foot you must wrap it in an oiled paper. If not you must put on a silver handle as you do for the legs of mutton, or a frill.

Sauce à la Chasseur.

Put in a stewpan two dessertspoonfuls of very good salad oil, half a shalot chopped up very fine, two or three mushrooms also chopped up but not so fine as the shalot. Leave it all on the fire for two or three minutes, then sprinkle a little flour over it, and as soon as it is brown pour by degrees half a tumbler of very good stock, stirring all the time, and half a tumbler of red wine, either claret or port. Put in a very nice bouquet, and let it simmer very gently for half an hour on the hob. When done take away the bouquet, and serve the sauce either over the roast or separately in a sauce tureen. Some people like it better if strained.

Topinambours au Blanc.

(Jerusalem artichokes with white sauce.)

Peel your Jerusalem artichokes very carefully, and make a white roux, half of it water or white stock and the other half milk. Add salt and pepper, and when it boils put in your artichokes, placing a round piece of paper over them, keep the lid on, and let them simmer very gently for three-quarters of an hour.

TWENTY-THIRD LECTURE.

I HOPE you have profited by the numerous receipts I gave you to cook fresh herrings, and I quite expect to hear of several ways having been tried successfully. Already I have been told of an ambitious lady (a very laudable ambition this is) who had them done in two different ways at her dinner to suit the different tastes of her guests. She had them "à la maître d'hotel," and with a tomato sauce. Both dishes she told me were very much appreciated, and looked very tempting.

Anything cooked "à la maître d'hôtel" always looks pretty, and so does any dish with a well-made tomato sauce, and I hope you have not forgotten the excellent receipt I gave you in the former course for the latter. I don't think English cooks need very much lecturing about making their dishes *look* pretty when there is company, but what they do not always sufficiently attend to is to have them *tasting* as well as looking nice, and this not only when there is company, but every day and at every meal. Of course I am not speaking here of professed cooks, but of ordinary "work-a-day" ones. Even when only one servant is kept we always exact that our dinner tables shall be prettily laid and the dishes well served, for as Miss Emily Faithfull says in her "Visit to America"—"There is a delicacy and refinement apper-

taining to the food you eat as much as to the clothes you wear and the books you read."

We are always very careful to tell a new servant, "Surtout, parez vos plats" ("Mind your dishes to be prettily served"). It is the duty of a good housekeeper, if she cannot afford to keep an experienced servant, to teach her inexperienced ones both how to lay the cloth prettily and how to "parer ses plats" (dish up nicely).

Before dictating the menu I must mention something about the piece of meat I told you to ask for at your butcher's, both for the Pot-au-feu and for the Roman stew or "Ragoût à la Romaine." This is called in England "the leg of mutton of beef piece." Of course I do not profess to understand how the oxen, or calves, or sheep are cut up in this country. I only know that it is quite different from the way in which it is done in France, and all I know is that whenever I wanted the piece of beef we always use for these dishes, after having described it to my butcher and shown him on the animal where it came from he told me it was called "the leg of mutton of beef piece," a very curious name certainly, but evidently what I meant, for it corresponds to the piece used in France, "un morceau du paleron." Now whenever I change my butcher, which has not been very often during the great number of years I have resided among you, I never experience any difficulty with the new butcher, who gives me without any hesitation the usual piece of beef I have been accustomed to. But the other day one of the ladies of my class feeling a little shy at asking her grand butcher for this piece of which she had never before

heard the name, I volunteered to accompany her and keep her in countenance before this redoubtable provider of hers. "Oh, yes," he said, there was such a piece, but he did not keep it in his shop, he would not know what to do with it, there was no demand for it, &c., &c., and when my friend said she would require it he said in a very grand off-hand way, "Then I must be told several days beforehand, so as to be able to procure it." "Why is it so difficult to procure?" said I. "Because it is bespoken by all the hospitals. Dr. Liebig wants so much of it for his extract of meat." "Is it not the most juicy part of the bullock?" "Yes, it is, but it is very inferior to rump steak." "I know that, but for dishes cooking a long time it is preferable to rump steak because it is much richer." Evidently Mr. Butcher did not approve of his good customer having this instead of the more expensive rump, and he put as many spokes in the wheel as he could to prevent my friend ordering it, and he succeeded, for I heard since that she was going to have the "Ragoût à la Romaine," but she used rump instead. Now she has heard that several of the ladies ordered that very same piece of beef of their several butchers, some for the "Pot-au-feu" and some for the "Ragoût à la Romaine," and it was given to them without the slightest observation, and a splendid piece of meat it is, and costs ninepence or tenpence per pound. One of them had the "vinaigrette" made the next day, and if it had been the nasty coarse meat the fine butcher said it was it would have been anything but a relish, whereas the lady tells us it was most delicious. Nor could that

delicate elaborate dish, the "Ragoût à la Romaine," be possibly made with coarse meat. I remember perfectly well that my friend who originally gave me the receipt called it by this name, for as I said I wrote the receipt from her dictation. We have found out that it is part of the shoulder; it is a large joint without any bone whatever, yielding a great deal of excellent gravy. We use it also for "à la mode beef." Rump steak would not do so well for any of these dishes because it is not so juicy.

Now we are going to write the menu for to-day.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Purée aux navets. [*Turnip purée.*]

POISSON.

Harengs frais à la Tartare et à la Ravigote. [*Fresh herrings with Tartare and Ravigote sauces.*]

ENTRÉES.

Mouton à l'Italienne. [*Mutton with macaroni and cheese.*]
Fricassée de poulet. [*Chicken fricassée quite white.*]

RÔTI.

Canards sauvages. [*Wild ducks.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre sautées. [*Small potatoes cooked whole in butter.*]
Chou frisé marin à la crême. [*Scakale with white melted butter made with cream.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pommes meringuées. [*Apples with meringue top.*]
Beignets d'ananas. [*Pine-apples fritters.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Cafe noir—Liqueurs.

I will give you to-day the receipt of the Veau en fricandeau that we had in our last menu. It is a most delicious and tasty way of dressing veal, which is generally considered in England tasteless.

Fricandeau de Veau.

Take about three ounces of fillet of veal, lard it with small bacon very closely, tie it up as thick and round as you can, put in your stewpan one or two carrots cut into slices, one onion of a moderate size with two cloves in it, a full bouquet, rinds of bacon and a few bits of lean bacon, salt and pepper. Put your veal over this; add one tumblerful of stock, place it on the fire and let it simmer very gently for three hours, being careful to turn it over when half done, and in the intervals to baste it with the gravy; it will become a beautiful golden colour. When quite done take it out, strain the gravy, skim off the fat, put it back into the stewpan, let it boil to a glaze, then pour in it a teaspoonful of potato flour dissolved in a little water, and when it has boiled one minute more paint your fricandeau all over with it. Use the rest to dress the spinach or sorrel you serve your fricandeau on. The spinach or sorrel must be chopped up very, very fine. I have found that turnip-tops in this country, when you cannot get sorrel easily, form an excellent substitute. Boil them with salt, strain very dry, chop them up very small, and put them into the saucepan with the remainder of the glazed gravy. This is the new way of cooking the fricandeau; it is more simple and perhaps saves a little

trouble, but I prefer the old way, which consists in "faire revenir" the veal in another stewpan so as to allow the watery part of it to evaporate.

Before dismissing the subject of the fricandeau I will give you a few hints as to the larding, which will apply equally to anything else requiring larding. Larding, which in French is called "piquer," and which is so general abroad, is done very little in England, in fact it is supposed to be so difficult a process that it is left almost entirely to professed cooks and poulterers. This is another of those long-established prejudices that I wish to eradicate by showing you what an easy thing it is, and how easily it may be acquired. Of course like everything else it requires practice, but the result is such an improvement to the dish that it is quite worth the trouble of learning to do it. There are things which are really not worth cooking if they are not larded, foremost of all a fricandeau or a hare. Veal is naturally insipid and dry, the question is to give it taste and richness. Nothing can answer these two purposes better than larding it. I teach larding in five minutes to all my cooks, and they all do it very well. I have never known any to object to it; on the contrary they like it, and some of them have taken great pride in doing it.

You must have at least two larding needles, one for the large lardoons and one for the small ones. Lardoons are the strips of fat of bacon which you cut perfectly square and of even lengths, and this is easily effected by cutting the piece of bacon into slices, laying them one upon another and cutting strips the required

size through. (It stands to reason that they must be larger for big pieces of meat than for poultry or game.) After having trimmed the meat you wish to lard you put one lardoon in the larding needle, and then you pass it through the meat, letting the lardoons project about the third of an inch. You try to do it as straight as possible, and place the lardoons at equal distances. Now there are two ways of larding, first superficially only, in which you bring out the point of your needle about one inch from where you started as you would do in sewing, and you pull it very gently through, keeping your finger on the projecting part of the lardoon, so that it does not break off. When you lard in this manner you do it on all sides, but the middle of the meat does not get any of the larding. I lard in the other way, which consists in cutting the lardoons long enough to go right through the meat, leaving at least a quarter of an inch at the top and at the bottom. Sometimes it happens that the meat is too thick to allow you to do this, in which case you pass the needle through, and one end of the lardoon remains inside the meat, and after you have finished the top you do the same to the under part, and so the meat is larded all through, and the flavour is perfect, particularly when it is cold. In France, where larding is very extensively practised, the pork butchers (or charcutiers) sell a particular piece of fat of bacon devoted to that operation. My butterman always cuts it for me. This is another way of making use of your excellent bacon, and I strongly advise you to make a great use of it. It is called "Bardes de lard."

As I promised last time we met I will give you the receipt of the Côtelettes à la Soubise.

The Marshal de Soubise, who has given his name to this sauce, was one of the courtiers of Louis XV., and was the only member of his court who accompanied his body to St. Denis.

Côtelettes à la Soubise.

[Mutton cutlets with onion cream.]

Trim your cutlets, or rather small chops, very carefully; take an earthenware or tin dish, melt in it half an ounce of butter and place in it your cutlets, over which you sprinkle a little salt and pepper, and place over them a piece of buttered paper. Put your dish in the oven or over a small fire; if on a small fire turn your cutlets over after ten minutes and let them do for another ten minutes, having been careful to replace the buttered paper over them. Whilst they are doing you peel one pound of ordinary onions (not Spanish ones) and cut them up small; then you put them in a saucepan with one ounce of butter and put the lid on, shaking the saucepan occasionally so that they do not burn and keep very white. When very well done you add some salt, a little white pepper, and a dessertspoonful of flour, stirring all the time and pouring in very slowly a quarter of a pint of hot milk with a piece of sugar. When it has simmered four minutes you pass it all through the sieve, put it back in the saucepan to get very hot, dish your cutlets in a circle or standing up, put one spoonful of stock or water in the dish they

have cooked in to get all the gravy out, pour it over each of the cutlets, and put the Soubise sauce either round them or in the middle.

If you like you put the gravy from the cutlets in the dish, then the Soubise, and then lay the cutlets over it. When you may wish it to be very "distinguée" you use cream instead of milk.

Choux de Bruxelles à la Française.

[Brussels sprouts in the French way.]

Trim them very carefully, that is, leave only the hard part of the sprout. Put them in boiling water with salt; do not put the lid on the saucepan, they then will remain very green. When done strain them very, very dry. If you have one pound of them put one ounce of butter in a saucepan, let it melt down, and when very hot put your Brussels sprouts in it and let them do for six or seven minutes on the side of the fire, shaking the saucepan occasionally, which you must leave uncovered.

I have seen such curious dishes in English cookery books called by the name of "La Fondue," that I consider it quite my duty not only to give its proper receipt, but also its history as our admirable Brillat Savarin relates it in his inimitable book—"La Physiologie du Goût."

"La Fondue comes from Switzerland," he says. It is neither more nor less than buttered eggs as it is meekly called in England, scrambled eggs as it is expressively called in America, more correctly "œufs brouillés" in French.

"It is a very wholesome, tempting dish, very quickly made, and therefore always ready to appear if an unexpected guest arrives. There is an amusing little story connected with it. Towards the end of the seventeenth century M. Madot was named Bishop of Belley in the Ain, and came to take possession of his diocese. Those whose duty it was to welcome him in his own palace had prepared a feast worthy of the occasion, and had made use of all the resources the cooking of the time afforded in order to celebrate his arrival in due form. Among the 'entremets' stood foremost a splendid copious 'fondue,' of which the prelate helped himself largely. But what was their astonishment to see that he ate it with a spoon instead of a fork (which had always been used before), he being mistaken by its appearance, and thinking it a custard. All the guests, astounded at this eccentricity, looked at one another with an almost imperceptible smile. Decorum, however, stopped their tongues, for everything done by a bishop coming from Paris at a dinner-table, and particularly on the first day of his arrival, could not fail to be perfectly correct. But the thing got rumoured about, and from the very next day all the folks on meeting one another asked, 'Why, do you know how our new bishop ate his "fondue" last night?' 'Of course I know, he ate it with a spoon; I had it from an eye-witness.' From the town the fact was soon transmitted to the country, and in three months' time it was publicly acknowledged in all the diocese. The most remarkable fact was that this little incident created quite a serious sensation, and nearly shook the faith of our forefathers. Some innovators

took the part of the spoon, but they were soon forgotten, and the fork triumphed; and more than a century after one of my great-uncles" (says Brillat Savarin) "was still amused by it, and told me, laughing heartily the while, how Monseigneur de Madot had once eaten some 'fondue' with a spoon!"

Surely after such a good story you must feel desirous to have the receipt of so ancient a dish, which caused so much excitement in a large diocese in the south-east of France.

Fondue.

[Scrambled eggs with cheese.]

As extracted from the papers of M. Trolly of Mondon, in the canton of Berne.

Weigh whatever number of eggs you wish to use according to the supposed number of guests. Then take a piece of Gruyère cheese weighing the third, and a piece of butter weighing the sixth part of that weight.

Break and beat up your eggs well in a basin, put in the butter and the grated cheese, a little salt and double the quantity of pepper; put a saucepan on a very clear fire with a small piece of butter in it as large as a nut; as soon as this is melted pour in your mixture and stir with a silver spoon until it is thick enough but very, very soft; serve on a dish nice and warm, and bring it quickly on the table; people must wait for it.

As I promised you some time ago I will give you the receipt of one of the dishes in one of the menus called

Gigot Braisé, ou de Sept Heures.

[A seven hours' stewed leg of mutton.]

First of all have it boned excepting the knuckle, which you have just knocked off so as to put into your handle, then tie it up into a nice shape. If too fat cut a good deal of it off, and put it in an oval iron pot or braisière with six ordinary-sized onions, four carrots cut into slices, a nice large bouquet, one clove of garlic, salt, spices (they are nutmeg and black pepper, and Jamaica pepper, a pinchful of each, and three cloves, all powdered); put in also the bones you have taken out from the leg, one large piece of rind of bacon, and one calf's foot, one tumbler full of stock or water, and one wine-glass and a half of white wine; if you have none one glass of marsala or sherry in the same quantity of water will do.

You put it on a nice fire with the lid on, and as soon as it begins to boil you remove it to the side, being very careful to put a wet cloth round the lid so that none of the steam can escape. It must simmer gently without any interruption for seven hours.

When you dish it you make a pretty pattern on the top with the carrots and onions; you remove the bouquet, the rind of bacon, and the string, also the garlic, the bones, and the calf's foot (the last you dress for supper or luncheon on the next day, having been careful to take off all the bones whilst hot). Then you skim the fat off the gravy, you pass it through the sieve and put it in a small saucepan to reduce, and pour it gently over the whole. It is a most tasty and delicious dish. Mind not

to forget to turn it over when it is half done, and mind, whatever you do, neither to let it boil nor to allow it to stop simmering for a single moment.

Pied de Veau à la Sauce Piquante.

[Calf's foot with sharp sauce.]

Remove all the bones whilst hot, put half an ounce of butter in a stewpan, half a shalot chopped up very fine, and one teaspoonful of flour, and stir till well mixed together and brown; then pour in half a tumbler of hot stock and vinegar in equal proportions, stirring all the time, add pepper and salt, and when boiling put in the calf's foot and let it simmer very gently for half an hour. Just before dishing it put in one or two gherkins chopped up very fine. (French pickled gherkins are far superior to the English, and have quite a different taste.)

Gâteau Parisien.

[Parisian cake.]

Take six eggs, a quarter of a pound of burnt almonds, and eight large macaroons. Divide the whites from the yolks and beat them up in a very thick hard snow (in a cool place), and when they can bear the weight of an egg they are sufficiently beaten. Add six tablespoonfuls of powdered lump sugar, pound in a mortar the macaroons and the burnt almonds, then mix up all these things together very well, and put them in a mould or pudding basin well covered all over with a very nice caramel or

burnt sugar. Then put it in a wide saucepan full of boiling water, and let it do for fifteen or twenty minutes, covering the saucepan or else it will not set; then turn your basin quickly upside down in a deep dish, and pour all round it a custard flavoured with vanilla made with one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs and one white, sugar, and vanilla.

Escalopes de Veau.

[French veal cutlets.]

Take one pound of fillet of veal, cut it into round pieces nicely trimmed; put in a stewpan two spoonfuls of perfect salad oil and a little salt and pepper. When quite boiling put in your pieces of veal, and let them become a very nice colour on each side, then add one dessertspoonful of very fine bread-crumbs for each piece of veal, mixed up with half a teaspoonful of parsley chopped up very fine, and if you wish to make it nicer a couple of mushrooms also chopped up small. Then put the lid on the saucepan, and after five minutes put two or three or four spoonfuls of very good stock, and let the whole do very very gently for half or three-quarters of an hour. Place the bread-crumbs at the bottom of the dish, and dress your pieces of veal over them in a circle, lapping over one another. If you like to place over each a little rolled piece of streaky bacon it may to some people prove an improvement. After you have taken everything out of the saucepan, if you rinse it well with one spoonful of

very good stock you will have a nice gravy which you will pour over the whole, and when dished squeeze a little lemon juice over each piece, unless you prefer placing it on the table without doing so in order that those who like it may help themselves to lemon juice. We often serve spinach or French beans with this dish; but what is always popular is a "Salade à la Française."

TWENTY-FOURTH LECTURE.

I HAVE heard with an immense pleasure how successfully the larding had been done both by the ladies themselves and their cooks. It improves so many dishes that it is a wonder to any French person that larding is not generally done on this side of the channel. Whenever I happen to mention the fact abroad there is a general "haro!" and then people ask: "But how do they do this? And how do they do that if there is no larding?" Then I reply that it is done only by professed cooks, or by the poulterer who naturally charges extra for it, and you should hear the lamentations of the good economical housekeepers! Now that you see how easy it is I trust it will become more generally used, and help to improve the cooking without a great increase of expense.

I will begin to-day with the menu.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage à l'Italienne. [*Italian soup.*]

POISSON.

Saumon grillé à la Japonaise. [*Grilled salmon as in Japan.*]

ENTRÉES.

Bifteck aux pommes. [*Steak and fried potatoes.*]

Noix de veau en fricandeau. [*Fricandeau.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre en robe de chambre. [*Potatoes in their jackets.*]
Chou marin frisé. [*Seakale.*]

ENTREMETS.

Gâteau Parisien. [*Parisian pudding.*]
Pouding au citron. [*Lemon pudding.*]

DESSERT.

Fromage—Café noir—Liqueurs.

It has long seemed to me strange that the sturgeon, the royal fish, is sold so cheaply in the London markets, and I have invariably received the same explanation of the fact from all the fishmongers. "It is because English people don't know how to cook it." As we value this fish very much abroad, and think it a great boon whenever we can meet with it, we don't grudge paying a high price for it, and we cook it in divers ways, each one, I believe, as good as the other. The Greeks and Romans thought highly of its flesh, but I do not think their way of cooking it would be very popular, as it was either boiled or broiled whole, and no one in modern times has ever thought of having a whole sturgeon on his table excepting that great epicure Cambacérès. He was once the happy possessor of two sturgeons, weighing respectively one hundred and sixty-two pounds and one hundred and eighty-seven pounds. The smaller one, served first, met designedly with an accident on being brought to the dinner table, and was taken away, when to the guests' delight and surprise the larger fish appeared, placed on a bed of flowers, and carried on the shoulders of four footmen

bearing torches, preceded by two chefs with their kitchen knives at their sides, and the whole procession headed by a "Swiss Guard" with his halbert in his hand.

Ovid has sung the praises of the sturgeon in Latin; in Greece it was looked on as the best item of a banquet; and formerly in England the king appropriated all that were caught. In China, also, it is reported to be the fish sacred to the Emperor's table.

Not only is the flesh of the sturgeon a most nutritious and exquisite food, but its hard roe or eggs furnish that great delicacy so much appreciated by all gourmets, the caviare, and eaten as a "hors d'œuvre" it pleasantly stimulates the appetite. The sturgeon attains marvellous proportions, frequently from twelve to fifteen feet long, and weighs as much as two hundred pounds or three hundred pounds. Yet, strange to say, its flesh is very delicate, though very compact, closely resembling veal. Some parts are said to be like beef, but as I have never tried those parts I cannot recommend them. Its flesh being so delicate may be attributed to the fact that this fish feeds exclusively on small fish and worms. It lives in all the seas, and in the spring enters the large rivers to deposit its eggs, principally the Volga, the Ural, the Danube, and the Elbe. It has been caught in the Gironde, in the Loire, and in the Thames. In the year 1800 a sturgeon weighing two hundred pounds was caught at Neuilly, near Paris, and was preserved alive for some time in the ornamental pond of Malmaison. It was ten feet long. The fishing of the sturgeon is quite an event in Russia, where the greatest preparations and

ceremonial are observed on the occasion. Two cannon shots announce the opening of the fishing, which is not without danger on account of the great strength of the fish and its countless numbers.

As I said before the sturgeon is sought after not only for its flesh but for its eggs, which are preserved in little casks after having been thoroughly cleansed in strong brine, and entirely excluded from the air. As the sturgeon is very prolific, the hard roe of one contains sometimes as many as thirty million eggs.

Now I will give you several ways of cooking this exceedingly delicate fish. (I may say, en passant, that it is from the bladder of the sturgeon that the best Russian isinglass, so useful in cookery, is made.)

Esturgeon en Fricandeau.

[Sturgeon as a Fricandeau.]

Some parts are like beef, others like veal; these latter are the most delicate. Suppose you have a nice square piece of about two pounds: you take off the skin and lard it all over with small lardoons; then you put in a stewpan one carrot cut up into slices, one onion, a full bouquet, but a very tiny bit of bayleaf, two cloves, some rinds of bacon, a little salt and pepper; then you place your sturgeon over it, and add half a tumbler of good stock. Place it on a brisk fire. As soon as you see it has been reduced to a glaze you turn your fish and add more stock, and one glass of white wine or a quarter of a wineglass of French vinegar, and as soon as it boils put it on the side with a round piece of paper over it and

the lid on, and let it simmer three-quarters of an hour if the fish is young, if not it will require one hour and a half. When done strain the gravy, put it in a little saucepan with a piece of butter as large as a walnut, well mixed with half a teaspoonful of potato flour, and let it just give one boil, stirring it all the time. Skim it, if necessary, and pour it all over the fish. It will carve exactly like veal. It is very white, and has no bones.

Esturgeon rôti.

[Roasted sturgeon.]

Another very nice way of cooking a thick piece of sturgeon is to roast it. First of all have the skin entirely removed, and then lard it well through and through. Tie it up well with a string and roast it. Put in a stewpan one onion cut up into slices, also half a carrot equally sliced, half a tumbler of very good dark stock, salt, pepper, a bouquet, and a glass and a half of sherry or marsala. Put it on a brisk fire, let it just give one boil, strain it, and baste very frequently your sturgeon with it. When your fish is nice and brown dish it, and pour the whole of the dripping over it. Serve it with a cordon of slightly browned potatoes.

Esturgeon aux Croûtons.

[Sturgeon with fried sippets.]

Always remove the skin. Cut your sturgeon into slices three-quarters of an inch thick, put them in a stewpan or sauté-pan with two ounces of butter, half a shalot, and parsley chopped up very, very fine; salt and pepper.

When they are well done on one side turn them over, and when they are well done take them out, cover them up, put in the pan a teaspoonful of potato flour with half an ounce of butter, and when nice and brown throw in it half a tumbler of red wine, or a wineglass of good stock and one of red wine. Let it boil one minute, then put in a teaspoonful of capers nicely chopped up, and pour this sauce all over your fish, trimming it with sippets done in butter.

Pâté d'Esturgeon.

[Sturgeon pie.]

Take one or two thick slices of sturgeon and lard them with preserved anchovies; put two ounces of very good butter in a stewpan, and one dessertspoonful of flour; stir till mixed up well together, and leave it quite white, or let it become slightly brown (this is a matter of taste). If quite white pour gently half a tumbler of warm milk in it, if brown use good strong stock, a little piece of mace, and a slight bouquet; and, when boiling, put in your fish and a quarter of a pint of shrimps. Let the whole simmer very gently for a quarter of an hour, then take it off the fire, prepare your crust, and put your fish and all, except the bouquet, in the pie-dish, and bake it till the crust is done.

Côtelettes d'Esturgeon en Papillotes.

[Cutlets of sturgeon in paper.]

Have some slices of sturgeon about three-quarters of an inch thick, take off the skin, cut them up into nice

oval or round pieces, put some butter (according to the number of the cutlets) in a sauté or frying-pan, let them become a nice colour, take them out: then, previously, you must have prepared a seasoning composed of one ounce of fat bacon chopped up very, very fine, a small onion, and parsley equally chopped up very small, with pepper and salt, and take pieces of kitchen paper, which you either butter or oil; then wrap up every cutlet of sturgeon, after having covered them on both sides with the seasoning. Bake them in a tin, and serve them without taking them out of the paper. They may be served with a little gravy made of butter, flour, stock, and wine in a sauce-boat; but they are delicious without any gravy.

Saumon Grillé à la Japonaise.

Take one thick slice of salmon, lay it in a deep dish with soya and half the quantity of saké or dry sherry (saké is rice spirit), and broil it on or in front of a very clear fire, turning it over constantly and basting it incessantly with the mixture, adding more soya so that it does not get at all dry. When done serve in that same gravy.

Bœuf en Mirotons.

[French boiled beef warmed up with an onion purée.]

"Miroton" comes from the Italian word "mirodone," "in a wreath."

Take eight onions or more, cut them in slices, put them in a stewpan with the fat of the Pot-au-feu or other dripping until they turn a nice brown colour. Let them do slowly,

shaking the stewpan, which must not touch the coals, or stir with a wooden spoon; add a little flour, about a teaspoonful, and stir till it has become a nice brown; add some of your Pot-au-feu liquor (hot), about a quarter of a tumblerful, a little white wine or a dash of vinegar (that is, half a small teaspoonful), salt and pepper, and let it boil gently till the onions are quite done and reduced to a purée, and no gravy is left; then put in slices of bouilli, or French boiled beef, cut nicely against the grain, about half an inch thick; these are called "Mirotons." Put the lid on, and let them simmer very, very gently for a short time, so as to allow them to take the taste of the onions.

If your meat is roast beef it must not simmer at all or for one hour, but remain in the purée for half an hour on the hob with a weight on the lid. But, as I said before, the bouilli is better adapted to this way of cooking. Arrange your mirotons in a wreath, lapping one over the other in the dish, and pour the purée over them. It must not be at all liquid, but very moist, and the onions must be quite melted.

This is a delicious dish, but not a dish for company dinners.

Now I will teach you an exceedingly nice way of cooking potatoes. You know the French do not make a point of eating their vegetables with their meat, except a few which go very well with certain meats. Therefore we cook our vegetables usually quite as a separate dish, and flavour them accordingly, so it would be a perfect heresy to eat such vegetables with meat.

The fact is the French in general have a horror of "mélanges," that is to say, mixing up two or three things together on their plates; and the small size of the plates abroad is enough to show you they are not intended to receive more than one thing at a time. These differences in different countries, which strike strangers as being very odd, have all a "raison d'être," and cease to surprise them when they take the trouble to study the customs of the country they are visiting. Whenever friends of mine come to this country for the first time they are amazed at the size of the plates, and are quite horrified at the number of different things put on them at the same time. Take, for instance, a typical English dinner, and you will have on your plate at the same time a slice of beef, a piece of Yorkshire pudding, some potatoes, one or two other vegetables, some gravy, and horseradish sauce. To French people nothing can be more distasteful than this at first, but after some stay in this country they acquire the knowledge that all these vegetables are simply boiled in pure water, and only rarely, very rarely, sprinkled with a little butter. Then they find that the best way is to eat them with the meat, so as not only to get a little flavour with them, but also to impart some to the meat. Not so with the French vegetables, which are all differently dressed, and have a flavour of their own, as you will see with this receipt I am going to describe to you. You will find it an excellent dish for luncheon, and it will prove a great favourite with the children. It is called

Pommes de Terre au Lait, ou à la Crême.

[Potatoes stewed in milk or cream.]

Cut some potatoes, about a plateful, into slices: waxy ones are preferable; in fact we have in France a sort of potatoes used for these dishes called "Vitelotte." It is a long and reddish potato, most delicious, and a medium between the waxy and the mealy ones. Put in a stew-pan two ounces of butter and one spoonful of flour; stir gently till mixed up together, mind it does not turn at all brown, then pour in by degrees a pint of cold milk (hot or cold, cold is richer) stirring all the time. As soon as it boils put in your potatoes; they must be more than covered over by the liquid. Add a little salt, and put your lid on with something heavy on it, and let the whole simmer very gently till done; half an hour will be sufficient. Five minutes before dishing sprinkle over it a teaspoonful of very finely chopped up parsley. Serve in a vegetable dish by itself. It is an entremet.

We have a great many ways of cooking potatoes, but their consumption with us is nothing compared to that in the British Isles.

I very often wonder what was eaten in its place before it was discovered; for although it was imported into Europe as far back as the fifteenth or sixteenth century it was not made a free use of in France until the very end of the last century, when Parmentier, who was the analytic chemist of the "Invalides" in Paris, made it his special study, and proved that although it belongs to a family which is most productive in poisonous plants, it

was perfectly wholesome and free from any obnoxious qualities. The scarcity of bread in 1793 made people more bold than hitherto, and a decree of the Commune ordered that all the public pleasure gardens should be devoted to the growth of this useful tuber. In consequence the broad walk of the Tuileries Gardens was planted with it, and for a long time potatoes were called royal oranges, in memory of the restoration which had subsequently caused their utility to be more generally appreciated. One of the nicest ways of eating potatoes, quite impossible, however, in this country, is to cook them embedded in the hot ashes, but of course this refers to a large French hearth where wood alone is burnt, and there is all round a nice hot bed of ashes, where numerous things can be cooked which require to be done very slowly.

Now I will tell you how to cook

Topinambours au Jus.

[Jerusalem artichokes with meat gravy.]

Put in a stewpan a small piece of very good dripping, dissolve a teaspoonful of flour with it, and let it become brown, stirring vigorously all the time; pour in by degrees a teacupful of good stock, hot or cold, with pepper and salt; put in it your artichokes, previously peeled; let them simmer till done. One quarter of an hour before they are done add one, or two, or three spoonfuls of very good meat gravy you may happen to have in your larder.

I think now you would like to have the receipt of a nice sweet "entremets." When I was a girl, and used to go and dine at my dear grandfather's, who was a true Parisian (for, except Versailles where he was married, he only once left Paris to go to Hâvre, and declared he never would be induced to do such a thing again—it is true the journey then lasted four days and three nights)—when, I say, I used to go and call upon him, he immediately took his stick and his hat, and we went together to order "un Gâteau d'amandes," in the Passage Choiseul, where the same confectionery shop still exists. I thought it so delicious that I never got tired of it, and when I was in my own ménage I still ordered it from the pastrycook, for I never thought such problems as this could be solved at home until, spurred on by a charming Breton friend, who had been brought up in a more domesticated way than myself, I tried my hand at it, and succeeded so well that from that time it became one of the items of our menus; but as we had no oven they were always sent to the baker's to be baked.

And now I will tell you my receipt, and have no doubt you will succeed better than I did at first because you are more accustomed to do pastry at home than we are in France.

Gâteau d'Amandes.

[Almond tart.]

Take three eggs, the same weight of flour, the same weight of butter, the same weight of pounded sugar, a

very little pinch of salt, some rasping of lemon or vanilla, or some orange-flower water; mix the whole together to make a nice paste, to which you add three ounces of blanched almonds pounded very fine in a mortar. Butter your tart tin, spread the paste in it, make any pattern you like on the top, put it in the oven, rather a slow one, and serve hot or cold after having sprinkled sugar over it. To obtain a light paste it is well to beat the butter and sugar to a light cream; then the eggs must be very well beaten and added to the butter and sugar, and then the flour and other ingredients gradually added, beating all the time.

When you have blanched your almonds, which you do by letting them remain a few minutes in boiling water, do not wipe them, because the moisture will prevent their oiling when you pound them.

And now I will close this second course of lectures by thanking you very warmly for the extreme attention you have all lent me during every one of these twelve lectures, and expressing to you my deeply felt gratitude at the diligence and industry with which most of you have tried all the receipts I have had so much pleasure in explaining to you. I can only repeat over and over again what I have said ever since it has been my lot to impart any of my humble knowledge, in whatever branch it may have been, to English ladies, be they experienced or inexperienced, it has always been for me a most easy task and a true labour of love, thanks, no doubt, to the uncommon aptitude and great sense of duty which most particularly characterise English women.

TWENTY-FIFTH LECTURE.

It is a great pleasure to me to address my old pupils again, and also the new pupils who are kind enough to place confidence in me, for you must know by experience that everything I have taught and written about, and shall teach and write about, I have either done myself or taught to the various cooks I have formed. It is no more than almost every French lady knows how to do herself, and I may say also almost every officer in the French army, as I will prove to you later on by a rather entertaining illustration, showing how little derogatory the art of cooking is considered in France, and I might say on the Continent generally. I have always been anxious to have a course of these lectures extending into the warm weather, because although we are then deprived of many of our autumn and winter resources, we have, on the other hand, many other things which in my previous winter lectures I could not give the receipts for, because they were either not to be had, or if so at such high prices as would have been hardly in keeping with the title of these lectures, professing as they do to teach you *economical* French cookery. I am afraid also I should have run the risk of not having every dish tried, instead of having had the pleasure of seeing them all tried, and

successfully also, by nearly every lady who followed the last course.

The menus will naturally be quite different, and offer a great variety from all the former ones, and I hope to give you other things than salmon and lamb, the two dishes which one sees appear at this season on all the tables where one is invited to dine out. Salmon is certainly a delicious fish, but it is difficult to digest, and one tires of it very soon. Consequently it is impossible to eat it often, and therefore the best thing to do for those who dine out much is never to have salmon at home, by which means only one can eat it with pleasure at friends'. As for lamb it is such an insipid meat that it was necessary to invent mint sauce to enable people to eat it. I believe the dish descends to us from the Jews; as you will remember, in the instructions for dressing the paschal lamb, there is this injunction—"and with bitter herbs shall ye eat it."

The best part of the lamb, according to my opinion, is the sweetbread, and all the inside, which is considered delicious. As it is a meat to be had during only one part of the year it is very much appreciated by good housewives as a nice variety, but not as a constant staple of the dinner of people who have worked hard during the day, either mentally or physically, for it is very little nutritious. Lamb, however, is considered very good for invalids, children, and old people, and I shall have great pleasure in teaching you many ways of cooking it. This is the menu I wish you to take down for to-day:—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage printanier. [*Spring soup.*]

POISSON.

Maquereaux à la maître d'hôtel. [*Mackerel broiled with parsley and butter.*]

ENTRÉES.

Côtelettes de mouton à la jardinière. [*Mutton chops with all kinds of vegetables.*]

Bouchées à la Reine. [*Chicken patties.*]

RÔTI.

Veau à la casserole avec cordon de pommes de terre nouvelles. [*Veal cooked in its own gravy, surrounded with new potatoes.*]

LÉGUME.

Pointes d'asperges au jus. [*Asparagus tips with meat gravy.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pouding à la Normande. [*Normandy pudding.*]

Tarte à la rhubarbe. [*Rhubarb tart.*]

Fromage Gorgonzola. [*Gorgonzola cheese.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

The fish we have in our menu (mackerel) begins to be in season in March, and is in perfection in April, May, and June. As the way in which it is cooked abroad makes it a very favourite dish I hasten to give you the receipt, so that you may enjoy it as soon as you will have an opportunity; but take my advice, never eat it out of season. Remember what I have already warned

you to do whenever you buy fish—always ask to have the gills opened, so that you may see if they are of a bright red colour and very moist. If they are so you may be confident that the fish will be fresh. If you were to see the mackerel just taken out of the sea you would understand better how bright the colours of the fish are when fresh. It seems made of azure, gold, and silver, with a most delicate pink mixed up with these. About three or four years ago a great number of mackerel had been sent to the London market, and it caused almost an epidemic, so much so that bills were posted to warn people not to eat any, and this fish was quite excluded from the hospitals. All sorts of tales went about and frightened the public very much; but the real cause was that the fish was out of season, and the weather too hot for it to be brought up to town quite fresh. So that in July, August, and September it is better not to eat mackerel, for they have lost their roes and are thin; but they are perfectly harmless after the hot weather is over.

This fish, like the herrings and the sardines, assemble in immense numbers every year, and disappear during the whole winter, it is supposed into the great depths of the northern seas. In the spring they begin their travels to temperate climates, coasting along Iceland, Scotland, and Ireland; and when in the Atlantic they divide into two bands, one of which, coasting Portugal and Spain, goes through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Mediterranean, whilst the other enters the British Channel, and goes along the shores of Holland. Indeed they disperse and spread about everywhere, for they are then to be

found in almost every sea. Their migrations have been described by Lacépède from most conscientious observations made by him in the German Ocean during several years, but other savants contest his opinion.

Now I dictate the promised receipt.

Maquereaux à la Maître d'Hôtel.

[Mackerel broiled with parsley and butter.]

Split the mackerel open at the back, and place inside it two or three little pats of butter mixed up with parsley chopped up very, very fine; and after having closed it place it in a well-buttered or oiled paper and broil it; mind the gridion is heated before you lay anything upon it, or else it sticks; when done on one side turn it on the other. In the meantime provide nice balls of butter with parsley and a very, very small spring onion chopped up very, very fine (if agreeable), salt and pepper; put three or four of these balls in a very hot dish, on which you lay your mackerel open after having removed the paper, and as many on each half of the mackerel; squeeze some lemon-juice over the whole; cover up with a hot cover, and serve very hot. Some people like more butter than others, so you may melt some with parsley in a sauce-boat.

Now I will explain to you an exceedingly nice dish of which people are generally very fond, and which helps to utilise numbers of little odds and ends, and makes a pleasant variety when you are tired of hashes and minces, and indeed makes quite a new dish. It is very easy to

make, very inexpensive, and is most tasty, savoury, and wholesome. Indeed, at this time of the year, when poultry of all sorts is so plentiful, and tomatoes are so good and cheap, it is one of the cheapest, and at the same time one of the very best entrées you can produce on the dinner or luncheon table.

Carbonades de Bœuf à la Sauce Tomate.

[French beef olives with tomato sauce.]

Take some slices of fresh beef very thin and about four inches square, and flatten them with the rolling-pin; chop up any nice little tit-bits of fowl or game, some bacon (fat and lean), a little veal, a little brain or sweet-bread if you have it, and one sausage; a little parsley, two or three mushrooms, a little onion, pepper and salt, and a tiny bit of nutmeg; bind all this together with one or two yolks of egg—one egg goes a long way—and a little cream (new milk will do just as well). Spread this nice mince over your slices of beef and roll them over, tying them up with white kitchen thread; then stew them in a nice tomato sauce, simmering very gently for one hour and a half. Mind it does not boil; should it do so it would be tough, and there would be no gravy left. When you dish them mind you pour the gravy over them. Sometimes we make only one large one, and then it is called "une Carbonade à la Flamande." Slices of underdone roast beef can be used very advantageously, but mind it does not simmer more than one hour, or else it would be tough. We serve them also with a sauce

called "Braise," which I propose to teach you on another occasion.

As I know you like me occasionally to give you the receipt of a French sweet dish, I will describe one which is done in a very short time, and generally much appreciated. We call it "tôt-fait" (soon done), which might be translated by "Hasty pudding soufflé," but it differs very much from this, being much more refined, and is a dish which can be served quite as a company pudding. In a case of emergency, on the sudden arrival of unexpected guests, a young housekeeper might exhibit her skill to immense advantage by offering them at a very short notice one of the delicious minces I taught in my last course, or a "Lapereau sauté" (young rabbit), or a "Levraut sauté" (leveret), and finish with a "Tôt-fait," which would be a little change from the everlasting stewed fruit and blanc-mange, things nice enough in themselves, but often made rather too much use of in this country.

Receipt of the "Tôt-fait."

[Hasty pudding soufflé.]

Take a little more than three-quarters of a pint of milk, boil it; take a good tablespoonful of very refined flour, or "fécule de pommes de terre" (potato flour of Groult)—this latter is much more refined; add a very little pinch of salt, with sugar to taste; mix this in a cup with a little cold milk, pour into the saucepan where the milk is boiling, stir it and let it give one boil;

pour it all out in a basin by degrees, when you have previously beaten up two yolks of eggs with a little orange-flower water, or vanilla, or grated lemon-peel, or essence of ginger, and beating it all up very briskly; whilst your milk is boiling you beat up with a whisk or a fork or a knife in a soup-plate till it is quite firm, so that you might cut it with a knife, the two whites of your eggs; then you add them to your mixture very briskly, and pour the whole in a pie-dish previously well buttered, or a deep silver dish, and put it in a rather brisk oven. If it has all been well done it will puff up very high in a few minutes, and as soon as it is of a nice colour you must have it brought on the table very quickly, so that it shall not have time to go down. The eggs must be very good or else the whites do not become firm, and the cooler the place is where they are beaten the sooner they will get into a snow.

Galettes de Riz.

[Little rice pancakes.]

What I am going to teach you now is a delicious dish which is peculiar to Brittany, and which you will not find in any cookery-book. One of the standard dishes (puddings you would call them) in Brittany is rice boiled in milk, for fasting days, and as the families there are (as in England) usually very large, it is made in an immense caldron, and generally there is a good deal left. Far from this going to waste as you might suppose, a most delicious dish is made of it, and the whole family

look forward to enjoying it on the next day, I can tell you.

Suppose you have half a pint of rice boiled in milk left (of course the best milk is always used and not a single drop of water), you beat up one or two eggs and mix them up with the rice, with one tablespoonful of sugar, and then add to this whatever quantity of flour you require to make it a little thicker than the usual batter used for pancakes. When ready you slightly butter your frying-pan, and you put in it enough of the batter to make a pancake the size of a saucer. If your frying-pan is large you can fry two or three of these at the same time, turning them over very quickly and dishing them on a hot dish, in a pile one over another, covering them with a hot plate as you place them so that the steam keeps them moist and hot. They are generally served in batches, the cook keeping up the supply as they are consumed. Whenever in my own household I have some remainder of rice pudding this is the form in which it appears at table for the second time.

As you are always very anxious to have receipts of nice soups, I am going to give you one which I invented myself a little while ago. We happened to have a bunch of turnips and some tomatoes in the house, and were rather anxious to make use of them while they were fresh; so, when my good little cook (whom I have had four years with me) asked what soup we were going to have (for, like all the French, we never begin our dinner otherwise than with soup), I looked wistfully at my turnips, then at my tomatoes, and finally said, "We

shall have turnip and tomato soup"; and as I told her how to make it, so I will now tell you. The result surpassed all expectations.

Soupe aux Navets et aux Tomates.

[Turnip and tomato soup.]

Cut up four or five turnips of medium size and one small potato, and three very red tomatoes. Chop up one onion separately, and put it in a saucepan with two or three ounces of butter; put the lid on, and let the onion do in the butter for about ten minutes; then pour in hot water, or stock if you have it, about one quart; add pepper and salt, put in your vegetables, and let them boil gently till quite soft. Then pass it all through a sieve or small colander, when you obtain a lovely purée, which you put back into the saucepan with a small piece of butter till it gives one boil. Serve it very hot in the soup tureen.

Pigeons are a very great resource abroad, and are constantly seen on a French table. They are very plentiful and cheap, very tasty, and of easy digestion. They live chiefly on grain seeds and fruit. A rather curious thing is that they are very fond of salt, which seems almost a necessity to them, and as it cannot be given to them at discretion it is usual abroad to hang in the pigeon-house a piece of salt fish, which they peck at and end by eating altogether. Tame pigeons are very nice and more plentiful than wood pigeons, called in French "pigeon ramier." These latter are larger, and when properly cooked are

better than the former; but the best of all are those of the mountains, particularly those called "palombes des Pyrénées," the game taste of which, though it differs from that of pheasant or partridge, is still delicious. Great gourmets will never eat any other sort, and I will begin with the receipt of the simplest way of cooking them, viz., roasted.

Pigeons rôtis.

[Roast pigeons.]

If you can get very young wood-pigeons so much the better; if not, take tame ones, those reared in aviaries are considered preferable to those in pigeon-houses. They must be young, just before they can feed themselves, for when they do this they grow thin and do not fatten before a whole fortnight. When young they may be cooked at once. Truss them very carefully, wrap them up each in two vine leaves, covered afterwards with "bardes de lard" (thin slices of fat of bacon). Baste them carefully while roasting with their own gravy, and dish them on a bed of watercresses, from which you have carefully removed the thick stalks. Put the gravy in a sauce-boat. When they are wood-pigeons you place them on toasts instead of on watercresses. Very fine larding is a great improvement, but this should be reserved for company dinners. They take half an hour to roast.

Although I have already taught you several "hachis," or minces, I have not exhausted my "répertoire," and I propose giving you two to-day which I am sure many of you will be very glad to try. The first is called

Hachis de Rôti de Bœuf à la Toulousaine.

[Roast beef mince à la Toulousaine.]

This is a very charming dish, quite appropriate for supper as well as luncheon, a mince of roast beef. It will be found very different from the usual English mince, which is so often unpalatable.

Chop up very fine (but not with the sausage machine) whatever quantity you may have of the remainder of a sirloin, entirely freed from skin, gristle, and nerves; also two sheep's brains slightly boiled in a little water and salt; mix it up with the beef, and add one teaspoonful of anchovy sauce or mushroom catsup, or Copenhagen sauce (in my opinion one of the best of sauces), and two or three yolks of eggs; season with salt, pepper, and a very, very little nutmeg. Make nice long thin rissoles of this mixture, roll them into very fine bread-crumbs, then into the whites of the eggs beaten up in a snow, roll them a second time in the bread-crumbs, and serve them either dry or on a rich French tomato sauce, as described on a previous occasion.

Another nice dish, and one also very economical and invaluable, seeing that it enables housekeepers to make use of their cold mutton, is called

Hachis de Mouton relevé.

[Tasty minced mutton.]

Take pieces of mutton entirely free from gristle, fat, or skin; chop them up very fine with the same quantity of roasted chestnuts also chopped up; put a teaspoonful

of flour with a quarter of an ounce of very good butter into a saucepan; when nice and brown put your mixture in it and moisten it with a little gravy or good stock, a little salt, black pepper, and a soupçon of nutmeg. Put the lid on and leave it for *one hour*, no more nor less, on the gentlest of fires; dish it with croûtons fried very dry, and, if you feel so inclined, with little patches of scrambled eggs spread all over it. For the eggs you may substitute small pieces of macaroni about one inch long, which have been previously boiled in water and salt. Should the cook be an artistic one, she will devise a pretty pattern over the mince with them without allowing them to get cold.

Compote de Pigeons.

[French stewed pigeons.]

Take one or two pigeons, put their livers back into their bodies and truss them so that their legs are inside. Put in your stewpan two ounces of butter, and when melted put in your pigeon with two ounces of fat of bacon cut into dice, and eight pickling onions or two ordinary ones. Then let the whole become a nice colour; this is what is called "faire revenir," or semi-fry, as I described before. When a nice brown take all out, leaving only the butter, and put one dessertspoonful of flour in the butter, stirring very quickly until it becomes a nice brown, being at the same time very careful not to let it burn, the great thing being never to let any coals touch the bottom of the stewpan.

As soon as the flour has turned a nice rather deep

brown pour by degrees half a pint of stock, or, if you have none, water, stirring all the time; it will hiss a great deal and the flour will seem to curd, but take no notice of this and go on steadily pouring out by degrees your stock or water, and when it boils and is very smooth put back in it the pigeons, bacon, and onions, adding a little salt, white pepper, and a bouquet, and let the whole simmer very gently for three-quarters of an hour, after having put the lid on with something heavy on it so as not to let the steam escape. When you wish it to be particularly refined you must add a glass of wine after it has simmered for half an hour. Then you place a toast cut into four at the bottom of your dish previously made very hot, and arrange your pigeons over them and pour the gravy over the whole. When it is for a dinner-party you cut the pigeons into four, and put fried sippets all round. If it is for people absurd enough (and I am sorry to say there are still many such in this country) to object to onions, take them away, and they will never know there have been any cooked in the dish, and in all cases never forget to take away the bouquet.

TWENTY-SIXTH LECTURE.

It was very gratifying to me to see at the end of the last lecture how pleased everyone seemed to be, and especially as the questions put showed how those who asked them had taken everything in, and were eager to try the dishes which had been described.

I expect to hear of a great many successes with the Maquereaux à la maître d'hotel, the Carbonades à la sauce tomate, and the Tôt-fait.

MENU.

Potage.

Julienne. [*Vegetable soup.*]

Poisson.

Bar, sauce Hollandaise. [*Bass with Dutch sauce.*]

Entrées.

Langue de bœuf à la sauce piquante. [*Fresh tongue with sharp sauce.*]

Epigrammes d'agneau aux asperges. [*Breast and cutlets of lamb with asparagus.*]

Rôti.

Cochon de lait rôti. [*Roast sucking-pig.*]

Légumes.

Pommes de terre nouvelles. [*New potatoes.*]

Salade de laitues à la Française. [*French lettuce.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pouding de Mademoiselle. [*A French bread-and-butter pudding.*]
Tarte à la rhubarbe avec crême. [*Rhubarb tart with cream.*]

FROMAGE.

Petits Gervais.

DESSERT.

Café noir—Anisette.

Now I will give you the receipts of two excellent and most economical soups, both called

SOUPES DE LA BONNE MÉNAGÈRE.

[Good housewife's soups.]

1*st receipt.*—Take the trimmings of a small piece of neck or loin of mutton, put them in the oven for about one hour in order to melt down some of the fat and bring out the osmazome (I have explained all about this in my receipt for the French Pot-au-feu). Put them in a deep saucepan with any bits of fowl or game no longer fit to be served on the table, not forgetting four or five rinds of bacon, or any bones you may have in your larder. These last must be broken as small as possible, for, as I have said before, the nutritious part they contain can exude only at the point of fracture (some people put them in a muslin bag so that they may be taken out easily). Then fill up your saucepan with cold water, and put it on a nice fire; as there is no fresh meat it does not signify if it boils quickly; but remember that when you put in it a fresh piece of meat or a rabbit

or a fowl it must always boil very slowly, even at the beginning, so as to bring out the albumen which would otherwise remain coagulated inside. As soon as it boils you must carefully skim your liquor, otherwise the albumen which forms the scum would be precipitated at the bottom, and you could never make your soup clear after that. Then put in some salt, peppercorn, one onion with three or four cloves stuck in it, a small clove of garlic unpeeled—never tell, and nobody will detect it; a bouquet composed of five or six stalks of parsley, one piece of thyme, one of wild thyme, and the fourth part of a bay-leaf; tie this all up very tightly so that you may take it out easily; put in one or two carrots cut lengthwise into four, and one or two turnips, according to size, cut into four quarters or more if very large; one leek, and a little celery if you have any by you. All these you should have prepared as soon as the meat and bones are put on the fire, so as not to waste time. (I am always bearing in mind that you probably have not many servants, and wish to economise time as well as labour and fuel.) Let all this boil together for three hours; then take half of your liquor away for the next day, put in instead a small cabbage cut up into four (not quite down to the stalk) and nicely tied up. When done take it out, cut up one quarter, not too small, and put it in the soup tureen, and pour over it your liquor, taking care to strain it through a sieve. Put some of the carrots and turnips and leeks in a soup plate, and serve at the same time as the soup, and let those who like them help themselves. When made of roasted odds and ends, the liquor is generally of a

beautiful golden colour, but if perchance it should not be so you have only to add a small quantity of a "pastille de légumes" dissolved previously in boiling water.

2nd receipt.—The next day cut up two leeks lengthwise into four, then in pieces an inch long, and put them in a stewpan with a piece of butter as large as a walnut, or some exceedingly good dripping (not mutton); put on the cover, and let them cook in this for twenty minutes, taking great care they do not stick to the bottom of the stewpan; then pour over all your liquor of the day before, taking care to stop in time so that the settlement at the bottom of the vessel may not go in; let the whole boil half an hour and dish it up. The great point is to make sure that the leeks are quite done before pouring the cold water over them, for cold liquid poured over half-done vegetables stops their cooking, and if they were to boil a whole day they would never be soft. Sometimes leeks play you the trick of not being quite soft after having been in the butter for twenty minutes and more. The best way then is to heat the liquor and pour it over them either boiling or next to it; then they are sure to do all right, unless, indeed, they are not fresh, but you would find this out when you prepare them.

Saucisses aux Choux.

[Sausages and cabbage.]

Now you will probably ask what you are to do with the remainder of your cabbage; and this is my answer: chop it up rather small, and put with it half a pound of sausages in a stewpan. (If you can get the French

sausages at Benoist's at 19, Wardour St., Coventry St., so much the better.) When they have taken a nice colour let them do together for about twenty minutes over a small fire (remember my great warning of never allowing the coals to touch the saucepan, or it would catch and burn the cabbage), carefully putting the lid on the stewpan, and occasionally tossing them about. When done dress them neatly on a flat dish, making a pattern on them with a fork; lay your sausages on them, and serve very hot, at luncheon.

A hint I wish to give you about cabbages is the following:—When cabbages are large and very hard, which they ought to be when nice, you put them in soak in fresh water and leave them for about four hours, but if you are in a hurry you simply pour over them some boiling water, and leave them in it for half an hour. It prevents their tasting strong.

Now if you will add up the money you have laid out for two excellent soups and a modest but very tasty dish for breakfast or luncheon you will see how very little it is, and how economical we have been; therefore we can afford to be a little extravagant with our pudding, and I will dictate to you the one which is in our to-day's menu. It is rather an elaborate though a very easy pudding to make, and decidedly it is a company pudding.

Viennoise aux Confitures.

[Viennese jam pudding.]

Put half a pint of very fine bread-crumbs in a basin with three tablespoonfuls of crushed lump sugar; pour

in by degrees (stirring all the time) one pint of cold milk; beat up very well two yolks of eggs with the grated rind of a lemon, mix it all up with the other things, being careful to leave none at all in the cup; add to the whole two ounces of very good butter divided into small quantities; butter well a pie or silver dish, pour the whole mixture into it, then put it in the oven and bake it lightly. Then whisk the whites of the two eggs with a little less than two ounces of castor sugar, in which you have previously squeezed the juice of one lemon.

When the pudding is cold spread over it a layer of jam, then pour over it the whisk, and bake until of a light brown. It can be eaten hot or cold. Both ways are delicious.

I will give you one of to-day's entrées, viz., the Epigrammes d'agneau aux asperges. I remember giving it to a friend of mine with whom I was staying for a grand dinner-party, and it was one of the most admired dishes, and I hear that they have it very often at the clubs; but I must add that I never saw it on any English table before my introducing it.

Poitrines, or Epigrammes, d'Agneau aux Pointes d'Asperges.

[Breast of lamb with asparagus tips.]

Take two breasts of lamb and cook them in a nice braise, that is to say, put in a stewpan two or three slices of bacon and some bits of veal or beef; put over this your breasts of lamb; add two or three carrots cut into slices, one or two onions also cut into slices, a bou-

quet, salt, pepper, and one clove; put the lid on and a weight over it, and let it do very, very gently over a very, very gentle fire for one hour. Then take the breasts out, bone them, and let them get cold under something heavy (between the lids of two stewpans is a very good way). When cold cut the breasts of lamb across in regular pieces, pointed at one end and round at the other; put a bone to each to make them look like cutlets, dip them in oiled butter, and cover them with very fine bread-crumbs or raspings all over; then put them on a gridiron and let them take a nice brown colour. If you prefer frying them like veal cutlets you may do so: we prefer the broiling process. If you want more than the two breasts you add some real cutlets, but these you do not cook in the braise. Previously you have cut the tops off as many asparagus as you can spare, about one inch long—of course you cut all the green part that is very tender—you blanch these pieces, that is, slightly cook them in boiling water with salt, leaving them a little firm; then you melt some butter in a stewpan and toss them in it. Then dish your cutlets in a nice circle (alternating the real and sham ones), put the asparagus in the middle, pouring over them a nice little meat gravy. If you have none you make some with the braise by adding three or four spoonfuls of stock, and letting it boil a little while.

This is a delicious and very pretty dish, fit for any grand dinner-party; and, as it is neither expensive nor difficult to cook, you can also have it when there is no company, especially now when asparagus is particularly

cheap. The asparagus can be replaced at other times by mushrooms, or French beans, or green peas, or tomatoes. I must not omit to tell you that this braise will be useful for something else: you may stew in it either veal or mutton. It will keep several days.

Perhaps it would interest you to know the etymology of the French name "agneau," given to the young sheep, according to the bucolic etymologists. It is a very poetical one, and comes from the Latin verb "agnoscere," to recognise, because when quite young a lamb recognises its mother. Lamb was through all antiquity, and is still, the most recherché "mets" of the East. The Greeks were very fond of it, and no feast was ever given without a whole roasted lamb being served as the most important dish. Later on, it is said that its flesh was forbidden to the Athenians. In primitive times, when exchanges were used instead of money, Abraham gave seven lambs to King Abimelech as a pledge of his alliance. Jacob, for a field he bought from the children of Hamor, gave two hundred. The custom of serving a whole lamb on Easter Day was preserved in France until the time of Louis XIV., and even of Louis XV.; and it is even done now in the great Legitimist families who have preserved the religious and aristocratic traditions of the eighteenth century.

Mutton is much appreciated in Spain, and lamb is so plentiful and so cheap that a gentleman who was living at Carion de los Condès, after having eaten nothing else for a whole month, was obliged to leave the country to eat something else! Lamb is in such discredit there

that a shepherd has the right to take three lambs every month for his own food, provided he brings back their skins to his master!

I will give you to-day a dish which is very useful, for it constitutes in itself three different dishes. It is called

Poulet aux Asperges.

[Chicken with asparagus.]

Take a fowl (it need not be very young—in fact, the very young ones are not quite so nice for this object), put it in a saucepan with a quart of cold water, with a teaspoonful of salt, one slice of celery root, and one moderate-sized leek. (Remember that the leek is one of the most wholesome things for the human body.) As soon as it boils skim it very carefully, and put it on one side of the fire. Let it simmer very, very gently until the fowl is quite tender; keep your fowl as hot as you can without getting dry; then pass the liquid through a sieve, and put it back into the saucepan, and when it boils cook in it the tips of very good asparagus, previously blanched for five minutes in boiling water and salt. When the asparagus are done you can serve them, or only a portion of them, nicely arranged round the fowl in some of the liquor, or perfectly dry, and serve separately in a sauce-boat a nice chervil sauce, or ordinary melted butter done in the French way.

Sauce au Cerfeuil.

[Chervil sauce.]

Put in a saucepan a piece of fresh butter (because it is less rich than salt butter) of the size of a nut, and

when it is melted stir in it one large teaspoonful of very refined flour; then, when it is mixed together, pour gently, stirring all the time, one-third of a pint of hot liquor of the fowl and milk (half of each) with a pinch of salt; then, when it is just nearly ready, sprinkle in it half a teaspoonful of chervil chopped up very fine, and let it boil gently with it for five minutes. If you prefer it you may pour it all over the fowl. If any of the asparagus remains cut up the green part into some pieces and put them in the broth, which will be eaten with little pieces of fried toast the next day as a very delicate soup.

I will now give you the receipt of a Bass with Dutch sauce.

Bar, Sauce Hollandaise.

[Bass with Dutch sauce.]

Suppose your bass weighs two or three pounds, tie up its head so as to keep it in good shape, and put it in a fishpan on the strainer, and cover it with cold water with a tumblerful of white French wine or two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, with salt, one onion, and a piece of celery chopped up with a bunch of parsley. Let it boil, and put it on one side, and let it simmer very gently for twenty-five minutes, simmering exceedingly gently. Take it out, and dish it surrounded with parsley, and serve it with a sauce Hollandaise in a sauce-boat.

Sauce Hollandaise Commune.

[Ordinary Dutch sauce.]

Put three yolks of eggs in a saucepan, add a dessertspoonful of flour, two ounces of butter, a little salt and

a little nutmeg. Mix up the butter, the eggs, and the flour; moisten it with a quarter of a pint of cold water, and stir over the fire until it is just on the point of boiling. The sauce must then be very smooth. Put the saucepan on the side, and put in by degrees one ounce of butter, without ceasing stirring. When it is all incorporated squeeze in the juice of a lemon. Pour it out into a very hot sauce-boat.

Another Sauce Hollandaise, more refined.

Put in a little saucepan four spoonfuls of French vinegar; reduce it to the half, take it off the fire, and two minutes after mix into it three yolks of eggs well beaten up, and a pinch of salt and pepper. Heat it for two minutes over a gentle fire, stirring it all the time. Put in then, by degrees, one ounce and a half of butter. Put the saucepan back over the fire without ceasing to stir. Take it off the fire and incorporate in it another two ounces of butter by degrees, without ceasing to stir. Put it back over a very gentle fire, or in a jar placed in boiling water. After ten minutes it will be just like cream. Serve it up very quickly.

Very likely you would wish to know what the bass is. It is a very delicate, beautiful fish, iron-grey in colour, with a very white stomach and an exceedingly delicate flesh. It is thought a great deal of on the Continent, and still more in the United States, where there is a species superior to that caught in Normandy, Brittany, and the Mediterranean. It is the labrax of the Greeks

and the lupus of the Romans, by whom it was very much appreciated, and where it commanded extraordinary prices. It is called also wolf-fish, because of its extreme voracity.

It is related that a few days after the arrival of the Emperor Tiberius in Capri, where he was seeking solitude, a fisherman suddenly brought him a large bass or lupus. Tiberius—infuriated at the audacity of the fisherman, who had come to him from the back of the island, climbing very steep rocks—ordered that he should have his face rubbed all over with the fish. The poor man then congratulated himself at not having presented the emperor with a large lobster he had also caught. Hearing this, Tiberius ordered that his face should undergo the same operation with the crustacean full of prickles!

Abroad we make a soup very similar to your Palestine soup, but much more simple and inexpensive, which we call Soupe aux topinambours [Jerusalem artichoke soup], considered exceedingly good, and I propose to give you the receipt of it to-day.

Soupe aux Topinambours.

[Jerusalem artichoke soup.]

Take one pound and a half of Jerusalem artichokes and one pint and a half of new milk. Scrape the artichokes very carefully, cut them up, and boil them in the milk with a little salt and white pepper. When quite soft pass them through a sieve; then put half an ounce of butter in the stewpan, and put the whole to simmer

together for a quarter of an hour. If you wish to make your soup more refined you may add half a quarter of a pint of cream, or half an ounce of fresh butter, just before dishing it. Previously you have prepared some very nice small croûtons fried in butter, crisp outside, soft inside, and put them in the soup tureen before pouring the soup into it.

Now I will give you the receipt of a dish very common in France, and very much appreciated by all English people when they have the chance of eating it. It is exceedingly simple, and easily done. It can be done with a large or small piece of veal, and it has the double advantage of forming either an entrée or a roast. The dish looks like roast veal, but it has the immense superiority of being very much pleasanter to the taste. It is called

Veau à la Casserole, ou Veau dans son Jus.

[Veal cooked in a stewpan in its own gravy.]

Take whatever piece of veal you prefer, either a piece of the fillet, or of the shoulder, or the piece called the oyster. Give it a very nice shape by using skewers and tying it with a string; then lard it all over with medium lardoons. (The oyster piece does not require this because it is not a dry or lean part.) Then, supposing your veal weighs about three pounds, put three ounces of butter in a nice enamelled stewpan, and as soon as it is melted (mind it does not touch the coals) put your veal in it without putting the lid on, and let it take a very nice

brown colour on all the sides. It must be done on a gentle fire, like all French cooking, so that the osmazome is gently coaxed out and gives a nice appearance to the meat, and a nice taste to the gravy. When it is nicely browned all over, then you put in a little salt, some pepper, and a tiny bit of bayleaf. You add one spoonful of stock if you have any, of water if you have none. Then you put the lid on, and leave it on a very gentle fire for two or three hours, according to the size of the meat. When done you dish your meat on a very hot dish; you take the fat off your gravy (skim it) and pour three spoonfuls of hot stock in the stewpan, so as to clear all the glaze out over the fire, and pour this nice gravy all over the veal, and then it is served as a roast.

If you wish to serve it as an entrée you thicken your gravy with a little fécule or potato flour, and serve it on spinach or with a tomato sauce. If you serve it as an entrée you call your dish "Veau à la casserole," if as a roast you call it "Veau dans son jus," and serve round it a string of new potatoes, just slightly browned in butter.

This way of cooking veal is exceedingly nice, as it makes it very tasty.

The dish is very good served hot, and almost better cold.

TWENTY-SEVENTH LECTURE.

It was very instructive to hear of the divers failures of the receipts of last week, and I am glad to be able to point out their remedies. So we learn that skimmed milk must not be used for the soufflé pudding; that it must be put into the oven the moment it is mixed up; and that if you wish it to be a little more substantial you must add a little more flour; also that it is rather risqué to trust a new dish with a new sauce to a new cook. We have also learnt that if the meat was tough in the carbonades it was the fault of the butcher or of the cooking, but not of the receipt, for in the other cases it proved to be perfectly tender. So we must hope that the next attempts will prove very successful to every one.

Now let us write the menu.

MENU.

Potage.

Potage aux tomates et aux navets. [*Tomato and turnip soup.*]

Relevé.

Rougets à la maître d'hôtel. [*Red mullet with parsley and butter.*]

Entrée.

Navarin. [*French haricot.*]

Rôti.

Faisans farcis. [*Stuffed pheasants.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre sautées. [*Potatoes tossed in butter.*]
Choux-fleurs au gratin. [*Cauliflowers au gratin.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pouding à la Normande. [*Normandy pudding.*]
Petits poudings aux raisins de Corinthe. [*Cup puddings with currants.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

I promised you in one of my last lectures an illustration of the culinary talents of the French officers, and I am now going to keep my promise.

It was in Normandy many years ago, when the word "pique nique" was not yet known, and we used to call these gatherings "parties de campagne." My father and several friends had arranged this one among themselves, and a nice farm near a very pretty village, called Montivilliers, had been fixed upon as the locality. It was ten or twelve miles from Hâvre-de-Grâce, and the party drove joyfully to the appointed place. We carried most of our provisions with us, but the cooking talents of the farmer's wife had been very much depended on. You may, therefore, imagine the dismay of the projectors of the "partie de campagne" when they were told that the poor woman had met with an accident which absolutely prevented her from leaving her bed. The dismay was soon dispelled however, by the two smartest gentlemen of the party—smart they were, for besides being very clever, both wore the brilliant uniforms of captains in a regiment of Chas-

seurs d'Afrique (for French officers are seldom and were never in those days allowed to appear in public out of regimentals). They both belonged to the Faubourg St. Germain, but, with all the alacrity and cheerfulness which characterise the French nation, they pledged themselves, if the ladies would help them, that they would serve us an excellent dinner, such as could be expected only at one of the best restaurants in Paris. No sooner said than done. The ladies went to the farm and decked themselves out with beautiful large white aprons with bibs, tucked up their sleeves, and were ready to obey the orders of the two improvised chefs, who also had donned white aprons, and had returned from the farmyard bringing in each hand a large fowl and a duck. With some contrivance known to troopers accustomed to find their food at the point of the sword, they had killed the birds (which were young) so as to make them eat very tender, and in a very short time, whilst a clever fire was lighted in an improvised brick or stone stove, they plucked and trussed them, stewed the chickens and roasted the ducks most cleverly, which formed the "pièces de resistance." In the meantime vegetables had been prepared and cooked, a delicious sorrel soup with cream and eggs, such as you can get only in French farms, had been doing gently on the hearth, crisp and fresh salads were abundant, that a large supply of "brie" cheese and fresh butter with tasty, very dark brown bread satisfied the appetite of those who had still some corners to fill, and finally a plethora of fruit of all denominations formed with some whipped cream a most enviable dessert. I forgot to say that

during the cooking of all the divers viands the unoccupied hands had made themselves very busy in fishing, and their sport had produced two immense dishes of splendid gudgeons, also fried by our two gallant officers, who also did not forget that no good dinner can be complete without a strong cup of "café noir." Some of the ladies had helped the fishermen, others had volunteered to lay the cloth, an immense table having been manufactured with some planks on trestles in the open air on a beautiful grass plot by the pretty river. Some bottles of champagne had cleared the throats of all the guests, who, according to ancient fashion in merry Gaul, had paid their tribute by singing those witty songs which, alas! are never heard now. A general toast was proposed for the two clever and amiable officers who had improvised such a successful banquet, and I leave you to judge how heartily it was responded to. And so ended the most delightful pic-nic dinner it has ever been my lot to be at. This was not all, however; some gentlemen had provided themselves with musical instruments, and, after a thorough rest in the wood or by the banks of the river, they produced them and played the first bars of a favourite waltz. Although taken by surprise the groups were soon formed, and the dancing lasted till the stars and the moonlight made it wise to return home.

You must admit with me that if a party of English gentlemen and ladies had met with such a mishap it would not have been turned into so triumphant a success. Not only on such occasions as this are culinary talents highly serviceable, but above all when men are

campaigning, and do not know after a hard day's work what they may have to eat, with a true genius for cookery the smallest thing may be turned to account and produce a palatable dish for several hungry men, which had it fallen into ignorant hands would have been deemed perfectly useless. These are the resources I am anxious to point out to you, so that by being familiarised with them you may have your eyes open and put a check on the excessive waste of your cooks, which helps so much to empty your purses whilst it fills theirs and those of the purveyors. But what is to be done if you, the independent mistresses of either a large or small staff of servants, willingly and meekly consent to renounce your independence in their favour by admitting that you are afraid of them. It is amazing, but too true.

Now let us quickly proceed to discuss the receipt of the

Civet de Lièvre.

[A jugged hare in the French way.]

(Whenever we have a hare in France we generally roast the back part and make a civet of the rest. If you wish it I will tell you on another occasion how to roast a hare; to-day we must be satisfied with the civet, which is a very favourite dish with us.)

Put in an enamelled stewpan a quarter of a pound of bacon, more fat than lean, cut into dice, with one ounce of butter. As soon as it is slightly brown take it out and put instead fifteen or twenty tiny onions; as soon as they are of a nice golden colour take them out and put in

another ounce of butter, and the hare cut up into nice pieces; as soon as they are all semi-fried sprinkle all over them a dessertspoonful of flour; when this is brown pour by degrees half a tumbler of hot stock or water; put back your bacon and onions, also a full bouquet, mushrooms if you have them; then cover the whole with half a tumblerful of claret and more stock or water, and let it start off at a boil for five minutes to reduce the gravy. Let it simmer for an hour and a half. Then add to it the liver, which you have mixed up with the blood that was in the chest of the hare. After you have put this in the stewpan let the whole simmer for ten minutes more. Take the bouquet out, and dish the hare nicely, having put four pieces of toast at the bottom, pour the gravy over it, and send it up very hot. If your gravy is a little too thick pour a little hot stock in it; if it is too thin take all your hare out, cover it, and let the sauce boil hard for a few minutes; but of course that must be seen to before dishing up.

Now we must conclude with a receipt a member of the class has asked me to give to-day.

It is how to do

Choux-fleurs au Gratin.

[Cauliflowers au gratin.]

Boil one or two cauliflowers whole, or cut into pieces, in plenty of hot water and a little salt (once for all, never forget that fresh vegetables are always boiled in hot water, and dried ones in cold water). Do not cover the

saucepan, so as to keep them very white. Whilst they are boiling butter a dish, melt some butter in a gallipot (in hot water is the best way). Grate some cheese, half Gruyère, half Parmesan, about one tablespoonful of each for one moderately-sized cauliflower; and prepare some very, very fine bread-crumbs (raspings). As soon as the cauliflowers give way under your finger they are done. Strain them, and place them in a round heap in the buttered dish, and cover them with some of the melted butter. Then sprinkle all over all the cheese, being careful to let every bit of the cauliflowers get some; then pour over them a little more butter, and sprinkle over the whole the bread-crumbs, which you finally moisten with a little more clear butter. Then put it in the oven till slightly brown, and serve in the dish in which they have been baked.

The liquor in which they have boiled must be carefully saved, as with it you can make the next day the delicious brown Soubise soup.

As you asked me the other day to give you some receipts for cooking asparagus I have prepared some to-day, but I will begin by giving you some information about this vegetable which may help you, as it has always helped me and my countrywomen, in the choice of them. According to the quality they have in their shops, the greengrocers tell you this one or that one is the best, assuring you, as a convincing proof, it is the one they eat themselves. But at some other times it is no longer the long thin green one which is the best; no, it is the one with the purple tips, and again another day it will be

the perfectly white ones that are the very best, and so on, according to the kind they happen to have.

Asparagus have become so plentiful of late years and so cheap that they form now one of the standard dishes of vegetables as long as they last. Formerly, this vegetable was quite a rarity in this country, and asparagus were served as sparingly as oysters. There are three kinds of asparagus : the white, the violet, and the green. The white variety is earlier than the others, and contains very little substance, but has a very nice taste. It was originally grown in Holland and Belgium, and that of Marchiennes, near Douai, in the department of the Nord, had great fame. The violet is the largest and the most substantial : it is the asparagus *par excellence*, which came from Ulm on the Danube in Würtemberg, and also from Poland. The green is not so large, but you eat nearly all of it, and it has a very nice flavour.

Agriculture has now made such progress that these three sorts of asparagus are cultivated almost everywhere, and their being white, violet, or green depends entirely on the preparation of the soil they are grown in. The white variety belongs, however, more generally to France, and for a long time was the most cultivated because it could be obtained in the very early spring. The author of "La Physiologie du Goût," Brillat-Savarin, relates that passing through the Palais Royal one fine February day, he stopped before the splendid shop of "primeurs" of Mme. Chevet, and noting a bundle of asparagus, the smallest of which was as large as his forefinger, he enquired what the price was. "Forty francs,"

was the answer. "They are splendid, but at such a price only the king or the princes can eat them." "You are mistaken: they like nice things in the king's palace, but not magnificent ones. But I shall not keep my bundle of asparagus long. There are now in Paris three or four hundred rich men detained indoors by the gout, or colds, or other complaints which do not prevent their eating, and after having raked out their brains to know what to eat they send their housekeepers or cooks to see what I have, and when they hear of these asparagus they will quickly send for them, or else a newly-married pretty lady will say to her husband, 'Oh! dear, what nice asparagus! let us buy them.' Or there will be some bet, or a christening, or the funds will get suddenly high. What do I know, in short! very dear things get sold in Paris much more quickly than others." As she spoke two English gentlemen walking arm-in-arm stopped, admired the "botte d'asperges," had it wrapped up before enquiring the price, paid for it and carried it off. "There, you see, sir," said Mme. Chevet, laughing, "there is a chance as common as the others which I had not thought of."

Fontenelle, the most universally informed man of his age, author of "The Plurality of Worlds," and "Dialogues of the Dead," and who lived a little over a hundred years (from 1657 to 1757), was very fond of asparagus, particularly when served cold with oil and vinegar. The Abbé Terrasson, on the contrary, who liked them hot with butter only, having come to dine with him unexpectedly, Fontenelle told him he was going to make a great sacri-

fice in giving him half his dish of asparagus, and accordingly ordered that half to be done with butter. Just a little while before sitting down to dinner the Abbé felt suddenly ill, and in a few minutes had an apoplectic fit. Thereupon Fontenelle hurried quickly to the kitchen and called out to the cook, "All with oil and vinegar now."

Now I will begin with the several ways of cooking this elegant and aristocratic vegetable, which I must say is generally eaten so uncomfortably and with so much waste in England. At the risk of exciting the surprise of my English amphitryons, I must confess that I should never think of eating asparagus otherwise than with my fingers, and if people would adopt our plan of having the finger glasses all dinner-time, it would make it much more comfortable. Also, asparagus ought to be served by themselves, not with meat.

Asperges en Branches à la Sauce Blanche.

[Boiled asparagus with French melted butter.]

First of all I advise you when you engage a new cook to ask her how she cooks her asparagus, for a friend of mine had a very melancholy experience the other day in this regard. Her husband had brought home a large bundle of splendid asparagus, and of course though he had been prompted by the wish to be very gallant to his better-half, he also contemplated the pleasure of feasting on the nice vegetable; and when the dinner-hour drew near it was with unusual impatience that he awaited the happy

announcement, "Dinner is on the table." But no; the happy hour had passed, and no summons was heard. "Is your clock fast?" said he with a little touch of bitterness, knowing well it was anything but fast, for he had twice impatiently consulted his watch, a watch that never went wrong, for it was an heirloom of high degree. "No," said his gentle wife, "I am afraid it is the dinner that is late." An ominous pause followed, that pause which we all know so well, for however regular we may pique ourselves on being, our most methodical and careful arrangements are often upset by our menials. "It is twenty minutes past seven," was the next remark, made with a sour-sweet smile. "Something must have happened," she said, and she rang the bell. When she asked why the dinner was delayed she was told the asparagus was not done. So the husband armed himself with patience, and the wife tried to divert his thoughts, but what can divert the thoughts of a man who has looked forward not only to his dinner but to a special treat, and that, too, provided by himself? They waited a long time, and at length she went down to the kitchen, and was told that although the asparagus had been boiling hard for one hour and a half it was as hard as wood. She asked to look at it, and the sight she beheld I do not think you can possibly guess. There they all were *decapitated*, their beautiful green tops two or three inches long were thrown away in the sink, whilst their uneatable bodies were still boiling as hard as possible! The lady heaved a deep sigh, thinking of the disappointment of her husband, but said very little to her stupid cook, who

assured her, however, that when she was a parlour-maid she had often seen people at table first cut off the green, which they left on their plates, and then eat the white part with their fingers; and going up-stairs she said quietly that the asparagus were not done enough, and they would have them the next day. And they *had* them the next day, looking most inviting and eating deliciously, her husband never suspecting the momentary anguish she had suffered when picturing the annoyance he was about to experience owing to the crass ignorance and stupidity of their cook.

So now to our receipt :—

After having washed and scraped the asparagus, and cut them the same length, you cook them so that they are crisp in boiling water and salt, and serve them very hot on a folded napkin. Serve with them a "Sauce blanche" as I have taught you.

Asperges au Beurre.

[Asparagus done in butter.]

Boil the asparagus as explained above, put in a stew-pan one dessertspoonful of flour mixed up with a little water, salt, pepper, and a very little nutmeg; and when the flour has cooked for five minutes wet it with some asparagus liquor. Then beat up two yolks of eggs and two ounces of fresh butter, pour all this gently in the same, but do not let it boil in the least or the eggs would curd. Strain it if not very smooth, add two tea-spoonfuls of lemon juice and serve up.

Asperges à la Audot.

[Asparagus with meat gravy.]

Cook them as before, and serve them with the gravy of "Veau à la casserole," or the natural gravy of roast beef. You will find them excellent, and a nice change to melted butter.

Asperges en Petits Pois.

[Asparagus done as green peas.]

You use the smallest, and you cut up all the tender part into small pieces the size of peas; you boil them ten minutes in boiling water with salt just enough to cover them, you drain them quickly, toss them in a stewpan for a few minutes with two ounces of fresh butter, with a little salt, a little pepper, parsley and chervil chopped up exceedingly fine, and serve up.

Asperges à la Crême.

[Asparagus with cream.]

Cut the good part of your asparagus an inch long, and boil them slightly in salt water as usual. Put some butter in a stewpan, toss the asparagus in it for five minutes, then sprinkle a very little flour, salt, and pepper, moisten with good milk or cream, stir gently, and serve up very hot.

I will conclude this long lecture with an exceedingly nice dish made with eggs and asparagus, which we call

Œufs Brouillés aux Pointes d'Asperges,

and which can be translated by "Scrambled or buttered eggs with tips of asparagus."

Take advantage of a day when you happen to have chicken broth in the larder; beat up six eggs slightly with pepper and salt, and the green tips of asparagus which you have boiled for a few minutes in hot water and salt; add also four tablespoonfuls of strong chicken broth; put three ounces of fresh butter in your stewpan, and when melted pour your eggs in and stir with a spoon all the time. It is done when it is all well amalgamated together, but it must remain very moist and soft. Dish up, and surround the dish with prettily-cut croûtons or sippets well fried in butter.

This is an entremets of the savoury kind.

TWENTY-EIGHTH LECTURE.

THAT the Soupe de la bonne ménagère should have been rather poor in some cases, though still tasting very nice, shows at once what the remedy must be, viz., a little less water or a little more boiling, which will bring it to perfection next time.

Many ladies ask me to give them the exact proportions, but for all these French contrivances this is perfectly impossible, because the quantity of water depends entirely upon the quantity of meat and the different materials used. When we use fresh meat, which is to be eaten as in the Pot-au-feu, the proportion of meat is three pounds of meat to three quarts of water. Let this be a sort of guide.

As to some tomato sauce having been a little thin, I must refer you to my former instructions for the remedy.

I consider the breaking of the backbone of the Mackerel à la maître d'hotel a very little mishap; I should advise the ladies to whom it happened either to take away the backbone before cooking or not to do it at all. We think that doing so before cooking the fish may unshape it, but a lady whose cook treated it in that way told me that it was quite perfect.

I was very glad to hear of a lady's great success with the "Veau à la casserole," and I hope to hear more to-

day. Strange to say, as we were staying in the country at a friend's house, she happened to tell me in the course of conversation that when she was in France she used frequently to eat a very nice dish called "Veau à la casserole," and she could not imagine how it was cooked. She is an excellent housekeeper, and is very anxious to give a great variety of viands to her visitors at breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, which, with regard to the first meal, I must say is rather trying. The French, not thinking anything of the first breakfast, never trouble about varying it. The only thing we do abroad is to ask people the previous evening what they generally take the first thing in the morning, and then either tea, coffee, or chocolate (as the case may be) is taken up to the bedrooms of the guests with a buttered hot roll, and they are not expected to appear before the real breakfast, which varies from ten to twelve o'clock according to the occupations of the gentlemen. It is a great convenience, and I remember whilst reading the letters of Julius and Madame Mohl I was quite amused at her being much put out by having to be down quite dressed by half-past eight when she was visiting her friends in England.

My friend remembered that I disliked lamb, and took good care not to let me have any, so we were saved that disagreeable. But we did not escape the inevitable salmon, which I was sorry to hear she does not appreciate any more than I do. However, as there was some left the next day, and she had a new cook who was rather at a loss how to warm it up, I taught her how to make a nice "Béchamel" which was a great success,

though we had no shrimps, which always ought to be used with salmon when warmed up.

I am going to give you the menu.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Soubise blanche. [*White Soubise soup.*]

RELEVÉ.

Barbue à la sauce au homard. [*Brill with lobster sauce.*]

ENTRÉE.

Salmis de faisan. [*Salmi of pheasant.*]

RÔTI.

Selle de mouton à la gelée de groseille. [*Saddle of mutton and currant jelly.*]

LÉGUMES.

Navets au jus. [*Turnips with meat gravy.*]

Pommes de terre au naturel. [*Boiled or steamed potatoes.*]

ENTREMETS.

Galettes de riz. [*Breton rice pancakes.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

As I have been most particularly requested by a lady to give a receipt for cooking turnips as she had eaten them abroad, I will begin at once with this vegetable.

NAVETS AU JUS..

[Turnips with meat gravy.]

Cut up four medium-sized turnips into quarters about three-quarters of an inch thick, put two or three ounces

of butter in a saucepan, and fry your turnips in it till they are a nice light brown. As you put them in sprinkle them very lightly with half a teaspoonful of castor sugar. When brown sprinkle them over with a little flour, cover them with very rich good stock and as much meat gravy as you can spare; add pepper and salt, put the lid on and let it simmer gently for one hour, or less or more according to the quality of the turnips.

Now to show you what wonderful soups these Soubise soups are, I must relate to you what one of my earliest subscribers told me happened during a visit she paid lately to an uncle of hers who is a rector in Gloucestershire. She had taken one of my little books to present to his elder daughter, who is a very good housekeeper, and takes a great interest in the cooking department. This cousin of my friend's, without telling anybody anything, had the Soubise blanche served at dinner, and everyone exclaimed what a delicious soup it was; the rector saying with a little jocose tone to his London guests (not suspecting in the least that his London niece had brought the receipt with her), "That is how we do it in the country with our resources, our cream, &c., for of course you could not get such a soup as this without an abundance of cream." "And plenty of chicken broth, too," said the other daughter, who is devoted to fine arts, and therefore takes no interest whatever in the housekeeping. "Yes, one can taste it," added somebody; and the soup was very much appreciated. I leave you to guess who laughed in their sleeves; for, as you know, this soup contains neither cream nor chicken broth!

The next day the Soubise brune was served, and it was introduced as the receipt Cousin Fanny had brought with her. The rector, who is evidently an appreciator of good cuisine, declared it excellent, and certainly superior to the Soubise blanche, because, said he, "it is so nutritious you could taste the meat in it, and of course it was a very expensive soup; we poor rectors cannot afford such soups often." "That is the soup Mrs. So and-So ought to take every day; how it would strengthen her!" "Why," added the artistic daughter, "it is not difficult to make good soups with such a lot of meat as has been required to make this one."

I know who again laughed in their sleeves, for you also know that no meat whatever was used here; but neither of the ladies divulged the secret; and if you will try both soups I have no doubt you will meet with equal success.

I propose to give you to-day the receipt of an exceedingly nice dish called "Bœuf à la mode." "A la mode beef" is the translation of it, but I think when you have tried the French dish you will find it very different from its English namesake.

Bœuf à la Mode.

[French à la mode beef.]

Take about three pounds of beef (the leg of mutton of beef piece, without any bones and with very little fat), tie it up tightly in as round and thick a shape as you

can, and lard it with thick lardoons of bacon. This process I have t ught you at great length. Put it in a stewpan with three ounces of butter, closing very hermetically; then sprinkle a little flour with the flour dredger (about a small dessertspoonful) over your beef; pour in one tumblerful of water; add pepper and salt, two onions —one with two cloves in it, and the other with a small clove of garlic, *unpeeled;* a full bouquet, and about six carrots cut into rather thin slices. If you have some veal bones break them and put them in, it will help to give more consistency to your gravy, which you will find quite in a jelly the next day. If you have no veal bones at home tell your butcher to send you one, and if he charges you for it he will be a very stingy man; or if you are too proud to take it without paying, twopence will be ample to give. Now that you have put all this in your stewpan put the lid on with something heavy on it, and place it over a very slow fire, always being very watchful that no coals touch the bottom of the stewpan. As soon as you see the steam issuing put a wet cloth all round the lid, and let it simmer gently for four or five hours. I say *simmer*, not boil. After it has been on the fire two or three hours turn the beef over, and be as quick as you can so as not to allow too much of the steam to escape. When it is dished the string, bouquet, veal bones and garlic must be removed. All the carrots are to be nicely arranged round the beef and the gravy poured all over. We generally save some of the gravy for the next day, and if the cook is a knowing one she will pour a little stock, if she has any, or a little water into her stewpan,

and stir down all the gravy that has remained round it; just give it a little boil of one or two minutes, and mix it up with what has been saved. Skim the fat off, and send it up very hot, keeping the cover over the dish for the second help.

This dish is excellent hot with the carrots, and delicious cold without any carrots. If you cannot possibly have your piece of beef larded (which, however, will be a pity) the next best thing to do is to take some slices of bacon fat and interpolate them cleverly with your beef.

If you follow exactly all my instructions you will have a most delicious joint, perfectly tender, and participating in all the different flavours extracted slowly from all the adjuncts with which it has been cooking all the time, and these so blended together that no one of them will predominate, an axiom which I have tried to impress upon my pupils ever since I have instituted these lectures.

As you will perceive as we get on, the object of these lectures is not to teach you how to make some pretty little savoury dishes and puddings, all very good in themselves and exceedingly useful to fill up a vacuum either at a luncheon or a late dinner, but perfectly inadequate to produce a satisfactory meal either early or late. No, although we have met only three or four times, I think most of the ladies who have diligently tried all the dishes described are now able not only to teach their cooks, but also in cases of emergency to make themselves independent of those officials. This is one of the three chief objects of these lectures.

Have always present to your minds that this indepen-

dence is only to be obtained by acquiring the knowledge, the absence of which places you, as it were, in their nands. But what is to be done if you, the independent mistresses of either a large or small staff of servants, willingly and meekly consent to renounce that independence in their favour by admitting that you are afraid of them ?

It is amazing, but too true. Only the other day a lady friend of mine called. She is tall, of commanding appearance, and middle-aged ; no one would ever suspect her of being easily frightened ; and yet she told me, and this before a friend who happened to call and is here now, when I asked her if her cook had tried any of my dishes, that she did not dare ask her to do so ; and when I asked her if she was a good cook : "No," she said, "very bad, and such a temper that I dare not say a word to her ; but I have had her twelve years, and will put up with anything. It is just the same with my housemaid, whom I have had seven years. They are sisters, and if I said anything to either they would both leave me, and then where should I be ?"

And this is said and done by a lady in the enjoyment of all her faculties, both mental and physical. Do the ladies who follow such a course consider the inevitable effect of it ? Is it not giving to these uneducated people a power which in time they must abuse ? How they must laugh among themselves ; and how this undue influence conceded to them must help the seeds of communism and socialism to fructify ! I am bound to say I do not believe such a case could have a parallel in France unless the mistress of the house were somewhat demented.

This lady is a martyr to indigestion, and I have no doubt it has been slowly brought on by consuming food imperfectly and unscientifically cooked. Her inability to correct or redress the shortcomings of her cooks places her entirely at their beck and call.

Now I will give you the receipt of a very nice way of utilising scollops, which are so abundant in this country, and which are considered by many to be indigestible, simply because the proper way of cooking them is not generally understood.

Vol-au-vent (ou Tourte) de Coquilles de St. Jacques de Compostelle.

[Scollop pie.]

Make a white roux. This is done by melting in your enamelled stewpan (for this dish) three ounces of butter, and mixing with it one dessertspoonful of flour; stir all the time, do not let it become in the least brown. As soon as it is well melted together pour gently by degrees, stirring all the time, half a pint of good milk either hot or cold; when well mixed together add a little salt, white pepper, a soupçon of cayenne if you like it (we never do), a small blade of mace; and when boiling put in twelve scollops; mind they have nice yellow roes; put over it a round piece of paper, then the lid with a weight on it, and let it simmer very gently for half an hour. Take it off the fire, empty the whole into a dish to get cold, taking out the blade of mace; then make a very light puff paste, as for an ordinary pie, in a small

deep dish ; put in a little cup to preserve the gravy, put the whole into the pie-dish, place it in a quick oven, and as soon as the crust is done it is ready, as the inside has been thoroughly cooked before.

Salmon with a good many shrimps is also delicious done in this way.

You will find the receipt for the "Vol-au-vent" and for the "Tourte bourgeoise" in another place.

I will now give you the receipt of one of our nice soups, as I know these are generally popular.

Potage à la Purée de Haricots.

[Purée of haricot beans.]

As we are very great economists, and always try to make use of whatever resources we may have in our larders, we should choose for making this soup a day when we have had a roast of some sort, so as to make use of some of the dripping instead of using butter.

Take one pound of haricot beans, and put them, after having washed them carefully, into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, add some salt, and let them do for three hours ; then strain them and pass them through the colander, and when thoroughly well crushed and passed through, so that only the skins are left, put about two ounces of butter or not quite so much of very good dripping in a saucepan with one or two onions chopped up very fine, and let them do in the butter about a quarter of an hour; then pour in all your soup and let it boil gently half an hour or a little more together.

It must have the consistency of very thin pea soup. Mind the onions do not get burnt.

It is very, very good without the onions, but it is much better with them.

Some haricot beans take longer to cook than others; you will know when they are done by finding them quite soft when you press them under your finger. It is a good plan to put them in soak the previous evening.

Foié de Veau à l'Italienne.

[Calf's liver in the Italian way.]

Cut the liver into slices as if it were for liver and bacon, put in a stewpan a good tablespoonful of very good salad oil, one slice of streaky bacon, a glass of white French wine or a quarter of a wineglass of French vinegar and three-quarters of a wineglass of water; chop up some parsley, spring onions and mushrooms, add salt and pepper, and place it all over the bacon and oil; lay over this some slices of liver, then over it more bacon, parsley, spring onions, and mushrooms as before, and so on till you have exhausted your stock of liver and seasoning, finishing with a slice of bacon. Put the lid on, and cook it over a very gentle fire for at least one hour, and then serve it either with the gravy it has cooked in, after having skimmed it, or with the following

Sauce Italienne.

[Italian sauce.]

Put in a stewpan one or two ounces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of chopped-up parsley, half a teaspoonful

of shalot, and four teaspoonfuls of mushrooms, the whole chopped up very, very fine, then a dessertspoonful of flour, which you stir up till it becomes a nice brown; then add a tumblerful of white French wine or half a tumbler of Marsala and stock, and let it boil down; then add two tablespoonfuls of very good stock and four of meat gravy, and let it boil for two or three minutes on a quick fire. Skim it and pour it over the liver, or serve it separately in a sauce tureen. This sauce is one of the fundamental ones of modern cookery.

Poulet à l'Espagnole ou aux Salsifis.

[Fowl in the Spanish way.]

Whilst I was in Normandy I ate a most tasty dish called "Poulet à l'Espagnole" or "Poulet aux salsifis." I had never met with it before, and enquired of my hostess how it was done, and the following is the receipt, which, I believe, is not to be found in any cookery-book.

Take a quarter of a bundle of salsifis and scrape them to the white part, cut them about a long finger's length and throw them into fresh water with one spoonful of French vinegar. Then have your fowl dressed as if for stewing. Put two ounces of butter in a stewpan on a gentle fire, and let your fowl get a nice light brown colour in it. Then take out the fowl, add another ounce of butter and one dessertspoonful of flour sprinkled, stir briskly, and when a light brown pour gently one pint of hot water or stock if you have some, stirring all the time;

add salt and pepper, and as soon as it boils put in your salsifis ; at the end of half an hour put back your fowl, cover it with a round white paper, put the lid on with a heavy weight on it and move it to the hob, letting it simmer gently for one hour, having been careful to turn over your fowl once, and move the position of the saucepan and that of the salsifis so that none should stick to the bottom of the saucepan. Just one quarter of an hour before dishing up, if you have used no stock, add another ounce of butter. A very good substitute for the two last ounces of butter is about six rinds off the breakfast fried bacon. Sometimes it might happen that the salsifis are a little firm ; in order to prevent this some people partly boil them in water, salt, and two tablespoonfuls of French vinegar. When young and tender they do not require this.

In some parts of France salsifis are called scorzonères, and you are always taught that those black outside are better than the grey ones. In most cookery-books you see them called at the headings of the receipts "Salsifis or scorzonères." The fact is that though of the same family they are quite different from each other, the salsifis being the light grey ones and very inferior to the scorzonères, which are of a Spanish origin and are quite black. Therefore they are commonly called, "Salsifis noire." Another species cultivated in Sicily is called "scorzonera deliciosa" (la scorzonère délicieuse), and is thought good enough to enter into the preparation of ices and sorbets.

I propose to give you some day a few receipts for the

preparation of this nice vegetable, I am sorry to say not appreciated as it ought to be, because it is one of the standard dishes at schools for the "jours maigres" (fasting days), and I can vouch from long experience for the fact of their being very "maigres," indeed, which you will please to translate by "very insipid." As you may imagine also they are not dressed in their best garb for schoolgirls and schoolboys.

Epaule de Mouton à l'Etuvée.

[Stewed shoulder of mutton.]

Ask your butcher for a nice shoulder of mutton, as lean as possible; have all the bones removed and broken, then chop up some shalots and parsley very small, cut some thick lardoons and roll them into the shalots and parsley, and lard the shoulder without touching the skin. Then roll it up very tight, and put in a saucepan one or two carrots cut up in slices, two ordinary-sized onions with two cloves in one of them, a tumbler and a half full of stock made the day before with the bones, a full bouquet, and some rinds of bacon. Then put in your shoulder, put the lid on, and let it start quickly on a brisk fire. As soon as it boils take it off the fire and let it simmer very gently—but never leave off simmering—for three or four hours. Turn the shoulder when half done. When done take it out, cover it up so that it does not get cold, skim the gravy and pass it through a sieve, put it back into the same saucepan and also the shoulder, and let them simmer together for another ten minutes, or more if there is too much gravy.

The vegetables, passed through a sieve, will with the addition of a little stock make an exceedingly good basin of soup.

Betteraves à la Poitevine.

[Beetroot as in Poitou.]

I was once visiting some friends in Poitou, and observed almost every day, particularly at luncheon (déjeûner à la fourchette), some beetroots done up in different ways. The following we thought very nice, and having asked for the receipt I was able afterwards often to have them on my own table.

Chop up one ordinary-sized onion and put it in a stewpan with one ounce of butter mixed up with a teaspoonful of flour, and let the whole become a nice brown roux; then add pepper and salt, and put in it one beetroot cut into rather thick slices (of course the beetroot must have been previously boiled or baked), and add half a spoonful of French vinegar. Then dish up. It is a great relish, and is very quickly done. Be careful that the onion is thoroughly done before you put in the beetroot, and do not let it burn.

TWENTY-NINTH LECTURE.

It was very nice last time to have to record only successes. The Civet de lièvre had been right and much liked; so had the Choux-fleurs au gratin, and other attempts, as, for instance, that of the first receipt of the Soupe de la bonne ménagère, and also the second receipt, which had only one fault, namely, that there was not enough of it.

I have to praise you very much for the diligence you show in attending these classes so regularly, and for your industry in trying nearly all the receipts, and also for your cleverness in succeeding in almost all of them; but I am not surprised at this, for it is an observation I have been able to make during the many years I have been in your country, that whatever it has been my privilege to teach English girls and ladies, they have stuck to their task with unflinching perseverance, and have generally succeeded in mastering what they had undertaken.

Now let us write the menu for to-day.

MENU.

Potage.

Potage aux poireaux à l'Ecossaise. [*Cock-a-leekie soup à la Française.*]

RELEVÉ.

Croquettes de poisson. [*Fish croquettes.*]
Côtelettes de veau en papillotes. [*Veal chops in paper curls.*]

ENTRÉE.

Emincé de bœuf à la sauce tomate. [*Slices of roast or boiled beef with tomato sauce.*]

RÔTI.

Poulets au cresson. [*Roast fowls with watercress.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre sautées. [*Potatoes tossed in butter.*]
Asperges à la Audot. [*Asparagus with meat gravy.*]

ENTREMETS.

Omelette aux confitures. [*Sweet omelet.*]
Pouding doré avec sauce au rhum. [*Golden pudding with rum sauce.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

I gave the Potage aux poireaux à l'Ecossaise because there are chickens for the roast, and according to our economical rules, we always make this soup whenever we have fowls. Of course we never allow the poulterer to truss them, or else we should lose all the giblets, and then where would our soup be?

CROQUETTES DE POISSON.

[Fish croquettes.]

Take whatever fish you have left of the day before, take all the bones out and cut it into very small dice;

have half as much again of shrimps or lobster ; put in a stewpan one ounce of fresh butter, and one teaspoonful of flour; mix up together, but do not let it become at all brown. Pour in gently hot milk until it has the consistency of cream ; add a little piece of mace, a little salt, white pepper or cayenne ; stir gently, and when it boils put in your fish and shrimps or lobster, and small pieces of button mushrooms ; let it simmer, *only simmer*, very gently for three or four minutes ; beat up the yolk of an egg, mix it with the fish, and then pour it all on a flat dish. When quite cold divide it into small portions as large as half an egg ; then give these pieces the shape of a pear ; roll it into very fine bread-crumbs ; then dip them into a well-beaten egg with a little salt in it, then again into fine bread-crumbs, and after having put a stalk of parsley on the top, fry them very carefully.

Pommes de Terre Sautées.

[Potatoes tossed in butter.]

Take twelve small round potatoes, as much of a size as you can ; put in a saucepan (the wider the saucepan is the better) about three ounces of butter on a bright fire. As soon as it begins to melt put in the potatoes, cover your saucepan, giving it an occasional shake ; when they are nearly done, say in about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, take the cover away and toss them about until they become a light brown colour ; never let the butter leave off boiling, or it would get into the potatoes and make them greasy, which they never are if you follow

the instructions. When they are done you take them out briskly, and put them in a hot tin colander so as to make them nice and dry. Then serve them round a roast, or in a separate very hot dish. If you cook them in a sauté saucepan, they take much more butter and more time to do, unless they are very small new potatoes. Besides, the sauté saucepan takes up too much room, and hinders the cooking of the other things.

I promised you the other day that I would tell you how we roast hares in France, and as it is so totally different from the way in which they are roasted in this country, and the result also equally different, I hope you will make the experiment, and tell me your candid opinion about it. First of all, you must know that hares that have been killed in mountains and dry plains are very superior to those which inhabit low and marshy regions. Of course, when you buy a hare you cannot know where it comes from, though abroad they make such a point of it that poulterers of repute will have none but those of the former kind. An infallible way of distinguishing a young hare from an old one is by feeling the front paws over the joint outside, and if there is a little sort of pimple as large as a lentil you know it is a young one.

Now every one knows that a hare, nice as it is, is naturally very dry, so in France we make it undergo preparations which make it eat quite mellow, and anything but dry.

Lièvre Rôti.

[Roast hare.]

When it comes to you from the poulterer you must take away the thick bluish skin that is over the legs and sides; in order to make this easier to do you have only to put it for a moment or two over or in front of a very clear fire, then the skin comes off easily, and you lard it all over with the small larding needle, and therefore small lardoons. If the skin were not removed it would make it very difficult to lard, and that skin would catch the fire at once and make a sort of burnt thickness that would quite spoil the parts caught.

Then you put it in a deep dish with a marinade prepared thus: four spoonfuls of water mixed up with one spoonful of French vinegar, one onion cut into slices, two blades of thyme, a very small bayleaf, or the quarter of a large one, some stalks of parsley, some pepper, a very little salt, and a little butter as large as half a walnut; put it all on the fire, let it simmer altogether five minutes, and when it is cold pour it all over your hare the day before you want it. Sprinkle the hare over occasionally with the marinade until you roast it. When it is being roasted pass the marinade through a colander, baste the hare well with some of it, then fry slightly the liver with a little butter, mash it well and mix it up with the blood that was in the chest, put it in a saucepan with the remainder of the marinade, stir it well, mix up with it what is in the roasting pan, and after you have dished your hare pour some over it, and

put the rest in a sauce-boat, having taken care to rinse the roasting pan with a little hot stock or water. Whilst cooking, the hare must be constantly basted so as not to allow it to get dry, but of course the larding prevents this to a great degree. If you roast it all you may stuff it, but as I told you when I gave the receipt of the civet, we generally roast the back part only, and make a civet of the remainder, adding to the civet what may have been left of the roasted part. The following is the way we stuff hares : take half a pound of sausage meat—the French one to be had at Benoist's, 19, Wardour Street, Coventry Street, is the best—an equal or a little less quantity of very fine bread-crumbs, a little salt and pepper, the yolk of one egg ; mix it all up with a little new milk, so as not to be too stiff, a little parsley, and put it inside the hare, which must be sewn up. Of course these are economical ways for small families, or for a late dinner, when people have more than one dish of meat, acting always on this principle—that variety is pleasant and also a necessity for man's food, for as I have said before, so many parts of our body requiring food, it is difficult to know which one is required for such and such parts, therefore the more variety we absorb the more chance we have to give every part of our body what it requires. We must always bear in mind that it is not what we eat that feeds us, but what we digest. Man being an omnivorous animal in the creation, we must naturally conclude that nature has intended his diet to be very much varied. A great many experiments have been made by scientific men,

and it has been proved that if it were not for the brain, man could eat daily the same food, provided always that it is nutritious; therefore those who use their brains much are those whose diet must be most studied. And what more delightful study could there be for a devoted wife than this constant watching over what will help to keep in good health the husband whose thoughts are all absorbed in her welfare and that of their children! On the other hand, how many men there are who, not being tempted by the indifferent dinners at home, indulge in more wine or beer than is good for them, and finally take so much that their digestive powers are completely impaired, and the result of this habit grows too often, alas! into a fearful disease, so prevalent among all classes in this country, so extremely rare abroad! Why is it that there are actually homes to receive those whose cure may be effected?

Consequently, I cannot too strongly advocate variety of food and good cooking. All these dainty dishes, cooked scientifically and carefully, are far from being expensive; they are, on the contrary, much more economical in every respect than a diet of large joints. If they require more care and attention, what does that matter, since all, or nearly all, of you have a cook who has hardly anything else to do? She is engaged to cook, and cook she must, and should be too glad if, by your becoming initiated into the art, she acquires more practical knowledge of it. If these dishes require more care, they also require less fuel, which will be a clear gain for you.

You alone, ladies, can effectuate this great reform, and if you put your shoulders to the wheel you will be sure to succeed, for "Vouloir c'est pouvoir"—"Where there is a will there is a way." Remember, and always bear in mind, that the greatest results are often obtained by the smallest means.

So with this end in view we will go on with our little work, and increase our stock of tempting dishes for the breadwinners of the family; and I will proceed with an excellent receipt to cook red cabbages.

Choux Rouges à la Hollandaise.

[Red cabbage in the Dutch way.]

Take a good hard red cabbage (they are never good unless the frost has passed over them), cut it into four quarters, cut off the hard stalk, put it in boiling water, let it boil for twenty minutes; take it out, strain it, and chop it up into small pieces about half an inch square; then put it in a stewpan with about three ounces of very good dripping (or butter if you have none, but dripping is far preferable), one onion with two cloves in it, a nice bouquet, salt and pepper, one or two apples cut up very thin. Put it on a moderate fire, at first stirring well the butter in it; after four or five minutes it requires less heat; put the lid on with a weight, and let it simmer nicely for three or four hours, occasionally stirring it with a spoon. When it is half done add another ounce of dripping or butter; some people then put in one wineglass of claret, which of course is a great improvement. Stir it well occasionally, and when done dish it up, after

having removed the onion and bouquet. It must be eaten by itself, as it is an entremets. The more frequently it is warmed up the better it is. It is very tasty, and makes a very nice luncheon dish ; and, of course, it is most inexpensive.

I was truly sorry that one lady failed so completely with the nice pudding I invented and christened "à la Normande," because I ate something similar to it at Rouen some years ago at a friend's house, but I have entirely modified it. As I gave only an impromptu receipt in answer to a request for it I will dictate it now, and perhaps on a second attempt my friend will meet with better success. Fortunately all the other ladies succeeded thoroughly, showing that the receipt was not in fault. One lady particularly was most enthusiastic about it, and said (to give more weight to her statement) that her husband, who generally does not care for puddings, liked this one immensely. Any one reading the receipt will be surprised to learn that the lady who failed said the pudding had a very hard ridge in the middle, although it had soaked two hours ! She said, also, it was as flat as a pancake, although the other ladies stated that theirs were very high, in fact, like a "soufflé," and were, of course, very soft all through. The reason of these divergences is easily understood when we know that the lady who failed has no knowledge whatever of cooking, and in addition to this, admitted that she took down the receipt, not as I indited it, but afterwards in her own words. Now the following is the receipt of the

Pouding à la Normande.

[A Normandy pudding.]

Take one aerated milk bun ; cut it open, put plenty of jam on both pieces, and sprinkle them with some currants. Boil one pint of milk with sugar to taste ; beat up one egg, mix it up with your hot milk, and pour it all over your bun, which you have previously put together again. After having added the jam and currants put a cover over it and leave it so for an hour, then put it in the oven for half an hour. If you find there is not quite enough milk you may add some more. It swells very much, and no one could possibly tell what it is made of. It is a very good, wholesome, easily-made pudding, very pretty looking and very cheap, fit either for company or for ordinary fare.

Now I ask you how the cook managed who made this pudding come out quite flat and with a hard ridge in the middle ?

It only shows how diversely the same receipt may be understood.

As I have been asked most particularly to give a good receipt for a mayonnaise I will do so at once, so that if you should happen to have some salmon or any other boiled fish (but it must be fish with rather a firm flesh) you can try it. I must say that it is very seldom that I eat nice mayonnaises in England : these cold sauces are very little known here. The only good one I ever ate, and it was perfect, was at the house of the lady who has just failed with the Pouding à la Normande, but I am

sorry to say she has lost the cook who made it, and now it is not at all nice, she tells me. This serves to illustrate the truth I am constantly preaching to English housekeepers, whatever rank they may occupy in the social scale; if they knew more they would not be so dependent on their servants as they are. I say servants, for it is not only the cooks who know things their mistresses do not know; such complaints as the following are not infrequent: "Our last parlour-maid cleaned the glasses so well; she would not tell what the thing was she used;" or it is the plate, or the marble, or the gilt or brass chandeliers, or the tiles in the hall, &c., &c., &c.; all things which good housekeepers are bound to know, and to be able to tell their servants if they fail to do them properly. Housekeeping is not the easy task young girls imagine it to be, and in this country it is more difficult than abroad, where the climate is not so destructive as here, and therefore does not necessitate the keeping of so many servants. I firmly believe that no one can beat a thorough English housekeeper who has a large establishment and plenty of money to keep it going. The arrangements are splendid, and the systematic way in which everything is carried out is admirable. How she can combine her several duties so as both to manage the minutest details of her large home and family, and also to attend to all her social calls is perfectly phenomenal and deserves the greatest praise. These want no reform; they are living models to the whole world, and their daughters are sure to walk in their steps. Like their mothers they will set the engine going, and none of the

hidden work will be seen by any outsider. But their example, which ought to be followed by their inferiors in social standing and fortune, is, I am sorry to say, too often imitated only in the worldly and ornamental part of their characters. In order to attend as many social meetings as possible, and return just as many, the housekeeping, which is the keystone of the establishment, is sadly neglected, and the daughters of such mothers as these go on as they have been accustomed to see their mothers go on, and instead of helping their husbands in saving they help them in squandering their resources, or else they frighten away desirable men who would otherwise have been glad to enter into matrimony. But "retournons," if not to our "moutons" at least to this receipt for the

Mayonnaise.

Put in a small round basin three or four yolks of eggs, salt and pepper, a pinch of mustard, and a teaspoonful of French vinegar; stir so as to mix it all up together; then whilst stirring steadily all the time, add drop by drop very fine oil in proper quantity; if you add it quickly it will never set. When very thick and velvety taste it, and if it should want a little vinegar add it drop by drop, stirring all the time or else it would not amalgamate with the eggs and oil, and it would quite spoil the sauce.

For a small quantity one yolk in winter is sufficient, but two are required in summer. The sauce becomes thicker if ducks' eggs are used, and, if in summer, you place your basin on a block of ice, which helps to make

it quicker and thicker. If through some misfortune or other your sauce refuses to become thick you must quickly make a little thick, very good melted butter, get it as cold as you can as soon as possible, and mix it up with the mayonnaise. Of course this is not such a good sauce, but it is better than wasting it all, and having none.

Mayonnaise Verte.

[Green mayonnaise.]

The green mayonnaise is made exactly in the same way, only you add to it chervil, parsley, and tarragon chopped up very, very fine, at the same time as the yolks of eggs. If you wish it to be quite green you mix up with it, but only drop by drop, a little spinach juice.

Vert d'Épinards.

[Spinach juice.]

I will now teach you how to obtain spinach juice, which is so much used for all the pretty things, such as ices and sweets quite green.

Boil a handful of spinach in only one or two spoonfuls of water, sometimes none at all; then express the superabundance by squeezing the spinach in your hands, and keep only what you obtain by pressing the spinach through a silk sieve or a muslin. This you use for sauces, or ices, or custards, or purées—anything, in short, which you wish to look the colour of pistachios or a deeper green.

Another Way.

Press down three handfuls of spinach, press it in a thin cloth to express the juice, which you put in a small tin saucepan on the fire without letting it boil. As soon as it is near boiling take it off the fire and put it on a sieve, when the "vert d'epinards" will remain. You preserve it with a little sugar.

There is a thoroughly French dish which is a foundation for "déjeûners à la fourchette" in France, or for dinners in restaurants, which is always very much appreciated, and which you never see here, although its fellow dish, or rather its corresponding dish, is in much request. Both are excellent and deserve their reputation, but I must say that whenever I have friends to luncheon I prefer to give them the Bifteck aux pommes, and I always have the satisfaction of seeing their faces express the greatest pleasure, and I thereby acquire the certainty that their wish of having a thoroughly French dish has been quite gratified. Although this dish, the mutilated name of which shows its British origin, is not of French extraction, we have managed to give it a completely Gallic garb and taste, as all of you know who have travelled abroad. I must confess it is one of my weaknesses, and I have it very often at luncheon; it compels one to eat even if too tired to enjoy one's food. As part of the dish consists of fried potatoes, the ladies who have had the receipt for these will, I hope, not object to my repeating it on this occasion.

Biftecks aux Pommes.

[French steak with fried potatoes.]

Although the full name should be "pommes de terre" it has become traditional to say simply "aux pommes." It is the same when you dine at a French restaurant, if you ask for "la note," you are immediately recognised for a country person or a foreigner. You must say, "l'addition."

Cut some fillet of beef or undercut into nice slices, about an inch and a half thick, flatten them slightly with the roller, place them in a dish where you have oiled some butter, with some pepper and *no salt*, because it would drain the gravy out. Leave them a few minutes and turn them over, then place them on the gridiron, which you have carefully heated first, over a very brisk clear fire, then do nothing else but turn them over all the time they are cooking. You see they are done when tiny little drops of juice seem to come on the surface. Then you lay them on a very hot dish, where you have placed little balls of butter with parsley chopped up very, very fine, and also place some over each slice, and surround the dish with beautifully fried potatoes. Serve them quickly with a lemon cut open in a small plate.

I propose to give more bifteck receipts another day, and teach you also how to fry potatoes in the French way.

THIRTIETH LECTURE.

A GREAT many successes have been accomplished with the "Bœuf à la mode," which has been pronounced very tasty. It is one of the most succulent of the French dishes, and one of the great aims in its make is not to allow any of its tasty and nutritious qualities to escape—hence the necessity for the hermetically closed stewpan, and the wet cloth round it, so as to keep in all the steam. This being well understood you may easily conceive my amazement when I heard of the following remark made by one of my subscribers :—"Of course such a dish can only be fit for the servants, as the meat has previously been used for making soup." I cannot possibly understand what can have given rise to such a mistake. It must have been a misapprehension ; and I am sure when my fair hearer read over her receipt previous to giving it to her cook she will have seen that there was not anything in it to justify such a conclusion. Another lady who called upon me in the course of last week, told me hers had been delicious ; still she thought it a little too much done, but her husband, who knew the dish, which he had often eaten abroad, told her that it could never be done too much. To a certain extent this statement is perfectly true, as regards the means we have of cooking it in France, where it is often doing a whole night.

But how is it done there? First of all it is cooked in what is called "poëlon," which is a stewpan of earthenware, much employed abroad, because certain things cooked in them taste infinitely better than in any other kind of saucepan, just as tea has a much better flavour in a Rockingham teapot than in any metallic one, be it even in a hundred-years-old silver one. Secondly, when the whole thing has been well started, say late at night, when all the work is over, the remainder of the fire is nicely arranged under the ashes (of course it is a wood fire) and the "poëlon" is almost imbedded in them, simmering so gently, so gently that "il ne fait que *sourire*," like the Pot-au-feu of the old woman I told you of in a preceding lecture. When you get up in the morning you put it on one side of the fire, skim all the fat off, and give it a finishing stroke of "une petite heure," which means about three-quarters of an hour, and then the dish has attained all its perfection.

These refinements, I admit, are most unheard of on this side of the Channel, but they are very common abroad, and indeed are very seldom omitted. What would you think of a plum pudding boiling only two or three hours? Well, the same principle is carried out in a vast number of our dishes, for, as I said before, and cannot repeat it too often, flavours must be obtained by gently coaxing them out of the ingredients composing the dishes; the chemical assimilations must have the proper time given them to take place, and in order to do this small fires and time are required. Considering that these ordinary and simple dishes almost cook by themselves, we gene-

rally choose a day when we are busy with other things to cook them. Many, many ladies abroad engaged in tuition, or literary or government work, live in a small flat with a tiny neat kitchen, and keep only a "femme de ménage,"—charwomen you call them here, but how different they are! This "femme de ménage" comes every morning for two hours; she brings with her what is called a "braise de boulanger," which is used for heating the "chaufferettes," or foot-warmers of the women of the working classes (a most unhealthy but cheap and clean way of obtaining heat); then after the breakfast has been made she starts some dish or other (their names are legion); then when it is well "en train" she buries it in that "braise de boulanger." She is always an excellent cook—all workmen's wives in France are excellent and economical cooks; she lays the cloth, and when the lady comes home exhausted with her artistic or other occupations, she finds the most savoury and tasty dish ready for her. Sometimes a little dish of vegetables has been placed by the side of the other, or potatoes in their jackets—we call them "en robe de chambre"—are buried in the nice wood ashes, and taste as no other potatoes ever do. Instead of having continually the everlasting cold meat, or the expensive chop or steak, she has thus a healthy and much-varied meal; the soup, of course, without which no dinner can ever be one, is also there; and, with a little dessert composed of cheese, fruit, or jam, and a biscuit, and one or two glasses of good claret, she achieves a most economical, tasty, and perfect dinner, every particle of which has been done at home. I reserve

for another occasion telling you what we think of hotel or restaurant dinners, and particularly what our doctors think of them.

Now I will dictate you the menu for to-day :—

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage à l'Italienne. [*Italian soup.*]

RELEVÉ.

Egrefin à la Hollandaise. [*Hake with Dutch sauce.*]

ENTRÉE.

Poulet à la Marengo. [*Chicken à la Marengo.*]

RÔTI.

Quartier de chevreuil rôti, sauce à la chasseur. [*Haunch of venison with sportsman's sauce.*]

Pigeons rôtis sur chicorée frisée. [*Roast pigeons on stewed endives.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre aux fines herbes. [*Potatoes with parsley.*]

Salade Russe. [*A Russian salad.*]

ENTREMETS.

Œufs à la neige. [*Snow eggs.*]

Tarte aux airelles d'Amérique. [*American cranberry tart.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

I propose to give you to-day the receipt of the way of cooking the fish we have in our menu.

The hake is a beautiful fish, caught very much on the Cornish coast. It looks very much like cod, but, accord-

ing to my opinion, it tastes much better, and every time we have it we wonder why it is so little known. Those who do know it quite share my opinion, and I am sure those who will try it on my recommendation will think it remarkably nice; it has such a delicate nutty taste, and does not require that expensive adjunct, oyster sauce, which cod so loudly demands.

Egrefin à la Sauce Hollandaise.

[Hake with Dutch sauce.]

Put in your fish-kettle water and milk (half of each), with a little salt, just enough to cover your fish, which you put in when it boils. When done serve round it long thin red potatoes if you can procure them; if not, put round ones, having boiled them in the same water as the fish, alternating them with little bunches of parsley. Whilst your fish is doing melt in a gallipot placed in boiling water two ounces o very fresh butter, with plenty of salt, pepper, a little nutmeg, and some lemon juice. Whip it well whilst it is melting, and serve it in a very hot sauce-boat.

The long and red potatoes I have mentioned for this dish are a kind of potato we always eat with boiled fish. It is called "vitelotte"; and although very floury, it always preserves its shape, and looks and tastes very nice indeed. I don't think, however, it can be procured in this country; I tried many times to find it when I first came here, but have not done so lately, having quite given it up.

You must have noticed that I never fail to include a dish of potatoes among the vegetables in each menu; this I do because these menus are intended for English people, who, generally speaking, cannot enjoy their dinners without potatoes. Considering that potatoes are eaten instead of bread I quite understand that the more plainly they are dressed the better they are, particularly when they are to be eaten with pretty rich dishes. This is one of the most striking differences between French and English dinners. I shall never forget our amazement when we first came to reside in this country at the small size of the pieces of bread given to each guest. In some houses they were about the size of what is called "ladies' fingers." To a Frenchman not to have enough bread is next to starvation, for, as every one knows, the French are the people who eat most bread, and we think this to be one of the reasons why there are less illnesses there than in other countries, and a richer blood, at least this is the opinion of many doctors. Everyone knows that bread makes blood, and we all know how necessary blood is to keep the brain in good condition. From your childhood in France you are taught to eat bread with everything, and children are always reminded of it by this motto, "Peu de chair et beaucoup de pain." There has certainly been a great change here in this respect since I have been in England, but there is still a vast difference between the consumption of bread in the two countries. We eat bread with everything, even with fruit. For my part, I never enjoy cherries, pears, or grapes so much as when I can eat bread and butter with

them, and bread alone eaten with walnuts gives them quite a new character. On the other hand, with strawberries, apples, peaches, and apricots it is no improvement. Whenever we were at friends' it was easy to help oneself at dinner to two or three pieces of bread at a time from the basket offered by the servant, but at a stranger's house the deprivation amounted to perfect agony, as no amount of vegetables will make up for the want of bread, since we eat bread as much with vegetables as with meat. I daresay some Englishmen miss their plain potatoes abroad, but I doubt if they miss them so much as Frenchmen miss their bread here. The French dishes accommodate themselves better with bread than most English ones, such, for instance, as the one I propose giving you to-day. It is the entrée in our menu, and is called

Poulet à la Marengo.

[Chicken à la Marengo.]

It is not often we can trace the origin of a dish, therefore when we have the good luck to be able to do so we must not let the opportunity escape, and as this one is of Napoleonic descent it has every right to our preamble. It was at Marengo, in the North of Italy, when Bonaparte then First Consul, was fighting the Austrians, headed by General Mélas, who had already beaten Masséna with 120,000 Austrians against only 36,000 French. But Masséna shut himself up in Genoa, the memorable siege of which helped to facilitate the irruption into Italy of Bonaparte, and prepared the victory of Marengo.

There were three battles on that day. The first, fought from four to ten in the morning by Marshal Lannes (Duke of Montebello) and Victor (Duke of Bellune), was lost; just at that moment Bonaparte arrived with the Consular Guard. 800 picked Grenadiers, formed into a square like a living citadel, stopped for some time by their murderous fire the Austrian cavalry, but they had to withdraw in order to concentrate the forces, and it was then that Mélas thought he was victorious, and sent couriers to all the European cabinets or Ministers with the good news. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and the second battle was again lost. "It is three o'clock," said Bonaparte, "we have time to win another." Desaix, despatched the day before to Novi, heard the fearful cannonade; he retraced his steps, and arrived with his 6,000 men just in time to cut off the only possible line of retreat of the Austrians on Placentia. The third engagement is begun; the enemy is attacked on both flanks by the whole army, and on his front by Desaix, who unfortunately fell among the first. His men, however, anxious to avenge his death, redoubled their efforts and broke through the Austrian column, which, being divided in two, they all fled, and Mélas was obliged to capitulate. You may easily picture to yourselves the alternate hope and despair of the First Consul's cook, who, anxious to serve his master with a good dinner after all his exertions, was unable to procure any butter. No butter was to be found anywhere, no farm was at hand, his purveyors returned unsuccessful, some, however, bringing a few earthen jars full of olive oil.

This cook, like all good cooks, was an artist, and, calling his inventive powers to his help, he produced one of the best-cooked chickens ever served on the consular table. His invention had its reward, for the First Consul had a second help, and henceforth the dish appeared on the menus as the "Poulet à la Marengo," a name which was not likely to displease the future emperor. The cook had bethought himself of a new way of cooking it, availing himself of the limited resources at his disposal, and this is how he did it.

Receipt.

Cut your chicken in pieces as if it were for a fricassée; then take a "sauteuse," or wide flat saucepan, put in it five tablespoonfuls of the very best olive (or salad) oil—I never use more than three—a crushed clove of garlic, or a very finely chopped-up shalot, plenty of salt and some white pepper; then when very hot put in all the pieces of the chicken, turn them about with a fork until they are of a very nice colour, and are done in about half an hour. In the meantime boil in a small saucepan one glass of stock made with the odds and ends of the fowl, and one glass of white French wine (you may substitute for this half a glass of sherry or Marsala with half a glass of water, with lemon juice and a very little sugar); two or three spring onions, all chopped up very, very fine; and if you have some roast beef or mutton gravy so much the better, and let all this boil g ntly for at least a quarter of an hour, not less, but more will never hurt, only mind it does not boil away.

When ready put with it two spoonfuls of the oil the fowl has cooked in, beat it all up very well, place the fowl artistically in a very hot dish, and cover it all with this gravy. To make it quite correct you should place round it alternately fried whole eggs and three-cornered croûtons fried with the chicken. Whenever you see butter used with this dish it is not a real Poulet à la Marengo; still, if your cook has no very nice oil, she will do better to use butter instead, but this quite alters the taste of this particular dish.

This is an exceedingly nice dish for breakfast or luncheon, or as an entrée for a late dinner, as, like the "Poulet sauté," described before, it takes very little time to do, and is very inexpensive.

Now, when I gave you the directions for making the carbonades, I told you they were very delicious when cooked in a braise sauce instead of a tomato one, and I promised you the receipt with this lecture.

Braise.

Line the bottom of a saucepan with a few slices of "bardes de lard," viz., those very thin slices of bacon fat used for wrapping round fowls or birds you are about to roast; some trimmings of veal or beef, or a nice veal bone, or rinds of bacon, because it makes the gravy gelatinous, put over it your carbonades, one or two carrots and one onion cut into thin slices, a full bouquet, salt, pepper, and two cloves; put it on a slow fire, and let it do for one hour and a half, having closed your saucepan most

hermetically, not allowing any steam to escape. Then remove your carbonades, and strain the gravy over them. If you find there is not enough, put in two or three tablespoonfuls of stock, or water if you have none, and let it do for one minute with the rest. Then pour it all over.

If you are an economist, as I am, you will put some water over the whole of the carrots, &c., &c., and let it boil gently for one hour, and make either a nice basin of soup or more gravy for anything you may have to warm up in two or three days, for if put in a cool place, uncovered, it will keep very nice. Of course it must be passed through a sieve, and the residuum does very well for a dog's or cat's dinner.

Potage aux Pommes de Terre et aux Tomates.

[Potato and tomato soup.]

Cut up four or five very mealy potatoes of a medium size, one small carrot (very red), one pound of very red tomatoes, and a small head of celery. Put in a saucepan two ounces of beef dripping, and when melted add one ordinary-sized onion chopped up rather small, and the tomatoes; put the lid on, and let these do in the dripping for one quarter of an hour, then pour in three pints of hot water, or stock if you have it, pepper, and salt; put in your potatoes and your celery, and let them boil very gently till quite done to a pulp; then pass it through a sieve or a very fine colander. Put in the saucepan a piece of butter the size of a nut, and when frizzling put

in a few very tiny croûtons, and when these are quite crisp take them out, but leave the butter, over which you pour out your purée. Put your croûtons in the oven, and throw them into the tureen after you have dished the purée as soon as it has boiled. If you were to put the croûtons in first they might be apt to become soft.

Pouding Audomarois.

[A pudding from St. Omer.]

Boil very gently a quarter of a pound of rice in a quart of milk, and mind you never stir it with a spoon or it will burn. Add to it a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, a small piece of cinnamon, and a quarter of a pound of very good butter; when done let it all get rather cool; then mix up with it four yolks of eggs well beaten up, one wineglass of rum, and a quarter of a pound of currants. Butter your mould or pie-dish, pour it all in, and bake it in a moderate oven for one hour and a half.

Saucisses aux Pommes.

[Sausages with apples—an Alsatian dish.]

Take six moderate-sized cooking apples, cut them into thin quarters; take one pound of sausages (French ones are best), put one ounce of butter in a frying-pan, then your sausages, then your apples, keeping on turning them all over so that both sides get done at the same time without being burnt. It is a most savoury dish, and very wholesome, as the apples take off a great deal of

the richness of the sausages. It reminds one of apple-sauce being eaten with roast pork in England.

Jambon Paré aux Epinards.

[Dressed ham with spinach.]

One of my friends was at a large dinner-party the other day, and told me she had been very much struck with a hot ham served with spinach, and as she had never seen this dish in England before she asked me if I could give the receipt in one of my lectures. As it is a very ordinary dish at wedding or other such grand dinners with us, I hasten to fulfil the promise I made her, and I hope some of you will avail yourselves of the next opportunity that occurs to introduce this excellent dish. It is quite a common thing in England to boil whole hams, but it is an event abroad to cook a whole ham for an ordinary family. The chief reason is the consequent lack of variety that would be thereby caused in the domestic cuisine ; and I admit, much as I delight to partake of a large ham at a friend's house, so much should I dislike having one on my own table. The only thing against the "Jambon paré aux epinards" in England is the almost universal fashion now of carving the joints away from the table. In France, although dinners are served "à la Russe," every dish is successively brought on the table for the inspection of the guests, and then taken away to be carved. So now I will begin with my receipt.

Choose a very good ham, lately salted and smoked, if

possible, and according to its quality—which you can jndge of by inserting a skewer in the knuckle and smelling it, but, indeed, chiefly by trusting to your tradesman if he is honest—his experience must be greater than your own—I say, according to its quality soak it from six to twelve hours, then put it in the pan, tied up in a cloth, with a great deal of cold water, with a large bouquet, a clove of garlic, six onions (one with two cloves in it), two carrots, one head of celery, and, if you wish it to be extra good, one bottle of white French wine. As soon as it boils remove it on one side of the fire, for it must never really *boil*, it must *simmer* excessively gently. You will know it is done when on putting in a skewer you find it goes in easily.

In France we always take out the middle bone, leaving only the knuckle-bone, which is decorated with a frill, and we give it back its nice round shape by putting it in a jar with a heavy weight over it. But I consider this quite useless, and far prefer the English way. Then you carefully take off the rind, and sprinkle your ham all over with very nice rasping, having prepared all sorts of decorations cut out of carrots, turnips, and lemons, intermixed with parsley to look pretty; all this must be done very quickly. Then round the dish put your spinach, cooked in the French way, and decorated with standing fried croûtons, which add further to the decoration of the dish.

The carver carefully removes some of the decorations, so that they should not fall into the spinach. It is generally served as an entrée, or as a course by itself.

Tomates Farcies.

[Stuffed tomatoes.]

I promised the other day to give you two very good receipts for vegetables, and I will begin with stuffed tomatoes, because they have become so plentiful in England and are so reasonable in price that they are now commonly made use of in all sorts of shapes ; and of all the stuffed tomatoes I have eaten, I think the following receipt is the most perfect :—

Take three of the largest tomatoes you can procure, not too ripe ; cut off the tops very flat, draw out the pips and half of the flesh ; take a quarter of a pound of sausage meat (French is the best), half as much bread-crumbs, a teaspoonful of parsley chopped up very, very fine, and the quarter of a shalot chopped up as fine as a pin's head, or, for those who do not object to it, a pea of garlic equally chopped up very, very fine, a little salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of rich gravy, and a piece of butter as large as a walnut, also the half of the flesh you took out ; mix it all in a saucepan and pass it over the fire for about eight or ten minutes ; then fill up your tomatoes with it, cover them up with very fine bread-crumbs, and put back the tops you have cut off. Put in a dish two tablespoonfuls of oil (not too large) and heat it ; as soon as it is hot place the tomatoes in it, basting the tops with it, and put them into a quick oven for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

THIRTY-FIRST LECTURE.

I WAS very glad to hear that the Pommes de terre sautées had been tried by several ladies with great success.

A friend of mine told me that her cook was going to give her warning in order that she might take a guinea's worth of lessons in French cookery, but she found she now had much better lessons at home since her mistress had gone to learn with the French lady than a friend of hers has who had paid her guinea; and, moreover, she said she would not think of leaving at all now, as she was learning such nice things.

The Choux rouges à la Hollandaise were also tried by several ladies and found very nice—quite a savoury and nutritious dish for luncheon.

The hare, which was a very difficult thing to do, was courageously attempted by some ladies, the cook of one of them telling her, all the time she was removing the skin, that the flesh would all tumble down; however, no flesh tumbled down, and the hare, after having been for twenty-two hours in the excellent marinade I gave the receipt of, was cooked to perfection. It was nice to hear from the ladies themselves that they had never eaten such a delicious hare.

I am now going to give you the

MENU.

POTAGE.

Consommé à l'Impératrice. [*Clear soup with poached eggs.*]

RELEVÉ.

Vol-au-vent au saumon et aux crevettes. [*Salmon and shrimp pie.*]

ENTRÉES.

Filet de bœuf au vin de Madère. [*Fillet of beef with Madeira sauce.*]
Longe d'agneau aux petits pois. [*Loin of lamb stewed with peas.*]

RÔTI.

Capercailzie farci. [*Capercailzie stuffed.*]

LÉGUMES.

Pommes de terre en robe de chambre. [*Potatoes in their jackets.*]
Salade à la Française. [*French salad.*]

ENTREMETS.

Douillons de poires. [*Pear pastry.*]
Un Savarin. [*Savarin.*]
Croustades Marie-Louise au Parmesan. [*Parmesan croustades.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

My first receipt will be the dish I have been requested by one of my subscribers to give—called Filet de bœuf au vin de Madère—which is our entrée to-day. It is a very recherché dish, which you will constantly see as one of the standard recognised entrées at dinner-parties on French tables. It is very expensive abroad because it is made with the under-cut of the sirloin, which is sold at exactly double the price, so that if you pay 1s. per pound for your beef you always pay 2s. for the fillet; but here

I always get it without any extra charge; at least, I sometimes pay 1s. 2d., but generally 1s. Many of my friends have vainly tried to obtain it from their butchers; indeed, some of these latter have laughed the idea to scorn, asking who was going to buy the sirloin when deprived of this appendage; but a friend of mine who is here now tells me that her butcher always charges even less than for rump steak for it, and never demurs to let her have as much as she likes of it. Neither she nor I can make it out; but why should she trouble herself to elucidate the mystery?—let her enjoy it as long as her butcher will cut it for her under such conditions. I should not omit to mention that this joint in France is most carefully prepared by the butcher, being entirely freed from skins or bits of fat or nerves. Here, of course, we have to do this ourselves.

Filet de Bœuf au Vin de Madère.

[Stewed fillet of beef with Madeira sauce.]

After having very nicely trimmed your fillet, which may be of any size you like from one pound upwards, lard it with the medium-sized larding-pin, not too closely; give it a nice longish round shape by tying it with a string; then put it for at least twelve hours in a marinade composed as follows:—two, three, or four tablespoonfuls of very good oil, the quantity, of course, being according to the size of your fillet; one teaspoonful of French vinegar, pepper, *no salt*, a small bayleaf, and one onion cut into slices; beat it all up and put it in a deep dish where your meat lies in it, being careful to turn it over

twice or three times. When you want to cook it put two or three or four ounces of butter in a stewpan in the proportion of about two ounces for the first pound, and one ounce for each successive pound of meat, and semi-fry slightly (faites revenir) your beef all round ; take it out, then put a teaspoonful of flour in the bottom with a little pepper and salt, stir it briskly, and when nicely brown (not dark) put in half a tumblerful of good stock if you have it, water if you have none ; put in half the marinade without the onion or bayleaf, and twelve mushrooms either cut up or whole ; put back your beef in it, cover it up quickly, let it do very gently for three-quarters of an hour, then put in one glass of Madeira or Sauterne or Marsala wine, and let it do very gently another three-quarters of an hour ; then take the beef out, cover it up so as not to get cold, put in the remainder of the marinade, squeeze some lemon juice into the gravy, let it have one boil, skim off the fat, and pour it very hot over the fillet, with the mushrooms nicely arranged all round. This dish may be served either as a roast or an entrée, but if you wish to make a more decided entrée of it you may treat it in the following manner :—

Filets au Vin de Madère (*Entrée*).

[Slices of fillet of beef with Madeira sauce.]

Cut some slices of the under-cut of the sirloin of beef, and leave them for one hour over some butter you have melted in a stewpan ; sprinkle them with salt and pepper ; turn them over after half an hour, then put them on a quick fire to take a nice colour ; take them out ; then put

in a dessertspoonful of flour; when brown add some stock or gravy, mushrooms, and one glass of wine, either Madeira, or Marsala, or sherry, or any French white wine; then let them simmer for an hour very gently, and serve them nicely with a little heap of mushrooms over each slice, pouring the gravy all over.

When you have a sirloin of beef I advise you to cut off the under-cut, and make use of it in this way the day before or after; it will be quite a new dish, and will procure you a nice change.

One day last week a friend of mine called late in the afternoon, and as she lives at Richmond I pressed her to stay and share our dinner. To tempt her I told her it was quite a French one; and to tempt her still more I added, "And we have a John Dory." "A John Dory," she exclaimed, "it is a great many years since I have eaten one, they are so expensive!" "If I have one," I replied, "you may depend upon it it was not expensive, for it is very seldom that I go beyond a shilling for our dish of fish." Then she said, "Another reason why I don't have it is that it requires such elaborate cooking." "Not any more than the most ordinary fish," I replied, "for fish with a decided taste like this requires simply plain boiling, and with a very simple sauce." Moved by a little curiosity as to the plain boiled John Dory she consented to stay, and declared she never ate any fish more delicious. I told her then how much appreciated it was abroad, and how in Brittany, in one of our lovely secluded places, we often had the fish-pan on the fire waiting for the fish the fishermen had gone to the open sea to catch. And

what rejoicing when it was a "dorade"! so called because its scales glitter like gold on its back, when it is just out of the water; and it is a saying abroad that to be good a dorade must be cooked the moment it has been caught. I also told my friend that very thrilling story of the first dorade ever eaten in Paris, and this was at the first Baron Rothschild's who had sent as far as Marseilles for it, for the Mediterranean dorades are far-famed. This created a great sensation in the gastronomic and other worlds, I can tell you. A dorade in Paris!—there were no railways in those days, and I leave you to imagine what the expense must have been to bring it alive in an immense cask full of sea water. A large party had been invited to partake of this rare delicacy. It was brought on the table with the proper decorum due to such a great rarity. Everybody was most anxious to see the fish that had reached the capital at such cost; and the hearts of all the lucky guests, who had been chosen from among the greatest gourmets, were beating with lively expectation, when, oh, disaster! the favourite cat of her ladyship, equally interested in the advent of this distinguished inhabitant of the deep, rushed between the legs of the butler, who had coveted the honour of himself placing the dish before his mistress, and making him trip over, fish, dish, and butler all fell down, and a general exclamation of woe attracted an immense number of menials, who hurried to pick up first the unfortunate butler, then the costly dish broken to atoms, and finally the beautiful dorade, of which the cat was making short work. All

had risen from their seats, and had vainly tried to get a glimpse of this denizen of the Mediterranean; the amphitryon alone keeping his seat and serene countenance. When the guests had resumed their places, and by degrees become quieter, Baron Rothschild said, in a calm and clear voice, "Bring the other one." I leave you to judge of the sudden change on the visages of the guests, and how much everyone enjoyed the fish, which proved worthy of its reputation. Of course the Baron, the butler, and the chef were the only ones initiated into the secret.

Dorade à la Sauce Blanche.

[John Dory with French melted butter.]

It is simply put in boiling water with salt, and after having boiled two minutes is removed from the fire, and allowed only to simmer gently for half an hour—if very large, three-quarters of an hour. Then it is served on a fish-strainer with bunches of parsley and slices of lemon all round; being careful to decorate very much the head, which is very ugly and of an immoderate size. It can be eaten with a Hollandaise, or a caper, or a lobster, or a shrimp, or an oyster sauce, but it is so tasty and so refined a fish that the best way is a Hollandaise sauce or plain French melted butter, called "Sauce blanche," the receipt of which I have already given, and which I remember was very much appreciated.

I will give you to-day two or three receipts for dressing trout. Perhaps many will say it is such a delicious fish that it does not require much dressing, but others who know better will say that it is a pity to let such nice

flavours be wasted in the water instead of being brought out by culinary art. Of course everybody knows there are two sorts of trout, the pink and the white. The pink trout much resembles salmon, and can be cooked exactly in the same manner as a small salmon. It is called in French "truite saumonée." It is chiefly found in the sea at the mouths of large rivers. But the white trout is much smaller, and is found only in small rivers or even in lakes. The very best are those of Scotland, which are constantly sent to the Paris market, where they fetch a higher price than any other trout, even those of the Lake of Geneva, so celebrated, but which are coarse in comparison with the exquisitely delicate fish caught in the rapid and clear but brown rivers of Scotland. It is these which are chosen to be cooked à la Génevoise.

Truite à la Génevoise.

[Trout à la Génevoise.]

First, cook them in the "Court bouillon" I have already taught you, and whilst they are cooking by the side of the fire—not boiling, remember, but simmering—put in a stewpan one and a half ounces of good butter with a few chopped-up mushrooms, parsley, and half a shalot, chopped up as minutely as a pin's head. Just leave them all to cook two or three minutes. In the meantime put a crust of bread (about three or four inches square) in the "Court bouillon," and when quite soft pass it through a sieve, mix it up with the sauce, then moisten the sauce with some "Court bouillon"; strain the trout and serve it on that sauce.

Truites Frites.

[Fried trout.]

Trout that are intended to be fried must not weigh more than six ounces. They must be immersed in whatever fat they are fried in. Our great epicures declare that a trout fried in very fine olive or salad oil is a dish worthy of a cardinal, therefore I strongly advise you whenever you have some nice trout to fry to use nothing else. The best trout for frying are those of the Meuse and of the Seine; they are never very large, but their flavour and delicacy are not to be surpassed.

Truites à la Montagnarde.

[Trout à la Montagnarde.]

This is a receipt obtained from the Great St. Bernard, to which height the trout attain after having ascended the falls and cascades, for this fish is gifted with marvellous strength, agility, and determination. It is said that the rapid movements executed by this fish contribute greatly to its being much more tender and of a better flavour than those caught in the Lake of Geneva. Its head must be tied with a string to preserve its good shape. Put in a stewpan half a bottle of French white wine, two moderately-sized onions with two cloves in them, a bouquet and clove of garlic *unpeeled;* half an ounce of butter with a teaspoonful of flour. Let it boil gently, then put your fish in it and boil it, *not simmer*, till it is done. Take your fish out, strain all the gravy and pour it over the fish. Some people like fried parsley over it.

Truite Farcie.

[Stuffed trout.]

Take a large trout; take out the bones, and put inside a stuffing composed of anchovies, truffles, mushrooms cut rather large, half an ounce of butter, parsley chopped up very fine, pepper, and salt; tie all up, including the head, with kitchen thread, and cook it in a "Court bouillon," which must only just cover it; then take it out, drain it, and when quite cold untie the thread, dip your fish twice in very, very fine bread-crumbs and very well beaten-up eggs, and fry it in boiling salad oil.

I will give you an easy and a homely way to do the Vol-au-vent, with salmon and shrimps. If you have any salmon left of the day before you can make an excellent Vol-au-vent or pie with it by adding half a pint or a pint of shrimps. If you have no salmon left you can make your dish with fresh salmon, and so much the better.

Vol-au-vent au Saumon et aux Crevettes.

[A salmon and shrimp pie.]

Suppose you have one and a half pounds of salmon and one pint of shrimps you put in your enamelled stew-pan two ounces of very good butter, and as soon as it is melted you add one dessertspoonful of very refined flour. Stir till mixed together, but be very careful not to let it turn at all brown. Then pour by degrees a quarter of a pint of the liquor in which your salmon has boiled and a quarter of a pint of very good milk, hot or cold (if it

is uncooked salmon you put half water and half milk). Stir all the time, add salt, pepper, and a little bit of mace, and let it simmer very gently for five minutes; then put in your salmon, cut in pieces, and leave it by the side of the fire simmering very gently for twenty minutes if it is raw salmon, only ten minutes if it has been cooked before. Then take it out of the stewpan and let it get perfectly cold. In the meantime prepare your pie-crust, and your quenelles as taught you before, and when the salmon is quite cold put first a layer of shrimps in the pie-dish, then some of the liquor the salmon has cooked in with a little butter, then some pieces of the salmon, then fill up all the spaces between with the shrimps and the gravy, finish your pie and bake it. Then when the crust is done it is all ready to be served.

Pouding aux Marrons.

[Chestnut pudding.]

Take a quarter of a pound of very good chestnuts, throw them into boiling water and leave them there on the hob for five or ten minutes, neither boiling nor simmering.

Take them out and peel them very carefully, break them into pieces, put in a stewpan a quarter of a pint of milk with a little sugar, then put your chestnuts in it as soon as it boils, and keep on stirring and adding some smkl until it has come to a nice thick cream, then take it off the fire, sprinkle over it some vanilla sugar or boil a little piece of vanilla pod with it, and serve it up so.

If you wish to make a more refined dish of it you

make the pudding very thick, and when it is quite cold pass it through a ribbon tin tube and let it form all sorts of arabesques in the dish, then cover the whole with three or four pennyworths of well-whipped cream mixed up with castor sugar. This is another form of Marrons à la Chantilly, the receipt of which I have previously given.

Croustades Marie-Louise.

[Cheese croustades.]

Take a slice of stale bread one and a half inches thick, and cut it into squares which you make round, and dig quite hollow, leaving only a quarter of an inch of thickness all round. Fry these little bread-cases a very nice golden colour, and fill them up with equal quantities of Parmesan and Gruyère cheeses mixed up with a little butter and pepper: cayenne pepper would suit the English but not the French palate. Put as a cover over them a little heap of white of egg beaten up into a thick hard snow, with a little salt on it sprinkled only at the very last. Put them into a quick oven, and serve them very hot.

Poulet Sauté aux Tomates.

[A chicken tossed with tomatoes.]

This dish is done exactly like the Poulet sauté, only that you put round it your tomatoes, which you have prepared in the following way:—

Take four nice tomatoes, cut each into four pieces, take the seeds out, toss them in a frying-pan in a little oil on a brisk fire, season them with salt and pepper, and as soon as they are boiling hot take them out, strain the

oil from them, and arrange them cleverly with the pieces of the chicken.

If you try this dish you will find it a most useful one for luncheon or breakfast, or if an unexpected guest should drop in, for it is done very quickly, and is most savoury and elegant, and very easy to make, and I will give you the proof of it. I am very fond of having friends dropping in at meals, and naturally I like to do the same myself, but I am sorry to say I am afraid the welcome I receive on such occasions is not always quite so genuine as the one I give; and yet the friends I particularly speak of are very fond of me—I have most irrefragable proofs of it—but it comes, I suppose, from want of good management on their part of the commissariat department, and they do not like to be taken unawares lest their shortcomings in these matters should be exposed to stricture. I confess when I first came to this country and was invited to luncheon it struck me how very sumptuous the meal was, never suspecting that all this display had been made on my account, as I had been told beforehand that no difference would be made. Of course I learnt by degrees what the habits were, and regarded as a great compliment all the pains my friends had taken for me. But I am diverging from my point, which has a strong connection with the Poulet sauté, as its object is to show you how easy this dish is to make. One fine summer's day I felt inclined to pay these friends of mine, who live at a great distance, an improvised visit, but it struck me that I should cause a great disturbance in the household if I arrived before luncheon, and to go

after luncheon was not to be thought of on account of the distance, and besides they might be out. Happy thought! I will take my luncheon with me. No sooner said than done; I sent my factotum to get me a nice chicken, and hurrying very much to catch an early train I arrived safe and sound at my friends' house at about half-past ten. The welcome I received was very warm, and much warmer from the anxious housekeeper when I told her that as she had missed the class in which the receipt of the Poulet sauté was given I had brought the chicken with me, and would teach her cook (who was young and new) how to "sauté" it. At first my friend was delighted, but suddenly her joyous expression changed into one of terror, and on my asking what was the matter—"Suppose cook does not like it, Emilie," she said. "I have only a piece of cold mutton in the house, and you know how you hate it." Then I had to fight that old and inveterate enemy of English ladies, the fear of displeasing the cook, for as they are so helpless themselves they dread any change in the curriculum even when it is for the better. I pooh-poohed the idea of cook being displeased. I represented, on the contrary, how delighted she would be to learn so easily a new dish, a beautiful thoroughly French entrée, and desired my friend to send for her cook. After a few more slight objections she made up her mind to go down herself and break the fearful news gently to the disciple of Vatel, and sound her feelings! I heard afterwards of the diplomacy with which she had thought right (a little at my expense) to gain the enemy to her side, and the cook soon appeared in

the dining-room. Then I explained to her very briefly, but clearly, how to "sauté" the chicken, telling her I could see in her face how intelligent she was, and how sure I felt that the dish would be a great success. And I had made no mistake, for, though an exceedingly bad cook in a general way, because she had never received any hints from her various mistresses, she was now put on her mettle by being told that the other cooks had never failed in this dish, and she produced at luncheon a most excellent Poulet sauté, which was so much appreciated by all the family, of whom I made the fifth person present, that it was all eaten up, and pronounced to be a most delicious dish. Three-quarters of an hour had been sufficient time for instruction, and henceforth it became one of the standard dishes at that house either as an entrée at dinner, or for luncheon when there was company.

Now I will conclude with the receipt of green peas done in the French way, as I have been earnestly requested to do so by one of the ladies, who says she can never get them in England as they are in France.

Petit Pois à la Française.

[Peas in the French way.]

Put a quart of peas with a piece of butter as large as an egg (or two ounces) and a quarter of a pint of cold water in a stewpan, mix it all together, then put in a small bunch of parsley, the heart of a small English lettuce (in which case you put in only two or three tablespoonfuls

of water), four or five large spring onions, all tied up together, a little salt, two lumps of sugar, and half an ounce of butter, and let it cook very gently for one hour, more or less according to the tenderness of the peas, and then take away the parsley, lettuce, and onions. We always add a little hot water if they get dry. If eaten with meat substitute a little pepper for the two lumps of sugar.

Petits Pois à la Parisienne.

[Peas in the Parisian way.]

Have very small peas for this dish, very fine and fresh; wash them and put them instantly into a stewpan with butter in this proportion, viz., two ounces for one pint of peas, a little salt, two or three lumps of sugar, and three or four tablespoonfuls of cold water, a bouquet of parsley, and a few spring onions tied up together. Put the lid on and let it simmer for half an hour on a gentle fire. Then take away the parsley and onions, and incorporate half an ounce of very fresh butter worked with a teaspoonful of very refined flour. Mix it all very well with the peas; taste if there is enough sugar—if not, add another lump—and dish up. This is an "entremets," and must be eaten by itself.

Petits Pois à la Bourgeoise.

[Peas in a homely way.]

Take one quart of peas well sorted, do not wash them, put them in a stewpan with butter, two ounces to a pint, a bouquet of parsley, one hard French lettuce tied up, and four white onions, all tied up together. Add one

lump of sugar, put the lid on and let them cook in their own juice on a very, very small fire till they are done. Take them off the fire, take away the lettuce and the onions, beat up together half an ounce of butter and one or two yolks of eggs, incorporate in the peas very carefully, and dish up.

If you let your peas remain on the fire after they are done they get yellow and hard.

Petits Pois à la Crême.

[Peas with cream.]

Put enough boiling water in your stewpan to cover your peas, with a little salt and two small lumps of sugar. As soon as they are done strain them, and put them back in the stewpan with very fresh butter and cream according to your liking. Leave them only just the time for the butter to melt down, and serve up. This is an "entremets," and must be eaten by itself.

THIRTY-SECOND LECTURE.

I MUST begin by congratulating you all, ladies, first, for your regular attendance, and then for your industry in trying all the dishes I have such pleasure in teaching you. I feel always amply gratified at being the means of introducing you to something new, as distinct from the actual mode of cooking it, such, for instance, as the hake, which was quite unknown to you, and which will now afford you another variety in your fish course.

Brillat Savarin, who wrote that charming book on the "Physiology of Taste," tells us that he who invents a new sauce or procures a new eatable renders more service to humanity than he who discovers a new planet. To have cooked the "Poulet à la Marengo" with such success as you have done I call quite a triumph, and I feel very proud of those who have accomplished such a feat; and if you do not invent a new dish you produce on your tables those invented by others, which is the next best thing to do.

Now will you be kind enough to write the

MENU.

POTAGE.

Purée de topinambours. [*Jerusalem artichoke soup.*]

POISSON.

Matelotte d'anguilles. [*Jugged eels.*]

ENTRÉES.

Chapon ou poule au riz. [*Chicken stewed with rice.*]
Hachis à l'Italienne. [*Mince with macaroni cheese.*]

RÔTI.

Gigot de Présalé à l'ail. [*Welsh leg of mutton with garlic.*]

LÉGUMES.

Céleri au jus. [*Celery with brown gravy.*]
Pommes de terre au naturel. [*Steamed or boiled potatoes.*]

ENTREMETS.

Pouding aux marrons. [*Chestnut pudding.*]
Petits choux aux fraises. [*Strawberry and cream puffs.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

As one of you ladies asked me for the receipt of the "Poulet au riz," or rather, as we call it more usually, "Poule au riz," I have named it as one of the entreés in the menu, and I shall be very glad to teach you to-day how to cook it, but previously to giving you the receipt I must not omit to mention that a "Poule au riz" in France always awakes in us the remembrance of one of our most popular kings who, unfortunately, was torn away from his devoted subjects by the murderous knife of the fanatic Ravaillac.

Henri IV. was, as you know, brought up in the Protestant faith by his mother, Jeanne d'Albret, the Queen of Navarre, and only escaped death during the fearful night of the St. Bartholomew massacre by consenting to become a Catholic; but as soon as he was released he gave up the religion he had been constrained to adopt,

and would have remained a staunch Protestant had he not acquired the certainty that by becoming a Catholic the war would cease, and thereby a great many lives would be spared. He was so kind that whilst besieging Paris he sent food to the besieged; and when king he made the famous Edict of Nantes, by which the Huguenots enjoyed privileges until then unheard of; and he was so anxious to improve the condition of the poor that he lessened the taxes as much as his great minister, Sully, would let him; and he declared he never would be happy until all his subjects would be able to "mettre la poule au pot tous les dimanches."

We have several ways of cooking this dish, and I am rather puzzled which of them to choose; one is used in the case of a fowl the tenderness of which is doubtful, and the others are for nice large fowls. No very young fowls should be used for this dish. I will first tell you how to cook a nice large one, which we call

Chapon ou Poule au Riz.

[Capon or fowl stewed with rice.]

Put two ounces of butter in a stewpan; as soon as the butter is melted put your capon in it, and let it become on all sides a very nice brown colour; when brown pour gently some hot stock if you have it, or half stock and water, or all water if you have no stock, so as to entirely cover the fowl. Then put in a bouquet, two onions with two cloves in one of them, two carrots, salt and pepper. Put the lid on with a weight, and allow no

steam to escape. Then let the whole simmer for three-quarters of an hour; then take out the carrots and the onions, and put in a quarter of a pound of rice, after having washed it three times in tepid water whilst the liquor is boiling. Then put the lid back with a weight on it, and a wet cloth all round it, so as to let no steam escape, and let it simmer *very gently* till the rice is done to your liking; some people like it very much done, others prefer to see every grain separate.

Dish the rice first in a very hot dish, and place the capon over it. If when you look at it when half done you think it is getting too dry, pour in gently a little boiling water or stock, and it will be all right. This, I say, in case it should have simmered a little too fast, otherwise the quantity of liquid I told you ought to be quite sufficient. Of course the rice must be of a nice brown colour, not too dark.

This is an excellent way of dressing a fowl, and is particularly recommended to people of weak digestion.

Poule au Pot à la Henri Quatre.

[Fowl stewed à la Henri Quatre.]

I cannot resist the temptation of giving you the receipt of the Poule au pot, such as that kind-hearted king, Henri IV., wished that all his subjects should be able to have every Sunday.

Prepare everything as you would for a soup "de la bonne menagère," of which I gave you the receipt before, and put your fowl in instead of the cabbage (you may also put it in a "Pot-au-feu," the receipt of which I gave

you so elaborately). Let it simmer a whole hour, then put some of the liquor into another stewpan, enough to cover the fowl, which you put in it with a quarter of a pound of rice; and when the rice is done dish it up. This is a plainer way than the other, but also very nice; and then it improves the soup very much. We do it chiefly with fowls that are not quite tender. Remember that old fowls are not to be despised, for they make the best broth for invalids.

You must have noticed from all I have told you hitherto three important things in our way of cooking—first, how careful we are not to waste any of the goodness of the materials undergoing the process of cooking, be they meat, vegetables, fish, fowl, or game; secondly, that we never make use of those made-up sauces which are so much employed in England for made dishes; thirdly, how slowly and carefully the different dishes are cooked, and therefore with what art all the flavours of the different adjuncts put with them are blended together. You must long ere this have drawn the conclusion that such cooking cannot be accomplished whilst you are sitting there. This alone could not make good cooks of you. Only your attention to the careful instructions given will do so, and either your cooking them yourselves first or having them done under your supervision; and I can most emphatically say I am certain it will, because I have made first-rate cooks of the most unpromising subjects. If these cooks when they leave me do not persevere in the excellent cooking I have taught them it is not my fault, but I am

sorry to say, ladies, it is your own, because you have entirely given up to them the sceptre of the culinary regions. They know the hold they have over you, and they use and abuse it. Fortunately there is a reaction in the right direction, and I will prove to you how evident your gain will be if you persevere in it. This reminds me of a circumstance that will show the different bearing of the French and English ladies towards their servants.

On the recommendation of the Vicar of the Pro-Cathedral I had engaged an excellent cook, a widow, who had lived many years in the establishment of a nobleman, and who now wished to live in a small family where only two servants were kept. My housemaid, who was a friend of hers, had been recommended to me most strongly by the clergyman of her parish at Clapham. As the cook understood foreign as well as English dishes I took advantage of her services to have a few friends to dinner oftener than was our wont. According to my habit I praised both of them on their respective abilities, and told them we expected in two or three days friends to whom we wished to give the most perfect dinner we had hitherto given. They were both very willing; and just the day before, whilst in the kitchen, I happened to draw the cook's attention to some trifling fault, and suggested some alteration or other. It had reference to waste of some kind. Thereupon, without any apparent rhyme or reason, she flew into a perfect rage, and told me I had upset her, and she would be completely unfit to cook the dinner for the next day; and on my telling

her she would, however, have to do so, as it was her work, she exclaimed—"I forfeit my month's wages, and shall go at once." "So shall *I*," echoed the housemaid. These announcements were rather bewildering, and I confess that for a minute I hesitated, and vacillated in my determination, for before me sprang up the daily work of the house, and my dinner-party, and my heart failed me. However, the idea of losing my independence, and lowering myself by giving way to them, made me take a firm decision. "Very well," said I, most calmly, "go and get ready: only wait until I come home." "But your dinner-party!" cried the cook, suddenly changing her tone on seeing me so determined. "That is my business, not yours," said I; and I went upstairs. I knew of a very respectable, tolerable jobbing cook; and I was sure some kind friends would lend me two of their servants to wait at table. Part of the dinner was almost ready; the Consommé, the Vol-au-vent, a Tarte de pommes meringuées, would be completed under my direction; and I had written two notes, and put on my things, when to my amazement my fat cook, followed by her extremely thin friend the housemaid, knocked at the drawing-room door, and the former, with a very piteous face, said she desired to apologise, and would not think of being the cause of my friends being put off. I assured her that my friends would not be put off, and that I felt exceedingly comfortable at getting rid of both of them so readily. Then an abject scene began: the old woman went on her knees, and actually cried. The other followed suit, and both were appa-

rently so distressed that I had to give in, but on the condition that I accepted their warning, and would keep them only the month out of charitable feelings.

Never was a dinner better cooked nor better served! They had declared war, and I had won the battle. Had I shown meekness or fear they would have been the mistresses, not *I.*

Now, without any more delay, I will give you the receipt of the sweet dish we have to-day in our course of entremets, called

Petits Choux aux Fraises.

[Strawberry and cream puffs.]

(I say "aux fraises," but they can be made with all sorts of jam, and particularly with creams or custards of all kinds.)

Put in your saucepan one tumbler of cold water, a few grains of salt, one ounce of sugar, as much butter, and a little grated lemon. When boiling take it off the fire, throw in by degrees enough flour to produce a nice thick paste—about one teacupful; put it back on the fire, stirring briskly all the time, till it becomes very smooth and does not stick to the saucepan—a few minutes will do it; then let it get cool, break in it one egg, stirring quickly all the time, then another, then another, until it can be worked, that is to say until it very slowly leaves the spoon quite clean; when you raise it above the saucepan it must be very firm. Flour your pasteboard, put your paste on it, make it into pieces like a large walnut, butter a tin, put them in it, paint them slightly

with the yolk of an egg in a little water, let them stand a quarter of an hour, then put them in a slow oven; when they are a nice golden colour ice them with castor sugar, put them back into the oven to take a nice colour, and put in them what you like—custard or jam or fresh fruit.

According to the promise I made you the other day, I propose to give you now three excellent receipts for biftecks.

Biftecks au Beurre d'Anchois.

[Rumpsteak with anchovy butter.]

Now if you wish to have Biftecks au beurre d'anchois, instead of aux pommes, you make a Beurre d'anchois (anchovy sauce with a little fresh butter mixed with it), and add it to the rest.

Biftecks au Cresson.

[Rumpsteak with watercresses.]

If you wish to have Biftecks au cresson you cook them like the others, and put all round watercresses without the thick stalks, and dressed with a little vinegar and salt. Some people like to add a little oil.

Châteaubriant.

[A very thick rumpsteak.]

But when you wish to have the acme of biftecks, you cut it two or three times as thick as the ordinary one; you put it in a marinade of oil, vinegar, pepper (no salt, because it would draw out the gravy), for several hours, sometimes you leave it the whole night and day. The

cooking is very difficult because of its thickness, and because it must not be at all hard outside. Then you put in your dish the marinade as well as the butter and parsley, and surround it with "Pommes de terre soufflées." This is the most expensive bifteck you can have in Paris, and there is a restaurant on the Place de la Bourse which has a great name for it. It costs three francs. No lady can eat a whole one, but when you are two then you have only to pay for what is called "un couvert," and the extras for the second person.

I must not forget to tell you that all these biftecks must be very nicely trimmed, every bit of skin or fat must be removed. It costs three francs, or 2s. 6d. the pound, at the butcher's, when beef is 1 franc 50 cents, or 1s. 3d. the pound. In fact, it always costs the double.

Now, to comply with the wishes of one lady of this class, I will give you the receipt of a very elegant and delicious entremets, pudding you would call it.

Œufs à la Neige.

[Snow eggs.]

Take one pint of milk, two ounces of lump sugar, and a small piece of vanilla, from which you have removed the seeds. Put it in a saucepan, and take it off the fire as soon as it boils. Take four very good eggs, separate very carefully the yolk from the white, which you put in a soup plate. Beat up the whites in a thick firm snow—it is enough when it can bear a whole raw egg—

and sprinkle over them castor sugar mixed up with the seeds of the vanilla. When your milk boils take large round spoonfuls of the snow egg, and put them carefully into the milk, turning them round with a small fish-slice, so that they are done all round; when done (and they are done very quickly), take them out and place them on the dish you intend to serve them in. Then beat up your yolks very, very much with one tablespoonful of orange-flower water, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Pour the whole very gently into your saucepan, where the milk has just boiled, and where you have cooked your whites, and stir round over a slow fire until it gets thick. Then take it off quickly, for if it gives one boil it will curd, and pour it gently over the snow eggs, which will float over it. Put it in a cool place, and serve it quite cold. Mind you beat your eggs in a cool place. If you want a larger dish you have only to double the quantities.

I was very glad to hear from two ladies that the Poulet à la sauce au cerfeuil (Fowl with chervil sauce) had been fully appreciated, in the one case by an invalid lady, and in the other by a gentleman who is in very good health but who likes very plain, delicate food. He said it ought to be more known, as the dish would be a great resource for people who, like himself, liked in the evening to eat very simple things, but not dishes devoid of taste, such as ordinary boiled fowls, which must have an accompaniment of bacon in order to make them palatable. The flavour was a combination of flavours he could not describe, but which he found most enjoyable.

It is evident that there is a vast difference between a fowl done in this way and one boiled in the ordinary manner, and I will point out to you in what the difference consists. A boiled fowl naturally loses all its goodness in the quantity of water in which it is boiled, and must in consequence be very insipid and very innutritious. The fowl with the chervil sauce on the contrary is boiled in a small quantity of water flavoured with celery, leeks, and asparagus, which last may be replaced by other vegetables when out of season. Then, finally, another flavour is added which is not only very tasty but very wholesome, so that I do not wonder at people finding it delicious; what they do not know, however, is that it is at the same time much more nutritious than the ordinary boiled fowl.

Une Longe d'Agneau aux Petits Pois.

[A loin of lamb with peas.]

Take one loin of lamb and cut it into three or four pieces; put in a stewpan three ounces of butter, put your lamb in it and semi-fry both sides till it has a nice colour. Sprinkle some flour over it, and when a nice colour pour by degrees a quarter of a pint of good stock, add pepper and salt, and, when simmering, half a peck of peas with a little bunch of parsley and one piece of mint. Put the lid on with something heavy on it, and as soon as it boils take it off the fire, put it on the side, and let it simmer till the peas are done. If the peas are very, very small and very, very young let the lamb do

some time by itself, then put the peas in the last half-hour.

This is a most delicious dish, and can be done with either veal or mutton, but when it is done with veal you must let the meat do at least an hour by itself. Then you can use larger peas, but in all cases be very careful that the peas are not left dry, or else they will turn yellow and become quite hard.

The receipts of the other dishes in our menu of to-day I propose to give you next time, unless you wish to know something particular.

Potage Palestine.

[French Palestine Soup.]

Two friends of ours who live in great style came to dine the other day, and I determined to give them a French Palestine soup. I have a splendid English receipt from a nobleman's cook, but although it is very delicious I consider it too extravagant for my purse, and I have therefore always made it in the following manner, and all who have tried it have approved of it.

One little difference I make for company, which I will point out in the receipt.

Take two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, and when they are well peeled boil them in the liquor in which you have previously boiled a calf's foot or a cow heel. When reduced to a pulp you strain them through a sieve, then you put an ounce of fresh Devonshire butter in an enamelled stewpan, and leave the pulp in it for five minutes with the lid on. Then pour by degrees

one pint of fresh milk and one pint of the liquor in which the artichokes were boiled, and let the whole simmer very gently for five or six minutes, by which time it has become a rich thick cream. The only difference I make if I wish it to be extra refined is to put in only three-quarters of a pint of milk and six pennyworth of cream, adding the latter only at the very last. Serve with it very small croûtons fried a very light colour. The greatest care must be taken to preserve the soup perfectly white.

Sole Normande.

[Sole in the Norman way.]

Fried soles are very nice, Soles au gratin are certainly nicer, but what surpasses both is a Sole Normande. Vefour and Les Trois Frères Provençaux seemed to have the monopoly of this dish, and it was well recognised in their day that no ordinary mortal would ever have attempted to produce such a dish, and one of the greatest treats you could have when you were taken to Paris was to go to either of these far-famed restaurants (both in the Palais Royal) to be introduced to a Sole Normande. The cost in those days was 50 francs (£2), and it really was such a delicious dish that no one ever thought of complaining of the price.

Although I certainly cannot call a Sole Normande an economical French dish, still I know one or two ways of preparing it which bring it within the reach of any lady wishing to give her guests one of the best French dishes ever served on a table. If I were to tell you

some of the receipts given in former cookery-books you would scarcely believe it possible that such extravagances were in vogue, but then you will easily understand the price being so high when you consider that it was for a dish that could not be procured elsewhere. I will merely mention the ingredients formerly required for the gravy. Listen and wonder!

In a quart of water put three pounds of veal, one pound of bacon, two pounds of ham in slices, one pheasant, two partridges, one hen, six carrots, five onions, &c., and moisten the whole with the strongest stock possible! Fortunately the world has become wiser, and clever and intelligent men have thoroughly studied the art of cookery, and many are studying it now, and the knowing ones come to conclusions which benefit everybody. This is how I have become the happy possessor of the very excellent receipt I am about to dictate to you now.

Put in a stewpan a quarter of a pound of very good butter; when it is melted put in a small tablespoonful of very fine flour, and mind it does not become at all brown, stirring all the time. When melted down pour in gently a tumblerful of very, very good white stock, two glasses of French white wine or two tablespoonfuls of brandy; add salt, pepper, and a full bouquet. Let the whole boil three minutes, then put the sole in it until it is cooked; then place it in the dish in which it is to be served, cover it up, and put in the sauce four dozen small button mushrooms, one dozen oysters, one dozen mussels which you have previously opened in

another stewpan, let them all simmer very gently five minutes, beat up two yolks of eggs and mix them up with the sauce; when off the fire take out the bouquet first, and pour the sauce over the sole. Leave the whole two minutes in the oven, and dish with it écrévisses and fried croûtons all round. The great object must be to keep this dish as white as possible.

THIRTY-THIRD LECTURE.

I WAS rather disappointed, though I own not surprised, to hear of the young lady's failure with the "Beignets soufflés." It appears when they were just done they were very puffy, but while taking them upstairs they went down. This is very easily explained, as you will see yourselves if you will lend me your attention for a few minutes. "Frying is very difficult," said the lady who failed with her beignets. This is quite a mistake. Frying is considered abroad one of the easiest processes in cooking, and it must be so, for everyone there knows how to fry, and a great many things are eaten fried in France. When I came to this country, after I had parted with the French servant I brought over with me, I confess it took me some time to find out why some of the things were so badly fried. After two or three dishes had been spoilt I said I would fry the next myself. It was not always very convenient for me to do so as I was then very fully engaged in tuition, and I had to make meals and engagements fit in like a puzzle, and could not disarrange one without upsetting the whole. However, the feat was at last accomplished; I put on a large French cooking apron, and asked for the frying-pan, which I must say was spotless; and this is indispensable, for if there is anything left in the frying-pan it will burn the "friture,"

(that is to say the fat you fry in) and then it will spoil whatever you fry in it. Then I asked for the "friture" pot; the cook stared at me and asked what I meant; I explained; she seemed to be more and more puzzled, and at last the mystery was solved. She had never had any "friture" pot, she said, although I had two, one for fish, and one for other things; and when I went into the larder I found them both there untouched. I then asked her what had she used for frying: "Oh, anything," she said, "just a little bit of lard, or dripping, or butter." No wonder she could not fry, for in order to fry well the things must be immersed in boiling fat. The almost general failure in frying in this country arises from two causes, viz., first, false economy in sparing the fat; and secondly, in not heating it enough. Now, my clever young friend will see why she failed; the beignets were not immersed in the friture. Now, the smaller the quantity of fat in the frying-pan the more will the fried thing absorb, and the more indigestible will you make it. For instance, a sole fried in a very little fat will be pale and flabby, or burnt and breaking to pieces, which is still worse, but if you have enough fat for it to be entirely covered by it, and you heat it to boiling point, as soon as you immerse your sole in it a sort of coating is instantly formed all over the surface, which allows none of the flavours inside to escape, and prevents the fat from penetrating through it. In a very few minutes your sole is cooked, in fact as soon as it has become a nice golden colour you know it is ready.

This matter belongs to chemistry, and I will explain the mystery to you in a few words.

Liquids exposed to the action of fire cannot all receive the same degree of heat. This is a law of nature, which is called "capacity of caloric." Therefore you might with impunity dip your finger in boiling spirits of wine; but you would soon take it out if you were to dip it in boiling brandy, quicker still in water, and if it were in oil it would burn you in an irreparable manner, for oil can become at least three times as hot as water. For your guidance let me say that a large fish of two pounds or three pounds would not take longer to fry than an egg to boil if it were immersed in the "friture." In order to know whether your "friture" is hot enough there are many ways: for instance if you sprinkle a little water with the tip of your finger and it fizzes very much it is ready, or if you dip a piece of bread half an inch thick, and in five or six seconds it comes out crisp and a nice colour, you may in either case put in your friture whatever you may have to fry. As fat requires to be heated quickly you must put your pan on a blazing fire, but as soon as the object to be fried has assumed its firm coating you may moderate the fire. Oil is an excellent material to use, but only for frying things that are very quickly done, such as croquettes, beignets, &c., because it is apt if it keeps boiling too long to give a bad taste, and ends by carbonising the things fried in it, of which taste you cannot rid them.

Lard has always been used from time immemorial, but its fault is, if not very pure, to soften the things fried in it, and also of swelling out and boiling over, which butter also does. The very best material for frying is

the fat you take off the clear soups, mixed up with beef suet. Beef suet is indeed the very, very best thing for frying anything in. Always bear in mind this important fact, that the more "friture" there is the less the things fried in it absorb.

The following is what I read lately in a newspaper. I have never tried it, so I do not make myself responsible for the result: "I was talking with a lady who is a well-known lecturer on cookery the other day, and she strongly advocated the use of cottonseed oil for frying purposes. She told me that it was commonly used in vegetarian cookery, and that it is cheap, sweet, and far better than inferior dripping, lard, or any animal oil but butter, which if good is costly. She says it requires rather a higher temperature to boil than other fat, and should be used very hot, when it fries most excellently, and produces a beautiful delicate brown colour on fish, potatoes, rissoles, or whatever may be fried in it. The price varies from 2s. to 3s. 6d. per gallon, which, when compared with Lucca or olive oil, lard or butter, is very cheap. It was used at the 'Fisheries' in preparing the sixpenny fish dinners which were so popular."

Now that I have given you all these hints about frying I will first dictate the menu, and then the receipt how to fry potatoes, which I have been asked for two or three times.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage aux pâtes d'Italie. [*Clear soup with Italian paste.*]

POISSON.

Filets de soles à l'Impératrice. [*Filleted soles à l'Impératrice.*]

ENTRÉES.

Perdrix aux choux. [*Partridges with cabbage.*]
Poule au pot à la Henri IV. [*Boiled fowl à la Henri IV.*]
Bifteck aux pommes. [*Steak with fried potatoes.*]

RÔTI.

Canards aux olives. [*Roast ducks with olives.*]

LÉGUMES.

Petits choux de Bruxelles au beurre. [*Brussels sprouts tossed in butter.*]
Purée de navets. [*Mashed turnips.*]

ENTREMETS.

Omelette soufflée. [*Omelet soufflée.*]
Douillons de poires. [*Baked pear dumplings.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

We have several ways of frying potatoes, which I propose to give you so that you may try them all, and then choose which you like best.

POMMES DE TERRE FRITES AU BEURRE.

[Potatoes fried in butter.]

The most ancient way, and I think the most expensive and the longest of all is to cut kidney or vitelotte potatoes into thin slices, then put some butter in a fryingpan, and when hot put in your potatoes; turn them over, and when a nice colour take them out and serve them. This

may be done if you want only a very few, but it is never done so abroad now. The real way of frying potatoes is the following :—

Pommes de Terre Frites.

[Fried potatoes.]

Cut your potatoes in shapes as you would cut apples for an apple tart, about half an inch thick but slanting; put in a saucepan (not too deep) say one pound of beef suet which has been clarified, and is therefore free from all the skins; if you have any beef dripping let the quantities be half and half; heat it very much; when it boils try it by putting in one piece of potato, if in a few seconds it looks firm and slightly brown then your friture is all right, and you may put in all your potatoes; put them in gently so as not to splash, and mind you do not put more than will be covered by the friture. To use the wire basket is a very easy thing, and simplifies matters very much. In three or four minutes they are done. Remove the saucepan from the fire, and take them out quickly with a fish-slice and put them in your hot tin strainer—this you avoid if you use the basket, then put them on a sheet of kitchen paper—so that they are freed from any fat, then in the hot dish; sprinkle some salt over them and send them quickly upstairs *uncovered:* if covered they would get soft. Then let your friture get a little cool before pouring it out in the pot, and be careful not to pour in any of the sediment which may be at the bottom of the saucepan.

Pommes de Terre Soufflées.

[Puffed fried potatoes.]

Cut your potatoes exactly like the last; as soon as your friture is ready put them in in the same way as before, but do not keep the friture quite so hot in order that they should not be quite so stiff outside; when three parts done remove the pan on to the hob, take them out in the wire basket, or if you have none with the fish-slice, and put them in the hot tin strainer; then put your pan back on the fire, heat your friture very quickly and put the potatoes back, stirring them all the time, about one minute or a minute and a half, when you see how swollen they become; then take them out quickly, and after having first put them on the paper put them in the hot dish with salt over them, and serve them very quickly.

Pommes de Terre Frites en Spirales ou en Rubans.

[Fried potatoes, in spirals or in ribbons.]

Cut your potatoes as if you were peeling an apple or a pear, but rather thicker, and try not to break them too often; then put them in the friture in the basket just like the ordinary fried potatoes; two minutes will be enough; then take them out and serve them in an artistically arranged heap, not forgetting to add salt; a very few make a great show. A very simple cheap potato cutter can be bought at the French Exhibition.

Of course everything one does requires experience, and it is not likely that a young lady who has never been in the kitchen will succeed for the first time in some of the things she is attempting, so well as if she were accustomed to be there frequently. Everything is new to her, and she meets with little difficulties which, however, will be completely surmounted after two or three attempts. There is practice in everything, be it work or play ; some have a talent for a thing which others have not; but I maintain, because I have had great experience, that any one who is not an idiot born can cook very nice dinners if only properly taught.

You will see that frying, far from being difficult, is one of the easiest processes in cookery. The only secrets are to have abundance of friture and to bring it to the proper degree of heat. Now my young and clever friend sees why she partially failed with her beignets.

One thing of which I must warn the uninitiated is to be very, very careful not to spill any of the friture in the fire, nor to let the blaze catch it in the pan, or else I am afraid you would prove the truth of the English saying that "the fat was all in the fire," for if such a thing were to happen the only remedy is to put a thick wet cloth over the frying-pan and take the latter right on to the sink !

A friend of mine was at a very grand dinner-party the other day, and as she is a very good housekeeper who does not grudge herself any trouble to vary her "ordinaire" —that is your family dinner, that which you have every day—she is always on the "qui vive" to find out something new in the menus. One thing struck her on this occa-

sion ; it was an entrée called "Tourne-dos à la Rossini." She wished to taste it, but as usual two different entrées were handed from the two opposite ends of the table, and when her turn came it was too late! the dish had become emptied ; and she asked me what it was. She said it looked a very pretty dish, and those who partook of it seemed to enjoy it very much. Her husband was among the fortunate ones, and as he had liked it very much she was anxious to know how it was made.

It is called "tourne-dos." As this dish can be done with either fish or cooked beef, I think you may like to have the receipt. It was the receipt I had intended giving you when I was asked for that of the "Petits choux."

If you have had a sirloin of beef and have saved the fillet, then you have everything you want.

Tourne-dos à la Rossini.

[Slices of beef with croûtons.]

Cut some beef, either cooked or uncooked, into slices a little more than half an inch thick, lard them with the finest larding-pin, and put them for two hours in the marinade I taught you for the hare, but without any salt whatever. When you want them put some butter in a stewpan, and toss them about in it on both sides for five or six minutes on a quick fire ; when done take them out and fry in the same butter some round slices of crumb of bread, as many as you have slices of beef ; then arrange them alternately with the beef round your dish, and pour in the middle a sauce called "poivrade," which you must have made previously in the following manner :

Sauce Poivrade.

[Peppery sauce.]

Put in a stewpan two-thirds of a tumbler of French vinegar, one coarsely chopped-up shalot, four sprigs of parsley, one bay-leaf, one sprig of thyme, one carrot, salt, and crushed peppercorns; let it boil down gently till it has become reduced to one quarter, then take it out and strain it; then put two ounces of butter in the stewpan and brown in it one teaspoonful of flour; then put your gravy back with a soupçon of cayenne and the marinade, which must be strained, and let the whole simmer together for five minutes, and pour it over your "tourne-dos," or place it only in the middle according to taste.

These are the ordinary "tourne-dos." To make them à la Rossini you put over each piece of beef a small heap of tomato cooked in the oven with butter, salt, and cayenne. These are called à la Rossini because the great master was very fond of tomatoes, and ate them with everything.

As I have been repeatedly asked for receipts for gravies or sauces, I mean to devote part of this lecture to sauces or gravies in general.

One of the most marked differences between French and English cookery is certainly in the sauces, or rather gravies. I have no hesitation in saying that it is chiefly to its sauces or gravies that French cookery owes its character of excellence. You must yourselves, after all this teaching, draw your own conclusions, having seen with what care we do all our stews and boiling, so that although

they derive justly their goodness from the meat in which they are cooked, they also impart flavours to the dishes which improve them greatly.

It is an indisputable fact that there is almost as much nutritive matter in a properly-made gravy or sauce as there is in the things cooked in it, in fact, sometimes the sauce is the more nutritious of the two, and of very easy digestion, therefore excellent for people of weak digestion. But of course, however anxious we may be to produce plenty of sauce or gravy to a dish, we must never depart from this renowned proverb, "Une sauce courte et bonne."

Until now I have taught you to make good gravies with the dishes of which I gave you the receipts, but now I propose to give you receipts of gravies or sauces alone, sauces which will help you when you are in a hurry to produce some elaborate dish, or when you have many dishes to cook at once, because these gravies or sauces can be prepared beforehand, and can keep a certain amount of time.

There are four sauces or gravies which may be considered as the mother sauces or gravies, because with very few additions or changes, or simply according to what is cooked in them, their character can be completely altered. Formerly these sauces or gravies, which had been invented by the great cooks, were composed of so many extravagant ingredients that they were perfectly unapproachable, and it is really only since the last thirty or forty years that they have come within the reach of every housekeeper. These four great sauces are

"La Sauce Espagnole," "Le Velouté," "L'Allemande, and "La Béchamel."

All the other sauces, formed chiefly of them, are called "Petites Sauces." These four great sauces occupy twenty-five pages of the immense and celebrated cookery-book of Carême, the king of cooks.

I propose to give you a very simplified receipt of these different sauces, so that you may not be at a loss should you at any time have some call for them.

Sauce Espagnole ou Coulis Brun.

[Spanish or brown velvety sauce.]

Butter the bottom of a saucepan with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, then add trimmings of veal, ham, remains of fowls, rabbit, game—in short, anything you may have of the sort; add one onion with a clove in it, and three or four very fresh carrots cut up. Place your saucepan, with the lid on, on a very gentle fire, to bring out all the moisture of the meat, let it become a glaze of a light brown colour, then add two dessertspoonfuls of flour, stir the whole together, moisten it with good hot stock, so that it is neither too thin nor too thick, stirring all the time; then add a full bouquet (remember to use the stalks of the parsley in preference to the leaves); let this simmer exceedingly gently for four hours on the hob with the lid on; skim it, and when done pass it through a fine sieve; put it in a jar, and when cold cover it up, and use it when you wish to make very good sauces and are pressed for time.

This "Sauce Espagnole" was for a long time quite a secret; cooks would not divulge it to anyone, and they used to prepare it in the dead of night when all the other servants in the house had gone to bed; and it is most likely that all the extravagant receipts in the cookery-books were purposely exaggerated in order to hoodwink the general public.

Velouté ou Coulis Blanc.

[Velvety or white sauce.]

Now I will pass at once to the receipt of the second of the four great fundamental sauces, called "Velouté." This sauce is a little more expensive, and rather more troublesome to make, but it is exceedingly useful for delicate dishes, such as Vol-au-vent, sweetbread, gibelottes, poultry, &c., &c.

Put in a stewpan one ounce of butter, two carrots cut up, slices of lean ham, parings of meat, chiefly veal, and an old fowl, which you cut up in pieces; a full bouquet, one ordinary-sized onion, and one quart of cold water; put it on a nice fire, neither fierce nor slow, and prick the pieces of the fowl to let the juice come out. Nearly fill up your stewpan with cold water, add salt, white pepper, one clove, and a quarter of a pound of mushrooms, and when on the point of boiling skim it carefully, and let it simmer on a gentle fire for four hours. Then pass it through a sieve, and mind you pass everything you can through, both meat and vegetables. Then you put it in a smaller stewpan, and just when it is going to boil you pour in with one hand, stirring with

the other, some "roux blanc," which you have made previously, just enough to make it of a nice thickness; then you put the lid on and let it simmer for a whole hour on the hob. You pass it through, and save it in a jar, covered up when cold, and use when wanted. It must be kept perfectly white.

Sauce Allemande.

[German sauce.]

Now we will pass to the third of the great sauces. It is called "Sauce Allemande," and is used chiefly for vegetables and fish.

You beat up five yolks of eggs with eight or ten tablespoonfuls of "Velouté," a very little nutmeg (as much as would stand on a threepenny piece), and half an ounce of very good butter, and let the whole simmer gently for ten minutes, stirring carefully all the time, so that the eggs may become thoroughly done and mixed up well with the Velouté. If you wish to make it a little thinner you add one tablespoonful of very, *very* good stock.

The fourth great sauce is the "Béchamel," the receipts of which I have given extensively in another part of this book (page 146).

I will give you now a very good sauce, equally tempting and tasty, called "Sauce Robert." Rabelais, who placed the inventor of this sauce among those who had deserved well of their country, called it "la sauce tant salubre et nécessaire" ("the sauce so salubrious and so necessary").

Sauce Robert.

Cut up into four, and then into slices, three or four good-sized onions (not Spanish), and be careful to wash them so as to take away the bitter part; put them in a stewpan with two ounces of butter, and put the lid on; shake the pan occasionally, and when the onions are nearly done (in about a quarter of an hour) sprinkle a little flour over them, and stir them till it is nice and brown; when it is all thoroughly done, and the onions so reduced to a pulp that not one bit is to be found whole, then moisten it with good hot stock, salt, pepper, one teaspoonful of French vinegar, and one of mustard. French mustard is the proper one to use, but when I am short of it I substitute English, and since I have lived in England I have discovered that a pinch (no more) of curry-powder is an excellent adjunct, and pleases those who are fond of "une cuisine épicée" (hot things), which I am not. This sauce is excellent for warming into it slices of pork, pork cutlets, or remains of goose or turkey. Good as it is, this Sauce Robert, so appreciated by the author of "Gargantua," does not entirely owe its celebrity to its culinary excellence, but also to a satire written by Thiers, a clever theologian of the seventeenth century, against Robert, the "Grand Vicaire" of the Bishop of Chartres, which, in an allusion to the celebrated sauce mentioned by Rabelais, he called, "La Sauce Robert." The satire was denounced, and Thiers, in order to escape imprisonment, was obliged to run away.

THIRTY-FOURTH LECTURE.

It was a piece of good fortune that, between the last lecture and this, I met two ladies, who hastened to tell me how successful they had both been with the "Sole Normande." One of them has a friend in Paris to whom she frequently pays prolonged visits, during which she is of course treated to numerous French dishes. Although, however, her friend had often spoken to her about the "Sole Normande" she told her that her cook, good as she was, had never attempted the dish, considering it too complicated; so you may imagine how proud and delighted this lady was when, at a small dinner-party which she gave last week, she was able to produce this very celebrated dish, which looked most inviting and tasted deliciously! The other lady, who had partaken of the dish in Paris when on her wedding tour, declared that this was quite as nice, if not better, both in appearance and flavour.

The two ladies had ordered everything from their fishmongers, who had served them very well, and been very moderate in their charges. I did not tell you, because I know how difficult it is to procure them here, that in Paris you put some gudgeons round the dish, which you cook in milk with a little salt. I hope I shall hear today of other successful attempts. I ought not to forget

to tell you that this excellent and simple receipt was given to me by a lady of Normandy who keeps a very good table, and as it is a receipt which has been a long time in the family it is quite genuine, and, moreover, is not to be found in any cookery-book.

Now we are going to write the

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage à la Condé.

POISSONS.

Raie à la noisette ou au beurre noir. [*Skate with black butter.*]
Sole Normande [*Sole in the Normandy way.*]

ENTRÉES.

Salmis de canard. [*Salmi of duck.*]
Escalopes de veau. [*French veal cutlets.*]

RÔTIS.

Poulet cuit dans son jus. [*Chicken cooked in its own gravy.*]
Gigot de chevreuil. [*Haunch of venison.*]

LÉGUMES.

Salsifis frits. [*Fried salsifis.*]
Pommes de terre à la Parisienne. [*Potatoes as in Paris.*]
Salade à la Française. [*Salad à la Française.*]

ENTREMETS.

Omelette aux confitures. [*Sweet omelet.*]
Charlotte russe aux abricots. [*Russian Charlotte with apricots.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

I propose to give you to-day the receipts of three of the dishes that are mentioned in the menu, and I will begin with the

Potage à la Condé.

[Soup à la Condé.]

Take one pound of red haricot beans and put them in two quarts of cold water, with salt and two or three onions, and let them boil till they are quite soft; then pass the whole through a sieve to make a nice purée; then prepare some croûtons, according to the receipt already given. Put two or three ounces of butter into a stewpan, and when melted pour the purée slowly in it; add one or two glasses of claret, let it simmer gently a quarter of an hour, and pour the whole over the croûtons in the soup tureen.

Raie à la Noisette ou au Beurre Noir.

[Skate with black butter.]

Of course you know that crimped skate is the best; still, another sort called turbotine, which is not easily obtained here, is quite as white and quite as nice as the former.

Put your fish in the fish-kettle with cold water, a little more than enough to cover it, add some thyme, lemon thyme, bay-leaf, an onion with two cloves in it, one carrot cut into two and then into four, some stalks of parsley, one peppercorn, salt, and half a tumbler of vinegar (English will do). Cover it up and let it boil some few minutes, then take off the cover and leave it in the liquor till you want it. Then take your frying-

pan, put in it two, three, or four ounces of butter, according to the quantity of skate you have, and let it become a deep brown. Fry some parsley in it, and when it is quite crisp pour the whole over your fish, which you have previously drained and placed on its dish. Then pour one spoonful of vinegar in the frying-pan, heat it for a minute, and pour it all over the skate.

In order to be tender and easy of digestion this fish must be "mortifié," viz., it must be eaten three or four days old: this and soles are the only fish which improve by not being too fresh.

The liver is very good, but it must boil only two or three minutes to be done.

Although I have already given so many ways of cooking fowls, I feel very much inclined to give you the receipt quoted in the menu. I dare say the circumstance that we cook a great many things in their own gravy has caused some ignorant people to say that the French never roast. I was much amused at seeing this statement made in an English cookery-book the other day, and this accounts for the remark numbers of my friends have made to me that roasting was perfectly unheard of on the other side of the Channel.

We do not roast such large joints as in England, it is true, for which there are many reasons. In the first place the French are not at all partial to cold meat; then also they are bent upon having a constant variety of dishes, which cannot be if you have a large roast and a small family to eat it. I shall never forget my dismay, after having accepted an invitation to stay with an uncle

and aunt of a great friend of mine who lived in the north of France, on being told casually by my friend that it was fortunate we were invited for the middle of the week, viz., from Thursday to the following Thursday, "for," she added, "we shall have two different joints, as they live quite in the English way—a joint is roasted every Sunday, and it lasts all the week. Uncle carves himself, and always makes it last." Then you were asked to have some "pickoles"; I found out in time this meant pickles.

I did not much relish the prospect of this visit, I assure you; but fortunately they made "company" of me, and besides the promised joint there were numerous other dishes. My host was a very rich banker, who had one daughter, and he boasted that he had saved her marriage portion by having established his household in the English way of living almost ever since her birth. He had been at school in England, and was afterwards a clerk in a house of business there, and had brought back with him to France this *improved* way of living, as he called it—vegetables boiled in water; never any butter; salads without oil; and no puddings excepting a plum pudding at Christmas, which came from England!

I must say I have never known in my own experience any other instance of this strange way of living, but a friend told me the other day of a rich cousin of hers who has two sons (one of them at Oxford), and the father lives all the year round on boiled mutton, eaten cold till it is finished; and another lady also told me of an uncle of a brother-in-law of hers who has £5,000 or £6,000

a-year, and on the marriage of his nephew he gave him £2,000 as a wedding present, after which he said gravely to his wife, "Now, my dear, that our income is so reduced I think we had better give up having a second vegetable on our table." But these are isolated cases, from which it would be as wrong to form a general opinion about the character of a nation as it is absurd to say that the French never roast their meat because they have, besides this way of cooking it, a great many others at their service.

So now I will give you the receipt of a "Poulet dans son jus," which is certainly a most delightful substitute for roasting it, and makes a very nice change.

Poulet Cuit dans Son Jus.

[Chicken cooked in its own gravy.]

Prepare your chicken as if it were for roasting, that is to say put the liver inside, and put round it some thin rashers of bacon, much more fat than lean, after having cut off the rind; then put in your stewpan a piece of butter as large as an egg, and your chicken, which you semi-fry all round; when it is a nice brown (just as if it were roasted) add three spoonfuls of very good stock and a little salt and a little pepper, put on the cover with a weight on it, and let it cook very, very gently on a very moderate fire for one hour and a half, taking care not to let any steam escape (of course when half done you must turn it over). Then put it on a hot dish, take the grease off, and put in the saucepan two or three more spoonfuls of hot stock to detach all the gravy from it, which you place for a few seconds on the

fire, and then pour all the gravy over the chicken, and serve very hot. Of course it would never do to cook a hard fowl in this way.

As I wish to give you as many receipts as I can for the remainder of our course, I will now teach you two ways of cooking a vegetable very much eaten abroad, but very little known here. I mean salsifis, or scorzonères. As it is a winter vegetable I think you will find it a useful acquisition at that season.

Salsifis.

Scrape them, cut them in two, and throw them one by one in a basin with water and vinegar, about two spoonfuls of the latter in a pint and a half of water. Take them out and throw them into a large saucepan full of boiling water, with salt and one spoonful of flour. When they are quite soft then they are done. Strain them and dress them in some of the following manners :—

Pâte à Frire.

[Batter for frying.]

Salsifis Frits.

[Fried salsifis.]

I will first teach you how to make the batter we use for frying. Put in a basin two large spoonfuls of flour, make a hole in the middle of it, and put in a little salt, and then the yolk of an egg, half a spoonful of salad oil, and a dessertspoonful of brandy. Then stir the whole with one hand, and pour gently a little water till you get a good consistency or thickness. Some people use

milk instead of water, but this makes it heavy. Just before using it add and mix up with it the white of one egg beaten up into a snow, but as the white of the egg will make it thinner you must bear this in mind. It must have about the consistency of melted butter. If it is made beforehand it is lighter, even made the day before, but remember to add the white of the egg only just when you are going to use it.

When your salsifis are very well drained put them in this batter and fry them exactly as you would fry potatoes. They will swell out and will be delicious.

Salsifis au Jus.

[Salsifis with meat gravy.]

You may also dress them "au jus," which is another excellent way of preparing them.

After they have been boiled, as I explained before, and well drained, you put them in a stewpan with two ounces of butter and a spoonful of flour, and when nice and brown pour out some very good stock or meat gravy, and let them do gently twenty minutes in this, and then dish up.

Salsifis à la Sauce Blanche.

[Salsifis with white sauce.]

After they have been prepared as mentioned above, you put in a stewpan two ounces of butter, and when melted you dissolve in it one tablespoonful of flour; stir well and moisten with a tumblerful of water, or white stock if you have any, add pepper and salt, and when it

boils put in the salsifis, which of course have been partly boiled previously. Put the lid on, and let them simmer very gently for one hour. When done dish them, and mix up with the white sauce the yolk of an egg well beaten up with a teaspoonful of French vinegar, then pour it all over the salsifis.

Salsifis à l'Italienne.

[Salsifis with cheese]

Prepare them as before, but let them boil until they are quite soft; then heat the dish in which they are to be served, put in a layer of salsifis, sprinkle a tablespoonful of rasped Parmesan and Gruyère in equal quantities—*i.e.*, half a spoonful of each—over them, and also tiny patches of butter; then put in another layer of salsifis and the same quantity of cheese and butter, and so on until you have used all your salsifis, which must be very moist. Don't forget the pepper. Put it into the oven to get very hot before serving up.

According to a promise of long standing, I propose to give you the valuable receipt of that favourite dish called Côtelettes à la jardinière. It may be done in two different ways, but one I consider very superior to the other. However, I will give you both receipts, and you will be able to choose, sometimes using one and sometimes the other, as your requirements may demand.

Côtelettes à la Jardinière.

[Mutton cutlets with vegetables.]

This is the easier and more homely way, and in my opinion the more tasty of the two. Take one carrot,

one turnip, and six tiny onions. Cut your carrot and turnip in any shape you like except slices, and not larger than a filbert; leave the onions whole. Then put in your stewpan one ounce of butter, and three mutton cutlets of the best end of the neck, nicely trimmed, but with a little fat left, also your onions. Brown them a light colour on both sides, the onions also; they will brown more quickly if you add one small pinch of moist sugar. When brown take them out and put in a teaspoonful of flour, and stir very briskly; as soon as it is brown pour in half a tumbler of stock, and when boiling put in all the vegetables. If you have a few peas, and a few French beans cut up into one-inch lengths, so much the better; also put in a potato cut up into little round balls; add pepper and salt; put the lid on, and let the whole boil very gently for twenty minutes; then put back the cutlets and let the whole simmer for half an hour. When you dish up place your cutlets in the centre of the dish, put a heap of vegetables over each, keep it covered, and after having carefully skimmed your gravy, put it back for a moment on the fire and pour it all over the dish.

Another Way.

Take six mutton cutlets very well trimmed, put them in a tin with a little butter, and with pepper and salt. Let them do quickly in a quick oven, turning them over; when done take them out, put in one tablespoonful of very good gravy or very good stock to get off what sticks to the tin. Then serve your cutlets in a round wreath,

and in the middle place a macédoine of vegetables or jardinière.

Macédoine de Légumes Jardinière.

[A mixture of all sorts of vegetables.]

Take two or three carrots and two turnips, which you trim almond shape. Peel twelve tiny onions, and put the whole into a stewpan with one ounce of butter. Let them take a nice colour, but stir all the time, or they would burn. Sprinkle a little flour all over, and then put in a half-tumblerful of gravy or very good stock, pepper and salt, a few mushrooms, French beans cut one inch long, a few haricot beans, a few boiled broad beans very, very small, also very, very small Brussels sprouts (one for each cutlet) which you have previously blanched in boiling water and salt for three or four minutes, also peas and tips of asparagus, and a piece of sugar as large as a nut. Put the lid on, and let it simmer gently llti quite soft; then put it inside a wreath of cutlets.

A macédoine of vegetables is also very nice served by itself.

I was asked the other day how French mutton cutlets were done so that they look and taste quite different from English cutlets. I say *cutlets*, I ought to say *chops*. It is true they look and taste differently, but the English ought to have the advantage, for an English chop is in itself far superior as meat to a French one. Well, I told my friend how we did them, and as her father, a captain in the army, who has travelled a good deal, and is very partial to English food, said he never enjoyed his mutton chops before he had them done in the French way, we

must admit, I suppose, that the French manner is superior. You shall judge of this for yourselves.

Une Côtelette Ordinaire.

[An ordinary mutton chop.]

"Do you bread-crumb them?" said my friend. Of course we do, with very fine bread-crumbs, kept in bottles on purpose, either made of crumbs or raspings made of crusts of bread. Sometimes we prefer crumbs made fresh from a stale loaf, and this is the way in which we proceed:—Have your chops cut a nice shape and nicely trimmed, leaving the top of the bone quite clear so that you may put a little cuff or frill to it. The cuff or frill is suggestive of its being taken in one's fingers when it becomes difficult to shave the meat off the bone; but what an expression of horror and shocked feelings do I see all about me! And yet Brillat-Savarin declares that nothing is so bewitching as a pretty woman eating delicately a mutton chop with her pretty fingers, and showing a lovely row of pearls whilst eating it. And again, I have been assured over and over again that the grandest lady of these realms likes to take a bone with her fingers, and who has prettier fingers than that grand lady, and who has better manners?

But I am afraid neither this example nor the praises of the king of gastronomy himself will ever make it proper in this very punctilious country to eat a bone with one's fingers, be the bone decorated with the most elegant cuff, be the lady ever so pretty, as a daughter of Albion alone can be pretty!

The cutlet cuff has carried us a long way from our receipt: let us resume then. Spread on your pasteboard a thick layer of very, very fine bread-crumbs, lay your chops on it, and cover the tops of your chops with the same; then beat them with the rolling-pin, turn them over, put more bread-crumbs under and over them, and beat this side in the same way. Then have a very clear fire, heat your gridiron, lay your chops on it, and broil them over the fire, turning them constantly; the bread-crumbs absorb the gravy, which might otherwise fall into the fire, and protect the meat, so that when the chops are served and you eat them they have all their goodness left in them.

Bread them very thickly, but never egg them.

The other day when it was very cold a gentleman and his wife called on me; and on their declining tea, I produced my "Cave à liqueurs," and offered them their choice of the four liqueurs it contained, two of which were home-made—viz., Cherry Brandy, made out of our own Morella cherries; and Anisette, made from a receipt given me by a French lady at Rouen. They chose the latter, and as they liked it immensely, and were anxious to have the receipt, I told them I would give it at my classes, and it would be published in course of time. This is what I am going to give you now, and as it is a very genuine and wholesome liqueur I hope you also may appreciate it.

Liqueur d'Anisette.

[Aniseed Liqueur.]

Take one pint of spirits of wine, pure or alcohol, one

pint of water, two pounds of sugar-candy, and twelve drops of essence of aniseed. You first melt your sugar-candy in the water, then you mix all up together, and shake the bottle occasionally for a month. The older it gets the better it is.

I had completed the preparation of my lecture when I received an urgent request from one of my more zealous subscribers telling me she was expecting shortly some French people to luncheon, so would I give one or two menus for "déjeûners à la fourchette," and also one or two receipts of quickly-done dishes for the same; so I will conclude this lecture with two easy receipts, and three or four menus for luncheons or "déjeûners à la fourchette."

Soles sur le Plat.

[Baked soles.]

Take one or two nice soles with the brown skin off. Butter well the bottom of an earthenware or silver or tin dish; sprinkle all over very fine bread-crumbs, with one or two mushrooms and a little parsley chopped up very fine; salt and pepper. Put your soles over this. Sprinkle the same over them, and bake them for twenty minutes. Serve in the dish in which they were baked.

Œufs sur le Plat.

[Eggs fried in a dish.]

Butter your dish; break very carefully as many eggs as you require, leaving the yolks whole; sprinkle a little salt and pepper over them; place your dish over the fire

for a few minutes, and serve at once in the dish in which they were cooked.

MENU FOR A FRENCH DÉJEÛNER.

Salade d'anchois ou de sardines. [*Anchovy or sardine salad.*]
Œufs au jambon. [*Eggs and ham.*]
Poulet sauté. [*A sort of fried fowl with gravy.*]
Gigot de mouton froid. [*Cold leg of mutton.*]
Fromage de Stilton et petits Gervais. [*Stilton and French cream cheese.*]

Dessert.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

AUTRE MENU.

Soles sur le plat. [*Baked soles.*]
Côtelettes à la jardinière. [*Mutton cutlets with vegetables.*]
Jambon froid et salade. [*Cold ham and salad.*]
Macaroni à l'Italienne. [*Macaroni cheese.*]
Roquefort et Neufchatel.

Dessert.

Café noir et Chartreuse.

AUTRE MENU.

Omelette aux fines herbes au jus. [*Savoury omelet with gravy.*]
Châteaubriant aux pommes. [*Thick trimmed steak with fried potatoes*]
Côtelettes de porc frais panées avec sauce piquante. [*Pork chops with bread-crumbs and piquant sauce.*]
Rôti de bœuf froid. [*Cold roast beef.*]

Salade de barbe de capucin à la Française. [*Barbe salad.*]
Fromage de Gruyère et céleri. [*Gruyère cheese and celery.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir et cognac.

AUTRE MENU.

Huitres au naturel. [*Raw oysters.*]
Beurre très frais et citron. [*Very fresh butter and lemon.*]
Côtelettes de mouton à la purée de marrons. [*Mutton cutlets with chestnut purée.*]
Escalopes de veau. [*Veal cutlets à la Française.*]
Assiette de gâteaux assortis. [*Assorted pastry.*]
Fruits.
Fromage de deux espèces. [*Cheese of two kinds.*
Café noir et liqueurs.

AUTRE MENU.

HORS D'ŒUVRE.

Sardines à l'huile. [*Sardines in oil.*]
Tranches de saucisson de Lyon. [*Slices of Lyons sausage.*]
Beurre très frais. [*Very fresh butter.*]
Côtelettes de mouton ordinaire à la Française. [*An ordinary mutton cutlet in the French way.*]
Poulet à l'Espagnole. [*Chicken with salsifis.*]
La fondue de Brillat-Savarin. [*Scrambled eggs with cheese à la Brillat-Savarin.*]

DESSERT.

Gâteaux—Fruits—Confitures. [*Pastry—Fruit—Jam.*]
Café noir—Anisette—Chartreuse.

THIRTY-FIFTH LECTURE.

It has been very gratifying to hear of all the successful attempts made by several ladies, and to have to reckon only one failure, and this, I am sorry to say, was made by a cook whose mistress—charming as she is as a companion and teller of good stories—is but a very indifferent housekeeper, and knows very little of the secrets of the culinary laboratories, for she told us the other day before the whole class that fish could sometimes be too fresh, her cook having told her very often (I take it to have been a plausible excuse to account for a failure) that the soles were so fresh that they were unmanageable—"they almost jumped out of the frying-pan!"

I am sorry to say our good breeding could neither restrain the exclamations of "Oh! oh!" nor our hilarity. I know that cooks sometimes take wonderful liberties with their mistresses, but I think this was a little "too too."

I took this opportunity to tell my friend, and a dear friend she is, that many a time when we were in Brittany, staying in a lovely island in the Bay of Douarnenez, called Ile Tristan, we had the pot boiling on the fire waiting for the fish (often John Dory) which the fisherman had been sent to catch for either our déjeûner à la fourchette or our dinner, and never had we seen the

fish (dead, of course, before being cooked) evince the slightest intention of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Perhaps the fish of small Britain are wiser than those of Great Britain.

Now I will give you the menu, which I will head with the natural dish, or rather soup, of Marseilles, called Bouillabaisse. There are several ways of making it, and everybody boasts of his special receipt. Mine was given to me by the cook of one of the wealthiest inhabitants of that wealthy city, and I can vouch for its genuineness and goodness, as I often ate it when the family were in London during the Crimean War!

MENU.

POTAGE ET POISSON.

Bouillabaisse. [*Fish soup and entrée.*]

ENTRÉE.

Agneau à la poulette. [*Lamb à la poulette.*]

RÔTI.

Langue de bœuf piquée et rôtie. [*Ox tongue larded and roasted.*]

LÉGUMES.

Petits pois à l'Anglaise. [*Green peas in the English way.*]
Pommes de terre nouvelles. [*New potatoes.*]

ENTREMETS.

Tarte aux abricots. [*Apricot tart.*]
Crême brûlée. [*Caramel custard.*]
Fromage—Petits Gervais. [*Swiss cream cheese.*]
Café—Liqueurs.

Bouille-baisse, or Bouille à baisse, or Bouilla-baisse.

The more varieties of fish you can use for this dish the better it will be, but the following are "de rigueur," you can add whatever others you like. For five or six people take one good-sized haddock, three whitings, two small soles, one red mullet, one or two small lobsters, and about twelve mussels. Cut your fish into thick pieces, cook your lobsters separately, and put them in five minutes after the other things. Cut very thin one onion and the white part of a large leek, put half a tumblerful of the very best salad oil you can procure in a saucepan on a brisk fire ; when hot put in first the onion and leek, four minutes after put in all the fish, and sprinkle the whole with a teaspoonful of "fécule de pommes de terre," add salt and pepper, and half a teaspoonful of curry powder ; toss them about ; then cover them with a tumblerful of white French wine (not sweet), and hot water enough to cover up the whole, add two tomatoes chopped up without the skins or pips, and then one clove of garlic peeled, a quarter of a bay-leaf, two slices of lemon without the peel or pips, and a little piece of dried orange peel, all these in a piece of muslin. Let the whole boil on a quick fire for twelve or fifteen minutes, then it is all done. Take away the piece of muslin and its contents, and add the fourth part of a teaspoonful of parsley chopped very fine, and let it boil half a minute. Then dish the best parts of the fish very nicely in one

dish, and pour the liquor in a deep dish over some slices of bread cut as for toasts, and slightly fried in butter if you prefer it. To help the guests you serve at the same time some of the contents of the two dishes.

Lovers of fish will find this a most excellent and tasty dish, and it is also considered very nutritious and wholesome. The chief conditions for the success of this dish consist in the freshness of the fish and the purity of the oil.

The other day I was much amused at a question of a young friend of mine who was reading a French book by Alphonse Daudet, in which he mentions, "la soupe au poisson." "Soupe au poisson," she said, "what can that be?" If she had only travelled along the French sea coast she would have seen at dinner-time numbers of fishermen cooking their fish soup for themselves and families in a caldron on a sort of tripod, under which would be burning a nice wood fire; and she would also have seen how they all relished it, and how fat and healthy the children grow under it.

It is a pity, but the best part of the fish is entirely wasted when it is boiled; the most nutritious part goes into the water. Some good housekeepers utilise it even in this country, and an English lady, the mother-in-law of a man whose wit makes the English public laugh most heartily, gave me a beautiful receipt to make soup with the liquor in which a cod's head and shoulders had been boiled. Although my receipts profess to be and are all French I may perhaps, to satisfy many of my pupils, yield to their request and insert this receipt among mine.

Now I will give you the receipt of our single entrée in to-day's menu, which is

Agneau à la Poulette.

[Lamb à la poulette.]

Take any piece of lamb you like excepting the leg, blanch it in boiling water and salt for five minutes, but the water must be taken off the fire the moment the meat is in it. In the meantime, if your meat weighs (say) three pounds, put in a stewpan three ounces of butter with a dessertspoonful of flour; when it is well mixed together pour by degrees, stirring all the time, one pint of the boiling water in which you have blanched it; then put in your lamb, white pepper, salt, and bouquet with a very little of everything you use for bouquets, a very little mint and twelve small white onions as large as a very large cherry; put the lid on, and let it simmer nicely for one hour. Half an hour before dishing add some mushrooms, then just before serving beat up the yolk of an egg with a dash of French vinegar or lemon, take some of the sauce it has cooked in, beat it up well together; take your meat out, mix up this binding with the rest of the sauce and pour it all over your meat. It is an exceedingly delicate dish, very much recommended for invalids, children, and old people, and also very much appreciated by those in good health. It is a very good entrée for dinner-parties, particularly when the other dishes are rich.

When lamb is in season it is a great resource to vary the every-day fare, and I will give you the receipt of an

exceedingly nice and tasty sauce to serve with it when cooked as above. It is a very great favourite with all gentlemen, and can be served with a great many other things besides lamb. Maréchal d'Uxelles, who has given his name to it, does not owe this honour, like the Comte de Soubise, to having lost the battle of Rosbach, but simply to the following circumstance :—Mademoiselle Choin, a great friend of the Grand Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., had a little dog she doted on, and who was particularly fond of roasted heads of rabbits. Every day the Marquis d'Uxelles called upon Mademoiselle Choin, and at the end of his visit he took out of his pocket a handkerchief as white as snow, which contained two roasted heads of rabbits. Mademoiselle Choin felt quite touched at this delicate attention, which had gone far to reconcile the Court to the Maréchal after the surrender by him of Mayence, and, as he had now come again into favour, newly-invented things began to be called after him. But one fine day the Grand Dauphin died, and the day after Mademoiselle Choin vainly waited for the daily visit of the Maréchal and his two rabbits' heads ; but, alas ! he never appeared again, and she realised the sad truth that it was not for her sake but to please the Grand Dauphin that he had brought them. Poor Mademoiselle Choin !

Fortunately the sauce named after him has survived his bad behaviour, and I shall have great pleasure to hear that you appreciate it as much as my countrymen do.

Pièce d'Agneau farcie aux Tomates à la Uxelles.

[Roast lamb, stuffed with tomatoes, and served with a d'Uxelles sauce.]

Take a forequarter of lamb very young and white, lard it, and stuff it with tomatoes prepared in the following way:—Take five or six tomatoes, take away the seeds, chop them up with fresh butter, salt, pepper, and bread crumbs; wrap up your lamb in oiled paper, and roast it very carefully. Then take off the paper, and serve the roast with its natural gravy round it, and the d'Uxelles sauce in a sauce-boat.

Sauce à la Uxelles, or Sauce d'Uxelles.

Put in an enamelled stewpan a piece of fresh butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of mushrooms chopped up coarsely with a silver knife, one teaspoonful of shalots chopped up very, very fine, and one teaspoonful of parsley chopped up equally fine; also the eighth part of a small clove of garlic, one tablespoonful of rasped fat of bacon, a pinch of spices, and the smallest quantity possible of cayenne pepper; put it all on a small fire with one wineglass of Chablis and one of very good stock, and stir carefully. Then when it simmers cover it up and let it do for a quarter of an hour; then pass it through a sieve, and serve it very hot in a sauce tureen.

It is good also with anything "en papillotes."

I was told the other day by a lady that she found my little book on "Economical French Cookery" extremely useful, for she did not like large joints, and all these

little dishes cooked so very scientifically were exactly what she wanted—nutritious, tasty, easy to cook, and inexpensive; "but," added she, "I must say I should have liked to have more sweets in it." I told her what I tell any one who makes the same remark, viz., that the French do not make it a point to have a pudding course every day as the English do. We have dessert every day at two meals, but tarts, puddings, and custards only on Sundays or state occasions. Besides, it is not sweets that the English need to learn; they have them in abundance. I do not know a country where more sweets are eaten both at and between meals. At this time of the year fruit puddings and tarts are most delicious, and with the help of the others they may be varied "à l'infini." The French puddings, or entremets, or "plats sucrés," as the French cooks call them, are generally more elaborate and more expensive than the English, and we do not attach so much importance to them as you do. However, we have some very nice ones which I will give by degrees as I have done hitherto, and will to-day give you one we had in our menu the other day, called Clafoutis. It is very easy, and as cherries are just in season it will come quite àpropos. The friend who taught it to me when I had been married a little more than a year was the wife of an officer, and had therefore travelled all over France; and as she was an admirable housekeeper and her husband (like all the French) was fond of great variety, she picked up something in almost every French province, and had therefore at her disposal an extensive "répertoire" which she kindly imparted to me.

Clafoutis aux Cerises.

[Baked batter and cherry pudding.]

Butter a pie-dish, rather a deep one, put in one pound of cooking cherries, very juicy, without the stones, sprinkle some sugar over them, then pour over them the following batter—put a quarter of a pound of flour in a basin, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of half-melted fresh butter (melted in a jar in hot water); mix the flour with one pint of milk, three yolks of eggs well beaten up, two tablespoonfuls of sugar; then beat up the whites of the eggs very, very hard and mix them up just at the last; put the dish in a moderate oven, and during the first half-hour stir gently so that the flour shall not remain at the bottom and all the cherries at the top. The cherries must be very juicy and very ripe.

Now I will give you the receipt of a most elegant and delicious sweet dish; it is a great favourite with everybody, and is called

Gâteau d'Œufs à la Neige.

[Snow-egg cake.]

Take six eggs, of which you separate the whites from the yolks; beat up the whites very hard—in a cool place is the best—and remember that they are firm enough when they will bear a whole egg on the surface. As you beat them you must mix up with them some powdered sugar. Then you pour them into a mould or basin which you have entirely saturated with caramel, with which

you have mixed a little water so as to make it sufficiently liquid to spread all over your mould. As the eggs swell out a great deal in cooking the mould must be only half filled. Now you place it in a bain-marie or a saucepan with boiling water with a cover, over which you put a few live coals. You leave it during a quarter of an hour, and then you turn it over at once (or the caramel would set) into a hollow dish. Now you boil one and a half pints of milk with a quarter of a pound of lump sugar and a piece of vanilla pod two inches long for three minutes; you take it off the fire, beat up your yolks, mix up a little milk with them, and pour them very gently into the boiled milk; put it back over a very gentle fire, turning it round all the time until it acquires the thickness of cream. Then as it cools pour it out round the whites and caramel. They float immediately and produce a very pretty effect. Mind you stir always in the same direction, or it would make the custard curd. This reminds me of a young French lady friend of mine who was engaged to be married to a gentleman who had a large house, and a very creditable cook and housekeeper. My friend, who was very young and had no culinary knowledge whatever, had gone into the kitchen to have a talk with the housekeeper whilst her father was talking business with her "fiancé," and was watching the making of this very dish; wishing to make herself generally useful she offered to stir the custard whilst Félicité (such was the housekeeper's name) would be doing something else. It went on very well for two or three minutes, when my young friend thought she would have a change, and began

stirring the other way. In an instant Félicité had sprung upon her and snatched the spoon from her hand, breaking out into dismal lamentations. Happily, however, the stirring had not lasted long enough to spoil the custard, which at dinner proved delicious, but I am afraid my friend's character as a future housekeeper had been irreparably damaged in the eyes of the present one.

Langue de Bœuf Piquée et Rôtie.

[Ox tongue larded and roasted.]

A dish which I have never seen in England, but which is very common abroad, and much appreciated because it is very nutritious, very tender, and most easy of digestion, and therefore invaluable for invalids, old people, and children, is an ox-tongue either roasted or stewed. It is most delicious, and so tender that you could almost spread it on your bread. Another great advantage of this dish is that when it has been roasted you can make most dainty and tasty dishes with the remainder. I will first give proper directions for roasting it.

Put in a saucepan two soupladlefuls of very good stock with four slices of streaky bacon, a full bouquet, one onion with three cloves in it, pepper and salt; when boiling put the tongue in it, put the lid on with a weight on it, and let it simmer very gently for three hours, then take it out, let it get cold, and pass your gravy through a sieve.

All this part can be done the day before. When cold lard it with large lardoons rolled over parsley, and one

shalot very finely chopped up, and a soupçon of nutmeg; then roast it for one hour, basting it with the gravy in which it had previously stewed. When done serve it with a "sauce piquante," which I have already described.

Langue de Bœuf au Gratin.

[Ox tongue au gratin.]

Cut thin slices of a roasted tongue, and put in your "gratin" dish some little bits of butter, very fine bread-crumbs mixed up with parsley, and a shalot chopped up very, very fine, pepper and salt, and moisten the whole with very good stock and a teaspoonful of French vinegar or French white wine, and place your slices of tongue over this; then cover them up with the same things you have put underneath, and bake it. As soon as the bread-crumbs are crisp it is done.

Langue de Bœuf en Paupiettes.

[Olives of ox tongue.]

Cut thin slices of roasted or boiled tongue, cover them with a nice stuffing composed of a little sausage-meat, bread-crumbs, a little brown parsley, and mushrooms chopped up very fine; pass over the stuffing a knife dipped in an egg beaten up; roll up the pieces and cover them with very, very thin slices of bacon; tie them up to make them keep their shape, and pass a skewer through, and bake or toast them; when they are nearly done sprinkle some very, very fine bread-crumbs over them, and dish them as soon as they have taken a nice colour.

Haricots Blancs.

[Haricot beans.]

Take one pound of haricot beans, wash them well and put them in a saucepan full of water. (These vegetables, and also lentils, broad beans, asparagus, and spinach, must be boiled with a great deal of water.) When half done put some salt in the water and half an ounce of butter or very good dripping. When thoroughly done (which you will find out by taking one between your fingers and finding it quite tender) you strain them, being very careful to save your liquor, which will help to make a most delicious soup. Then put one ounce of very good dripping in your saucepan with one chopped-up onion. As soon as it is a nice pale colour put in your haricot beans and sprinkle a little flour over the whole, stirring it all the time, then add about one or two spoonfuls of the liquor they were boiled in; place the lid on and let it simmer very, very gently on the hob for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

Soupe à l'Eau de Haricots.

[Soup with the liquor of the haricot beans.]

As I knew you would like to learn how to make the soup with the liquor of the haricot beans I have prepared the receipt, and am going to give it to you. Of course you make it the day after you have cooked the haricot beans, unless you should have had them for luncheon, in which case the soup might be made for a late dinner.

You put about half an ounce of butter or very good

dripping in a saucepan, and just as it is fizzing you pour in gently your liquor, then you add some pieces of bread cut thin and one potato ; but if you are so fortunate as to have a little sorrel you cut it up in small pieces and put it in the saucepan with the butter or dripping just for two or three minutes, *then* pour in the liquor, and the improvement will be found to be immense. You may serve this soup as it is, or you may first pass it through a sieve. Some people prefer it one way, some the other.

Omelette aux Confitures.

[Jam omelet.]

At the request of a gentleman friend of mine, father of one of my best pupils, I will conclude with this sweet dish, which he always had and enjoyed very much at a small hotel in Calais.

Take six eggs, beat the whites separately, put a little rasping of lemon-peel with the yolks, then beat them up with the whites, adding a dessertspoonful of cream. Fry it exactly like the ordinary omelet, and when done lay over it whatever jam you like ; then slip one half of it on a very hot dish, and fold the remainder over it. Sprinkle castor sugar over it.

THIRTY-SIXTH LECTURE.

I WILL begin at once by giving you the menu, and will try to give you things you have never had before. It will be, I am afraid, rather difficult, as we have had already such a great variety; still, I will try.

MENU.

POTAGE.

Potage à l'oseille et à la crême. [*Soup with sorrel and cream.*]

POISSON.

Rougets à la sauce tartare. [*Red mullets with sauce tartare.*]

ENTRÉES.

Longe d'agneau aux petits pois. [*Loin of lamb with peas.*]
Pigeons à la Crapaudine. [*Pigeons flattened as toads.*]

RÔTI.

Gigot à la Languedocienne avec cordon de pommes de terre nouvelles. [*Leg of mutton as in Languedoc with new potatoes.*]

LÉGUMES.

Haricots verts à la maître d'hôtel. [*French beans à la maître d'hôtel.*]
Salade de romaine. [*English lettuce*]

ENTREMETS.

Clafoutis. [*Baked batter and cherry pudding.*]
Pommes au beurre. [*Buttered apples.*]

DESSERT.

Café noir—Liqueurs.

Now, I think, I have succeeded in my undertaking, and have composed for you a most excellent dinner, consisting entirely of dishes none of which, I think, you have ever had in any of my courses of lectures. I have always tried to vary the menus, and have taught you all sorts of new dishes, so as to enable you to vary your own dinners at home, for man, remember, is omnivorous, *i.e.*, can eat all sorts of things, and is the better for it, although we are told the Scotch, who live almost entirely on oatmeal porridge, are extremely healthy and strong. Some men, very much absorbed by other thoughts, might every day eat the same thing over and over again, and not be the worse for it, as was the case with the late Duke of Rutland, who, after entertaining a succession of visitors at Belvoir Castle, was glad to escape and run down into Derbyshire, on the pretext of looking after some estates he had there, but really for the purpose of being quiet and let alone. On one of these occasions he put up at a modest inn at Ashbourne, and the landlord, hearing he had a duke as his guest, lost no time in waiting on him and asking what his grace would like to have for dinner. —"Oh!" says the duke—who did not care to be at the trouble of ordering his dinner—"what are you going to have yourself?" "Oh, your grace! I am going to have nothing but minced veal and apple-tart." "Very well," says the duke, "let me have the same." Next day the landlord appeared with the same query. "Now, look here," said the duke, "you gave me a very good dinner yesterday; let me have exactly the same till I give you further orders." He stayed six

weeks at that hotel, and had minced veal and apple-tart every day!

Now, as I have headed my menu with one of our most delicious "soupes maigres"—that is to say, made without the help of any meat—I will tell you how to make it. It is a very great favourite abroad, and we never hesitate to give it to invalids, who generally enjoy it very much.

Potage à l'Oseille et à la Crême.

[Soup with sorrel and cream.]

Take two large handfuls of sorrel, of which you have taken away the stalks, if there are any, wash it in a great deal of water, tear it up small, and put it in an enamelled saucepan with three ounces of butter; when well melted and thoroughly cooked sprinkle a teaspoonful of potato flour in it, and stir well for three or four minutes; then put in a pint and a half of water, or, if you have it, white stock (if to be eaten by Catholics on fasting days it must be water alone); add a little salt and pepper, and let it boil five minutes. In the meantime beat up two or three eggs in as much cream as you like; take the stewpan off the fire, mix a little of the liquor with your eggs and cream, pour the soup into the soup-tureen, then pour the cream and eggs into it. You have previously cut in the soup-tureen bread as described before.

Potage à l'Oseille.

[Without cream and eggs.]

Preserve the liquor in which you have boiled haricot beans or French beans that morning or the day before.

Put in an enamelled saucepan three ounces of butter with your sorrel, prepared as in the former receipt, add salt and pepper, but no flour; when the butter and sorrel are well mixed up together pour your liquor in it cold, and put in broken pieces of bread; let it come to a boil, then put it on the side of the fire, and when thoroughly done either pass it through a colander (not very fine) or dish it as it is. Both are most excellent. This soup is generally done with plain water or white stock, but it is not half so nice as when the liquor from haricot beans or French beans is used.

I know it is rather difficult to procure sorrel in London, at least it used to be difficult, but now the greengrocer you generally deal with will get it for you; but you are obliged to take a larger quantity than you want, because there is no demand for it, English people not knowing how to use it, whilst in France, besides the excellent and wholesome soups we make with it, we also use it for a great many dishes, such as fricandeaux, cutlets, hard eggs, &c.

In every town in France you can buy two-pennyworth or three-pennyworth of sorrel ready to be used for soups or other things; but as here, as I said before, you are obliged to buy more than you want, I will tell you how to preserve it for some little time, and even a long time if you should like to have some for the winter.

How to Preserve Sorrel.

Take as much sorrel as you like, chop up a little parsley and chervil very fine, put the whole in a sauce-

pan without any water on a small fire at first, and stirring so that it does not stick to the bottom; then, when it yields its juice, let it boil, and add some pepper and salt, and let it continue to boil till it gets very thick and contains no more water; then put it in stone jars and let it get cold. If you perceive any liquid on the top it shows it has not cooked enough, so you must put it back; but if no liquid appears when it is quite cold, then pour some butter or lard over it, about the thickness of a quarter of an inch, and it will keep for months. But if you want only to preserve the surplus of what you have bought for a few days, then you need not put any fat over it; if it is well cooked, that is, without any juice being left in it, and put in a dry place, it will keep good for a fortnight or more.

Sorrel is very much used in France for health, and I am certain that if it were used here in the same proportion it would do a great deal of good, as the food of this country is of a very heating nature; and, if sorrel were used more, there would be less need of all the strong medicines taken so recklessly in this country. Although we are such near neighbours it is amazing how we differ in almost every point; for instance, in the way of medicines the contrast is most remarkable. Here people take any abominable draught in the most natural easy way possible on the slightest provocation. In France it is looked upon as a great event, and it is preceded and accompanied by all sorts of ceremonies which would intensely amuse any English person. First of all, no dose of anything whatever would be taken without

consulting the Æsculapius of the family. Then, when he has advised some mild aperient, and the day for taking it has been fixed, the cook is instructed to prepare a "Bouillon aux herbes" (herb tea). Then, as a preparation, this is drunk at intervals the day before the awful day. You refuse every invitation, pull a very long face, and inform all your friends of the event which is to take place. You carefully stay in bed, and after a great many objections, and wry faces, and fights, and determinations, and entreaties, and promises, if the patient is a child, the fearful draught is taken by sips, which makes it ever so much worse; and, finally, a large quantity of jam or sweets must be eaten to take away the bad taste. Hardly any food is allowed to be taken on that day, however hungry you may be, and the day is spent in bed still drinking the "Bouillon aux herbes." The next day you try to get up after breakfast; you wear a cap and a dressing-gown, in fact, you try to look as interesting as possible; you eat only light things for two or three days, and everybody pities you. If people call they are told, "Madame ne reçoit pas; elle a pris médecine." I shall never forget my astonishment on seeing the light, airy way in which medicines are taken in this country; and the surprise of my French friends is great when I tell them that it makes no difference here to the dieting, and that people eat as hearty a dinner on the days they take medicine as on any other days, and that they go out, and do exactly the same as if nothing had happened. You may easily understand that with such an ordeal as I have described medicines are not

often resorted to in France. Whether the French way is better than the English I cannot positively say; of course I am inclined to think it is, and I do believe the preparation with the "Bouillon aux herbes" helps the effect of the medicine, also the dietary afterwards must have a good result, as it gives the bowels the opportunity of resuming their healthy condition. What is certain is that hygiene is thought a great deal more of in France than in England, and that, in order to be allowed to keep a boarding-school, ladies have to know a certain amount of hygiene, which constitutes an important branch of the examination they have to pass.

Now I will proceed to the second article of our menu.

Rougets à la Sauce Tartare.

[Red mullet with Sauce Tartare.]

Although I have already given you some instruction as to cooking red mullet I find there is still more to say on the subject. It is called the woodcock of the sea, for many people treat it in the same way as that bird, viz., none of the inside is removed.

In this case you simply take off the gills and the few shells on the skin, and put your fish for one hour in a marinade of oil, pepper, and salt. Then you place it on oiled paper over the gridiron, the gridiron also oiled so that the paper should not stick, and let it do very slowly over a small fire for half an hour, turning it over after a quarter of an hour; then you serve it either over a Maître d'hôtel Sauce or a Sauce Tartare.

I will now tell you how to make these two useful sauces, which you may use for a number of things, either meat, game, poultry, or fish.

Sauce Maître d'Hôtel.

Put in a very hot dish two ounces of butter which you have previously thoroughly mixed up with parsley chopped up very, very fine; salt, pepper, a little nutmeg, and, if you like, some spring onions, but remember that they must be chopped up so small that the largest piece is like an ordinary pin's head, and place your fish or meat over it, squeezing a a little lemon-juice at the last.

Sauce Tartare.

Put in a basin two shalots, some chervil and tarragon, the whole chopped up very, very small, with one tablespoonful of French mustard, salt, and pepper, and the fourth part of a teaspoonful of French vinegar, and add some oil drop by drop, stirring all the time until it is of the consistency you wish it to be. Should it be too thick add a little French vinegar drop by drop. This sauce is made cold, although it is eaten with hot things.

I gave you the other day the receipt of the "Longe de veau aux petits pois," and I have not forgotten how successful it was, and how much appreciated by all of you, so I hope you will often have it; and I now pass to the next entrée of our menu.

Pigeons à la Crapaudine.

[Pigeons flattened like a toad.]

Split your pigeons in the back without severing them, flatten them, dip them in melted tepid butter, sprinkle over them salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg, and cover them all over with very fine bread-crumbs; put them on the gridiron (which you have previously heated) on their breasts; when nearly done turn them over, and then again put them on their breasts, because being thicker it will take more time to cook on that side. When done you can serve them over a Sauce tartare if you like, or a Sauce au pauvre homme.

This way of doing pigeons is very useful for breakfast or luncheon, because it takes a very little time to prepare.

Sauce au Pauvre Homme.

[Poor man's sauce.]

Chop up three shalots and parsley, so small that the largest piece is like a pin's head; put them in a small enamelled saucepan with half a pint of stock, or water with gravy if you have no stock, one spoonful of French vinegar, pepper, and salt, and boil until the shalots are quite done. It is a very good sauce in which to warm up slices of roast meat of any sort, or French boiled beef.

Gigot à la Languedocienne.

[Leg of mutton as in Languedoc.]

Some friends of mine who are in the habit frequently of visiting the South of France (I mean Languedoc and

Gascogne) were telling me some time ago that they used often at Nîmes, Bordeaux, and Biarritz to eat a most delicious leg of mutton, and they could never learn how it was cooked. As their description was not very clear it took me some little time to find out what they meant, but at last I remembered a certain way they have in Bordeaux and Toulouse of cooking a leg of mutton which was very much relished when we had it at home, and I proceed to give you the receipt :—

You ask the butcher to detach the skin of an ordinary leg of mutton except near the knuckle; then you lard the whole leg with pieces of celery half done in some stock, gherkins cut like lardoons, and tender stalks of tarragon which have just had one boil in plain water and salt; the whole of these things must be sprinkled with salt, pepper, and a little shalot chopped up very, very fine. When this is done you put back the skin from the knuckle downwards and secure it well and tight with a little sewing and a string round it, and you roast your leg just as usual, taking away the stitches and string and serving it on its own gravy. The result is excellent; the meat being impregnated with the flavours of the different articles inserted through it is very tasty, and it makes a nice change.

Haricots Verts à la Maître d'Hôtel.

[French beans with butter and parsley.]

The next thing on our menu I see I have never taught you is our usual way of dressing our French beans. In France they are not cut up as in England. We never

allow a knife to touch them because it spoils their colour, and the liquor they are boiled in would turn black and could not be used to make soup with. We simply break a little bit off both ends and pull off the fibre on each side ; when it does not come off in that way it is either that the beans are not fresh or are too old. As a last resource we should then be obliged to use the knife rather than leave the fibre, but in that case we should have to give up using the liquor. When the beans are too long we break them in two. As you pick them you throw them into cold water to wash them, then you throw them into a great deal of boiling water with salt at the same time, which preserves them quite green ; do not put the lid on the saucepan ; when done strain them at once, and mind you preserve the liquor. Then, supposing you have one pound of beans, put in a stewpan one and a half ounces of very good butter worked up with parsley chopped up very fine. When half melted throw in your beans, and toss them about so that they all in turn get to the bottom of the stewpan. When done dish them in a very hot dish in which you have previously put two or three little balls of fresh butter as big as a filbert, also worked with finely chopped-up parsley. (The receipt of "Soupe à l'eau de haricots verts" is identical with the receipt of sorrel soup without eggs or cream.)

Flageolets.

[New haricot beans.]

These must be cooked exactly like the French beans,

and dressed "à la maître d'hôtel." They are most delicious either with roast beef or roast mutton.

A lady asked me the other day to tell her exactly how to stew endives, which when abroad she thought such a delicious vegetable.

Chicorée Frisée cuite.

[Stewed endives.]

Take three or four endives, cut them open into four, and wash them carefully so that they are not gritty; throw them into boiling water with salt and let them boil half an hour; strain them very well and press them as dry as you do spinach. Then chop them up and put them back in the stewpan with one ounce of butter, a little nutmeg, and pepper. We generally serve it round a chop, or eat it with any roast; it is very tasty and exceedingly healthy, for it is a great blood purifier, and is very easy of digestion.

Another receipt I have been asked to give you, and as this is our last meeting I will dictate it at once, for it is the last item on our menu. It is a very simple, tasty, and pretty dish. It is called

Pommes au Beurre.

[Buttered apples.]

Take six fine large cooking apples, peel them and take the heart out with a tin tube; cut slices of stale bread the size of your apples, butter a tin dish and place in it the slices of bread and the apples over them, fill up every apple with fresh butter and sugar, place your dish in the

oven, and fill up two or three times the holes in the apples, and when it is nearly done finish up with a little jam on the top; put it back into the oven, and serve it in a hot dish, pouring over your apples the butter and juice which you get quite off the tin by pouring a very little boiling water over it.

Compote de Poires.

[Stewed pears.]

If you like to keep your pears whole choose them rather small; if they are large you must cut them into halves or quarters, and put them into an enamelled stew-pan (in a tin one they would turn black), with one tumbler of water, and lump sugar according to the quantity of pears you have, say about three lumps for each pear. Add a piece of cinnamon and one piece of lemonpeel. Then put the lid on and let it simmer gently for three-quarters of an hour; then put in half a tumbler of red wine, and let it simmer again very gently till done. For appearance sake in England they are always coloured with cochineal, but we never use it abroad.

Douillons de Poires.

[Pears in pastry.]

This is a Normandy dish, the name of which is not to be found in the dictionary.

Make an exceedingly nice crust, as you would for a tart, and flatten it very thin with the rolling-pin. Peel your pears very carefully, and retain the stalks, then put as much sugar as you can over them; lay some more

over the paste, and wrap your pears very carefully all over with it, allowing the stalks to pass through, and keeping the shape of the pear as elegantly as possible. You must not use hard pears, which take long to bake. Apples may be done in exactly the same way, but they are not so nice as pears.

In Normandy this dish is sent to the baker, and it is always a great success.

Chou haché.

[Chopped-up cabbage.]

Take a nice hard cabbage, soak it in cold water for four hours, or put it in boiling water for half an hour, to take away its strong taste. Cut it into four pieces, and take away the core. Put it in boiling water with salt, and let it boil until quite soft; then take it out, strain it, and chop it up rather coarsely. Then put in a stewpan two ounces of very good beef dripping or butter, and as soon as it is melted put your cabbage in it with pepper and a very little mace; put the lid on, and let it do for twenty minutes over a very gentle fire, occasionally stirring it with a wooden spoon. Then dish it, and make a pattern with a fork, and eat it either with a roast or by itself.

Chou farci.

[Stuffed cabbage.]

Take a very nice Savoy and trim it, taking away the core and thick stalks; put between two leaves a nice

stuffing made of all sorts of bits of meat and some sausages; if you have no sausage, bacon chopped up and mixed with the meat will be equally nice; then tie it up very tightly and put it in a stewpan with onions, carrots, rinds of bacon, salt, pepper, and half a pint of good stock. Put the lid on with a weight over it, and as soon as it has boiled put it on the hob, and let it simmer very, very gently for four hours. Dish it, strain the gravy, and pour it over the cabbage.

Chou à l'Italienne.

Boil a cabbage as for the chopped cabbage, and when well strained put in a stewpan two ounces of butter; when melted add a teaspoonful of flour, stir it, and before it has had time to get brown put a layer of cabbage, sprinkle some grated cheese (half Parmesan and half Gruyère), then another layer of cabbage, and another layer of cheese, and so on until you have used all your cabbage, finishing with the cheese, salt, pepper, and a little butter. Let the whole simmer very gently over a slow fire for a quarter of an hour. Then turn it over on the dish so that the bottom is at the top, and serve it.

Crême renversée.

[A turned-over custard.]

Have a basin large enough to contain a quart of milk, six eggs, and half a pound of lump sugar. Put in a little saucepan a quarter of a pound of castor sugar and

one teaspoonful of water, and let it boil until it has become a caramel; add a little water so as to make it more liquid; warm your basin in boiling water or in the oven, and spread as briskly as possible your caramel over it whilst keeping your basin in the boiling water in the saucepan. You must have previously beaten up your six eggs as for an omelet; mix them up with a quart of milk you have boiled with vanilla or other flavouring, and three ounces of lump sugar; mind the milk does not boil whilst you mix gently your eggs with it. Pour the whole into the basin (which is still in the hot water), and place the saucepan containing the basin over the fire, covering the basin or else it will not set. When set let it cool, and then turn it over in the dish very briskly without breaking it, and pour over it all the remainder of the caramel.

Hors d'Œuvre.

I have so often been asked what hors d'œuvre are that I must complete this course of lectures by a little explanation about them, with a list of them, so that you may know what to serve when you wish to give a dinner or luncheon quite in the French way. "Hors d'œuvre" are light and appetising little dishes, not sufficient to satisfy one's appetite, but intended, on the other hand, to sharpen it. They are served in dishes of a special shape, and are deposited in all sorts of places on the table, to add to its elegance as well as to answer their own particular purpose. Formerly there were hot ones, but these

are now done away with, and only cold ones are served. The following are the most usual :—

Artichauts à la poivrade .	*Raw artichokes, with pepper and salt.*
Beurre frais	*Fresh butter.*
Bœuf fumé râpé . . .	*Rasped smoked beef.*
Bouquet	*Prawns.*
Concombres à l'huile et au vinaigre	*Cucumber with oil and vinegar.*
Caviar	*Caviare.*
Cerneaux	*Fresh walnuts, pickled.*
Crevettes	*Shrimps.*
Cervelas fumé . . .	*Smoked small French cooked sausage.*
Cornichons et légumes confits	*Gherkins and pickles.*
Figues fraîches . . .	*Green figs.*
Harengs saurs en filets . .	*Shreds of red herrings.*
Huîtres marinées . . .	*Oysters slightly pickled.*
Jambon râpé	*Rasped ham.*
Langue fourrée . . .	*Smoked tongue.*
Melon	*Melon.*
Mûres	*Mulberries.*
Olives vertes et noires . .	*Green and black olives.*
Radis et Raves . . .	*Radishes round and long.*
Raifort	*Horseradish.*
Rillettes de Tours . . .	*A delicate relish of Tours.*
Sardines à l'huile . . .	*Sardines in oil.*
Saucissons	*Large German and French cooked sausages.*
Salade d'anchois . . .	*Anchovy salad.*
Thon mariné	*Tunny in marinade.*

(Parsley and slices of lemon are used for the decoration of most of the above.)

Explanation of French Cookery Terms.

I cannot complete these lectures better than by giving you a complete list of the French cookery terms, with

an accurate translation, which will help you very much to understand any French receipt you may happen to come across.

Abaisse—Rolling the paste.
Ambigu—A supper at a party.
Attelets—Skewers (wood or iron or silver).
Bain-marie—Boiling water (saucepan full of) in which vessels are placed.
Barder—To tie bacon fat round poultry or game.
Blanchir—To blanch.
Bouquet—Herbs tied together.
Bouquet garni—A full bouquet.
Braiser—To cook things very slowly with very little liquid.
Brochettes—Silver or iron skewers.
Ciseler—To score.
Concasser—To break roughly.
Consommé—Strong stock.
Coulis—A thickened gravy.
Croustade—Fried slices or hollowed pieces of bread on or in which minces are served.
Cuisson—Way of cooking; also the liquor in which anything has been cooked.
Daube—A certain preparation for cooking large-boned joints or turkeys.
Dégorger—To rid the viands of blood.
Désosser—To bone.
Dresser—To arrange the different parts of a dish.
Echauder—To dip in very hot water.
Emincer—To cut into slices.
Emonder—To clean, to skin almonds.
Entrées—Made dishes served before the roast.
Entremets—Sweet or savoury dishes served after the roast.
Escalopes—Thin slices of meat or fish lapping over one another.
Etamine—A piece of woollen stuff to pass sauces through.
Etouffer—à l'étouffée } To cook anything in a thoroughly closed
Etuver—à l'étuvée } saucepan.
Farce—Forced meat.

Feuilletage—Puff paste.

Flamber—To singe.

Foncer—To line the bottom of a saucepan with all sorts of things, such as bacon, veal, carrots, &c., &c.

Fontaine—The hole made in flour used for paste.

Frémir—To shake, just before it boils.

Dorer—To paint pastry with the yolk of an egg.

Glacer—To glaze viands with a brush; to cover pastry with sugar.

Gratin—What sticks to the bottom of the saucepan; bread-crumbs made crisp in butter.

Gratiner—To let a thing cook till it slightly sticks to the bottom of the saucepan without burning.

Liaison.—What binds gravies or soups.

Lit—A layer.

Macérer—To leave anything in cold liquid to extract certain things out of it.

Mariner—To place viands in a certain preparation.

Masquer { To cover viands with a thick gravy. / To cover sweets with sugar.

Meringuer—To cover a dish of sweets with whites of egg and whipped cream beaten up with sugar.

Mijoter—To cook very slowly on a very small fire.

Mitonner—To let bread cook a long time in soups served without being passed through.

Mouiller—To add any liquid whilst a thing is cooking to moisten it.

Mouillement—Is the name of the liquid used for this purpose.

Paner—To cover with fine bread-crumbs.

Panure—The bread-crumbs themselves.

Papillotes—The papers in which certain viands are wrapped and cooked.

Parer—To trim.

Passer—To pass through, to strain.

Paupiettes—Rolled slices of meat.

Petits-fours—Small prettily-shaped fancy biscuits.

Pièces montées—Elaborate high pastry dishes.

Piquer—To lard.

Plafond—A round or square tin dish without high edges.

Puits—The hollow in the centre of things arranged in a high round shape in a dish.

Purée—Anything reduced to a pulp.
Revenir—Faire revenir. To semi-fry.
Sauter—To toss, to shake about.
Timbale—A straight mould, like a saucepan without a handle.
Travailler—To reduce a gravy to the necessary consistence.

And now my task is ended; and while warmly and gratefully thanking you, ladies, for your unfailing attention and diligence, I pause awhile and hesitatingly ask myself if I have reached the several objects I wished to attain in these lectures, viz., to improve the daily fare on English tables; to imbue English ladies with such an increased amount of knowledge that they may improve the efficiency of their cooks and be at the same time less dependent upon them; to do away as far as possible with the terrible waste too often prevalent in the larder and the kitchen; and generally to instil into my pupils such judiciously economical ways that not only each separate establishment shall derive benefit from them, but eventually, by the force of example, the lower classes should improve their own home fare by learning how to utilise everything, with the happy result of enhanced health, economy, and contentment; thus proving that good cooking is more conducive to happiness than the unreflective would be at first sight inclined to suppose. To you I leave the answer, with the hope that my humble little seed may have fallen in fruitful soil.

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RECORD OF TREATMENT, EXTRACTION, REPAIR, etc.

Pressmark:

Binding Ref No: 1582

Microfilm No:

Date	Particulars
22/10/96	Chemical Treatment
	Fumigation
	Deacidification Spray (PTDA)
	Lamination
	Solvents
	Leather Treatment
	Adhesives
	Remarks